



THE POET  
AND THE CHILDREN



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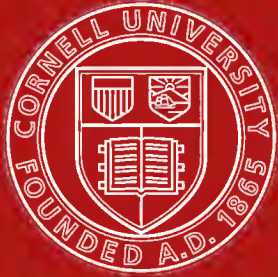
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A-MAYING.

*Dance, Polly, now, and Molly,  
And little dimpled Dolly,  
Adown the gentle grassy slope, to the green nook below,  
Where, "every year before," they say,  
"Quite early in the month o' May,  
The pinkest flowers and sweetest flowers and thickest used to grow."*

*Their dainty limbs a-swinging,  
Their wild young voices singing  
Free bits o' song, like robins, just on account of spring;  
Their hearts all innocent and fair,  
Unknowing of the world, or care,  
And wanting lots o' sweet May-posies more than anything.*

*Dance, Polly, now, and Molly,  
And little dimpled Dolly,  
And you shall find the flowers a-blowing as they used to blow,  
Just as pink and just as sweet;  
For, quite as well as food to eat,  
Do children need the blessed flowers o' spring to make them grow.*

*Exulting now they're crying,  
And every minute spying  
Beneath the dusty, withered leaves a lovelier starry spray;  
Queens and jewels there may be,  
But what is there so sweet to see  
As flowers and children meeting in the darling month o' May?*



*Wake from your sleep, sweet Christians, now, and listen :  
A little song  
We have, so sweet it like a star doth glisten,  
And dance along.*

*Now wake and hark : all brightly it is glowing  
With yule-flames merry,  
And o'er it many a holly sprig is growing,  
And scarlet berry.*

*A bough of evergreen, with wax-lights gleaming,  
It bravely graces ;  
And o'er its lines the star that's eastward beaming  
Leaves golden traces.*

*Also, our little song, it sweetly praiseth,  
Like birds in flocks  
When morning from her bed of roses raiseth  
Her golden locks.*

*But this it is that makes most sweet our story,  
When all is said :  
It holds a little Child, with rays of glory  
Around His head.*

# THE POET AND THE CHILDREN

CAREFULLY SELECTED POEMS FROM THE WORKS OF THE BEST AND MOST  
POPULAR WRITERS FOR CHILDREN

EDITED BY  
MATTHEW HENRY LOTHROP

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY TWO HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS

*FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY, MISS L. B. HUMPHREY, JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD,  
WALTER SHIRLAW, F. H. LUNGREN, G. F. BARNES AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS*



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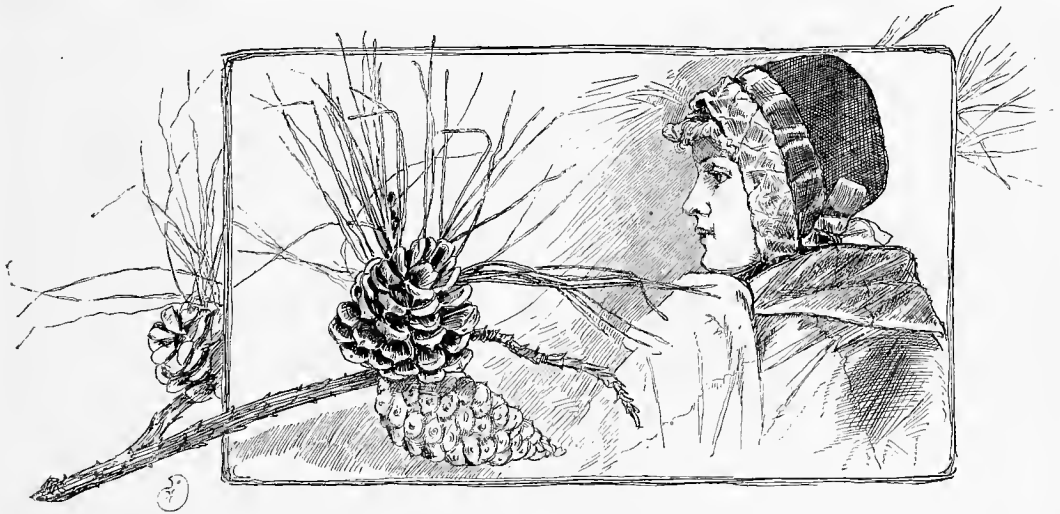
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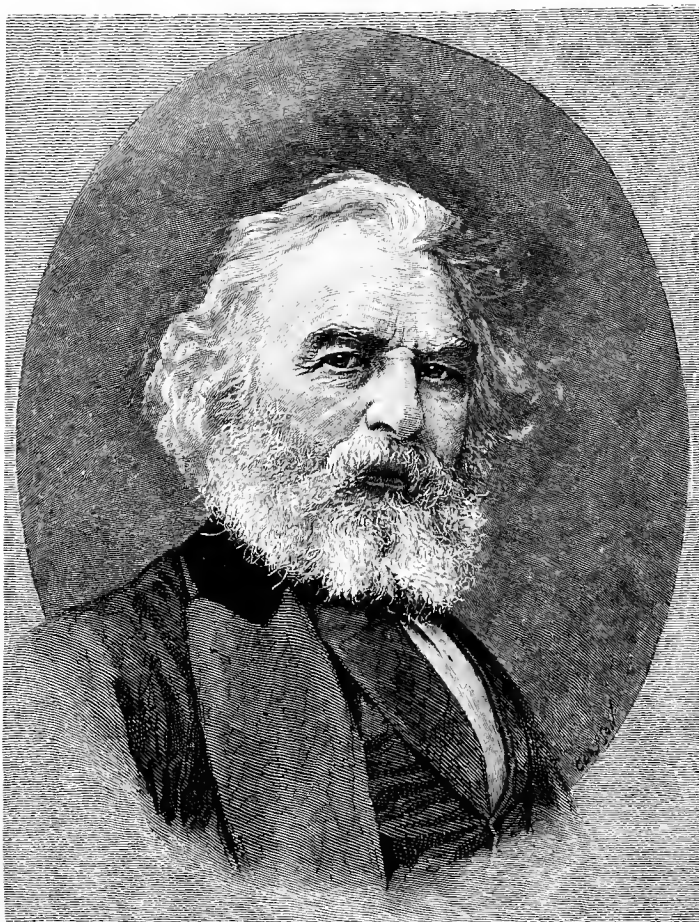


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• Henry W. Longfellow.

BORN FEB. 27, 1807. DIED MAR 21, 1882.

# THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday,

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

With his books and his pleasant pictures  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain,  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young;  
The last of earth and the first of heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
For he knew that his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him:

And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel  
Who calls God's children home!

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime.

And to him, in a holier welcome,  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master:  
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

## TRUE HONORS.

---

 BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.
 

---

I S my darling tired already,  
 Tired of her day of play?  
 Draw your little stool beside me,  
 Smooth this tangled hair away.  
 Can she put the logs together,  
 Till they make a cheerful blaze?  
 Shall her blind old uncle tell her  
 Something of his youthful days?

Hark! The wind among the cedars  
 Waves their white arms to and fro;  
 I remember how I watched them  
 Sixty Christmas Days ago:  
 Then I dreamt a glorious vision  
 Of great deeds to crown each year;  
 Sixty Christmas Days have found me  
 Useless, helpless, blind—and here!

Yes, I feel my darling stealing  
 Warm soft fingers into mine:  
 Shall I tell her what I fancied  
 In that strange old dream of mine?  
 I was kneeling by the window,  
 Reading how a noble band,  
 With the red cross on their breastplates,  
 Went to gain the Holy Land.

While with eager eyes of wonder  
 Over the dark page I bent,  
 Slowly twilight shadows gathered  
 Till the letters came and went;  
 Slowly, till the night was round me;  
 Then my heart beat loud and fast,  
 For I felt before I saw it  
 That a spirit near me passed.

Then I raised my eyes, and, shining  
 Where the moon's first ray was bright,  
 Stood a wingéd Angel-warrior  
 Clothed and panoplied in light:  
 So with Heaven's love upon him,  
 Stern in calm and resolute will,  
 Looked St. Michael,— does the picture  
 Hang in the old cloister still?

Threefold were the dreams of honor  
 That absorbed my heart and brain;  
 Threefold crowns the Angel promised,  
 Each one to be bought by pain:  
 While he spoke, a threefold blessing  
 Fell upon my soul like rain.  
 HELPER OF THE POOR AND SUFFERING;  
 VICTOR IN A GLORIOUS STRIFE;  
 SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM:  
 Such the honors of my life.

Ah, that dream! Long years that gave me  
 Joy and grief as real things  
 Never touched the tender memory  
 Sweet and solemn that it brings,—  
 Never quite effaced the feeling  
 Of those white and shadowing wings.

Do those blue eyes open wider?  
 Does my faith too foolish seem?  
 Yes, my darling, years have taught me  
 It was nothing but a dream.  
 Soon, too soon, the bitter knowledge  
 Of a fearful trial rose,  
 Rose to crush my heart, and sternly  
 Bade my young ambition close.

More and more my eyes were clouded,  
 Till at last God's glorious light  
 Passed away from me forever,  
 And I lived and live in night.  
 Dear, I will not dim your pleasure,  
 Christmas should be only gay : —  
 In my night the stars have risen,  
 And I wait the dawn of day.

Spite of all I could be happy ;  
 For my brothers' tender care  
 In their boyish pastimes ever  
 Made me take or feel a share.  
 Philip, even then so thoughtful,  
 Max so noble, brave and tall,  
 And your father, little Godfrey,  
 The most loving of them all.

Philip reasoned down my sorrow,  
 Max would laugh my gloom away,  
 Godfrey's little arms put round me  
 Helped me through my dreariest day ;  
 While the promise of my Angel,  
 Like a star, now bright, now pale,  
 Hung in blackest night above me,  
 And I felt it could not fail.

Years passed on, my brothers left me,  
 Each went out to take his share  
 In the struggle of life ; my portion  
 Was a humble one — to bear.  
 Here I dwelt, and learnt to wander  
 Through the woods and fields alone,  
 Every cottage in the village  
 Had a corner called my own.

Old and young, all brought their troubles,  
 Great or small, for me to hear ;  
 I have often blessed my sorrow  
 That drew others' grief so near.  
 Ah, the people needed helping —  
 Needed love — (for Love and Heaven  
 Are the only gifts not bartered,  
 They alone are freely given) —

And I gave it. Philip's bounty  
 (We were orphans, dear) made toil  
 Prosper, and want never fastened  
 On the tenants of the soil.  
 Philip's name (O, how I gloried,  
 He so young, to see it rise !)  
 Soon grew noted among statesmen  
 As a patriot true and wise.

And his people all felt honored  
 To be ruled by such a name ;  
 I was proud too that they loved me ;  
 Through their pride in him it came.  
 He had gained what I had longed for,  
 I meanwhile grew glad and gay,  
 'Mid his people, to be serving  
 Him and them in some poor way.

How his noble earnest speeches,  
 With untiring fervor came ;  
 HELPER OF THE POOR AND SUFFERING ;  
 Truly he deserved the name !  
 Had my Angel's promise failed me ?  
 Had that word of hope grown dim ?  
 Why, my Philip had fulfilled it,  
 And I loved it best in him !

Max meanwhile — ah, you, my darling,  
 Can his loving words recall —  
 'Mid the bravest and the noblest,  
 Braver, nobler than them all.  
 How I loved him ! how my heart thrilled  
 When his sword clanked by his side,  
 When I touched his gold embroidery,  
 Almost *saw* him in his pride !

So we parted ; he all eager  
 To uphold the name he bore,  
 Leaving in my charge — he loved me —  
 Some one whom he loved still more :  
 I must tend this gentle flower,  
 I must speak to her of him,  
 For he feared — Love still is fearful —  
 That his memory might grow dim.



I must guard her from all sorrow,  
 I must play a brother's part,  
 Shield all grief and trial from her,  
 If it need be with my heart.  
 Years passed, and his name grew famous ;  
 We were proud, both she and I,  
 And we lived upon his letters,  
 While the slow days fled by.

Then at last — you know the story,  
 How a fearful rumor spread,  
 Till all hope had slowly faded,  
 And we heard that he was dead.  
 Dead ! O, those were bitter hours ;  
 Yet within my soul there dwelt  
 A warning, and while others mourned him,  
 Something like a hope I felt.

His was no weak life as mine was,  
 But a life, so full and strong —  
 No, I could not think he perished  
 Nameless 'mid a conquered throng.  
 How she drooped ! Years passed ; no tidings  
 Came, and yet that little flame  
 Of strange hope within my spirit  
 Still burnt on, and lived the same.

Ah ! my child, our hearts will fail us,  
 When to us they strongest seem :  
 I can look back on those hours  
 As a fearful, evil dream.  
 She had long despaired ; what wonder  
 That her heart had turned to mine ?  
 Earthly loves are deep and tender,  
 Not eternal and divine !

Can I say how bright a future  
 Rose before my soul that day ?  
 O, so strange, so sweet, so tender !  
 And I had to turn away.  
 Hard and terrible the struggle,  
 For the pain not mine alone ;  
 I called back my Brother's spirit,  
 And I bade him claim his own.

Told her — now I dared to do it —  
 That I felt the day would rise  
 When he would return to gladden  
 My weak heart and her bright eyes.  
 And I pleaded — pleaded sternly —  
 In his name, and for his sake :  
 Now, I can speak calmly of it,  
 Then I thought my heart would break.

Soon — ah, Love had not deceived me,  
 (Love's true instincts never err,)  
 Wounded, weak, escaped from prison,  
 He returned to me, — to her.  
 I could thank God that bright morning,  
 When I felt my Brother's gaze,  
 That my heart was true and loyal,  
 As in our old boyish days.

Bought by wounds and deeds of daring,  
 Honors he had brought away ;  
 Glory crowned his name — my Brother's ;  
 Mine too ! — we were one that day.  
 Since the crown on him had fallen,  
 " VICTOR IN A NOBLE STRIFE,"  
 I could live and die contented  
 With my poor ignoble life.

Well, my darling, almost weary  
 Of my story ? Wait awhile ;  
 For the rest is only joyful ;  
 I can tell it with a smile.  
 One bright promise still was left me,  
 Wound so close about my soul,  
 That, as one by one had failed me,  
 This dream now absorbed the whole.

" SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM," —  
 Ah, my darling, few and rare  
 Burn the glorious names of Poets,  
 Like stars in the purple air.  
 That too, and I glory in it,  
 That great gift my Godfrey won ;  
 I have my dear share of honor,  
 Gained by that beloved one.

One day shall my darling read it ;  
 Now she cannot understand  
 All the noble thoughts that lighten  
 Through the genius of the land.  
 I am proud to be his brother,  
 Proud to think that hope was true ;  
 Though I longed and strove so vainly,  
 What I failed in, he could do.

And, it cheers my heart to hear it,  
 Where the far-off settlers roam,  
 My poor words are sung and cherished,  
 Just because they speak of home.  
 And the little children sing them,  
 (That, I think, has pleased me best,)  
 Often, too, the dying love them,  
 For they tell of Heaven and rest.

It was long before I knew it,  
 Longer ere I felt it so ;  
 Then I strung my rhymes together  
 Only for the poor and low.  
 And it pleases me to know it,  
 (For I love them well indeed,)  
 They care for my humble verses,  
 Fitted for their humble need.

So my last vain dream has faded ;  
 (Such as I to think of fame !)  
 Yet I will not say it failed me,  
 For it crowned my Godfrey's name.  
 No ; my Angel did not cheat me,  
 For my long life *has* been blest ;  
 He did give me Love and Sorrow,  
 He will bring me Light and Rest.

## ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
 One by one the moments fall ;  
 Some are coming, some are going ;  
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;  
 See how small each moment's pain,  
 God will help thee for to-morrow,  
 So each day begin again.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
 Let thy whole strength go to each,  
 Let no future dreams elate thee,  
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
 Has its tasks to do or bear ;  
 Luminous the crown and holy,  
 When each gem is set with care.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)  
 Joys are sent thee here below ;  
 Take them readily when given,  
 Ready too to let them go.

Do not linger with regretting,  
 Or for passing hours despond ;  
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
 Look too eagerly beyond.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
 Do not fear an armed band ;  
 One will fade as others greet thee ;  
 Shadows passing through the land.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
 Reaching heaven ; but one by one  
 Take them, lest the chain be broken  
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

## OUR HAPPY SECRET.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

O H, I couldn't help it !  
 It came to me,  
 Out of the midst  
 Of an old apple-tree.  
 Came to me soft  
 With a chirping note—  
 Out popped the secret  
 From dear little throat:  
*"Just here, just here the nest shall be.  
 Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"*

I *didn't* listen !  
 I tell you true ;  
 They told it — and I  
 Say — what could I do ?  
 They sang it, and sang it,  
 Not looking at me,  
 Who sat just beneath  
 That old apple-tree :  
*"Just here, just here the nest shall be.  
 Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"*

Do you think I'd tell,  
 Oh, dear me, no !  
 Just where that wee nest  
 Is going to grow ?



"I DIDN'T LISTEN,  
 I TELL YOU TRUE."

You couldn't find  
 If a week you tried,  
*My* apple-tree, where  
 That home shall hide.  
*Just where, just where that nest shall be,  
 Nobody knows — only we three !*

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

---

 BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.
 

---

LET us throw more logs on the fire !  
 We have need of a cheerful light,  
 And close round the hearth to gather,  
 For the wind has risen to-night.  
 With the mournful sound of its wailing  
 It has checked the children's glee,  
 And it calls with a louder clamor  
 Than the clamor of the sea.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

Let us listen to what it is saying,  
 Let us hearken to where it has been ;  
 For it tells in its terrible crying,  
 The fearful sights it has seen.  
 It clatters loud at the casements,  
 Round the house it hurries on,  
 And shrieks with redoubled fury  
 When we say, "The blast is gone !"  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the field of battle,  
 Where the dying and wounded lie ;  
 And it brings the last groan they uttered,  
 And the ravenous vulture's cry.  
 It has been where the icebergs were meet-  
 ing,  
 And closed with a fearful crash :  
 On shores where no foot has wandered  
 It has heard the waters dash.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the desolate ocean  
 When the lightning struck the mast ;  
 It has heard the cry of the drowning,  
 Who sank as it hurried past ;

The words of despair and anguish,  
 That were heard by no living ear,  
 The gun that no signal answered—  
 It brings them all to us here.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the lonely moorland,  
 Where the treacherous snowdrift lies,  
 Where the traveller, spent and weary,  
 Gasp'd fainter and fainter cries ;  
 It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds  
 On the track of the hunted slave,  
 The lash and the curse of the master,  
 And the groan that the captive gave.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has swept through the gloomy forest,  
 Where the sledge was urged to its speed,  
 Where the howling wolves were rushing  
 On the track of the panting steed.  
 Where the pool was black and lonely,  
 It caught up a splash and a cry,—  
 Only the bleak sky heard it,  
 And the wind as it hurried by.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

Then throw more logs on the fire,  
 Since the air is bleak and cold,  
 And the children are drawing nigher,  
 For the tales that the wind has told.  
 So closer and closer gather  
 Round the red and crackling light ;  
 And rejoice ( while the wind is blowing )  
 We are safe and warm to-night.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !



A PURITAN FLOWER

## THE PURITAN MAIDEN'S MAY-DAY.—A. D. 1686.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

AH, well-a-day! The grandames say  
That they had merry times  
When they were young, and gayly rung  
The May-day morning chimes;

Before the dark was gone, the lark  
Had left her grassy nest,  
And, soaring high, set all the sky  
A-throb from east to west;

The hawthorn-bloom with rich perfume  
Was whitening English lanes,  
The dewy air was everywhere  
Alive with May-day strains;

And laughing girls with tangled curls  
And eyes that gleamed and glanced,  
And ruddy boys with mirth and noise,  
Around the May-pole danced.

Ah me, the sight of such delight,  
The joy, the whirl, the din,  
Such merriment, such glad content —  
How *could* it be a sin?

When children crowned the May-pole round  
With daisies from the sod,  
What was it, pray, but their child's way  
Of giving thanks to God?

The wild bee sups from buttercups  
The honey at the brim:  
May I not take their buds and make  
A posy up for Him?

If, as I pass knee-deep through grass  
This May-day cool and bright  
And see away on Boston Bay  
The lines of shimmering light,

I gather there great bunches fair  
 Of May-flower as I roam,  
 And with them round my forehead crowned,  
 Go laden with them home,

And then, if Bess and I should dress  
 A May-pole with our wreath,  
 And just for play, this holiday,  
 Should dare to dance beneath,

My father's brow would frown enow:  
 —“*Child! why hast thou a mind*

*For Popish days, and English ways,  
 And lusts we've left behind?*”

Our grandame says that her May-days,  
 With mirth, and song, and flowers,  
 And lilt of rhymes and village chimes,  
 Were happier far than ours.

If, as I ween, upon the green  
*She* danced with merry din,  
 Yet lived to be the saint I see,  
 —How can *I* count it sin?

## A DEEP SEA DREAM.

O MOTHER, mother, hear the sea! it calls across the sands;  
 I saw it tossing up the spray like white, imploring hands  
 Last night before the moon went down; and when I fell asleep,  
 I saw it crawl and kiss my feet—I heard it moan and weep!

It cried, “O little maid! come down, come down! nor say us nay!  
 There's not a soul in all the sea to think, or love, or pray!  
 Come, that our lower world may see the shining of God's face;  
 He lives in loving, human hearts, and not in seas and space.”

And so it drew me down and down, below the restless waves,  
 Through leagues and leagues of still green depths, through arching coral caves,  
 And fairy gardens set with flowers—the like were never seen—  
 And feathery forests, tint o'er tint, of rose, and gold, and green.

And there were plants like plummy palms, that melted into gray,  
 Or mists of gold, or clouds of rose, they were so far away;  
 And there were flowers, like garden-pinks and poppies, in the sea,  
 And, mother, they were all alive, and waved their hands to me!

And shining fish and dolphins came to gaze in still surprise;  
 And strange sea-monsters crowded near with cold and hungry eyes;  
 And all grew dark, and then I called, “O mother, mother, come!”  
 And, mother, mother, I'm so glad to be with you at home!

## THE MERMAID.

---

 BY ALFRED TENNYSON.
 

---

WHO would be  
 A mermaid fair,  
 Singing alone,  
 Combing her hair  
 Under the sea,  
 In a golden curl  
 With a comb of pearl,  
 On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair ;  
 I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;  
 With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair ;  
 And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,  
 " Who is it loves me ? who loves not me ? "  
 I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall  
     Low adown, low adown,  
 From under my starry sea-bud crown  
     Low adown and around,  
 And I should look like a fountain of gold  
     Springing alone  
     With a shrill inner sound,  
     Over the throne  
     In the midst of the hall ;  
 Till that great sea-snake under the sea  
 From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps  
 Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
 Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate  
 With his large calm eyes for the love of me.  
 And all the mermen under the sea

· Would feel their immortality  
 Die in their hearts for the love of me.

But at night I would wander away, away,  
 I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,  
 And lightly vault from the throne and play  
     With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;  
 We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,  
     On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells  
     Whose silvery spikes are highest the sea.  
 But if any came near I would call, and shriek,  
 And adown the steep like a wave I would leap  
     From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ;  
 For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,  
 Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;  
 They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,  
 In the purple twilights under the sea ;  
 But the king of them all would carry me,  
 Woo me, and win me, and marry me,  
 In the branching jaspers under the sea ;  
 Then all the dry pied things that be  
 In the hueless mosses under the sea  
 Would curl round my silver feet silently,  
 All looking up for the love of me.  
 And if I should carol aloud, from aloft  
 All things that are forked, and horned, and soft  
 Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the  
     sea,  
 All looking down for the love of me.

## THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

SURE never yet was Antelope  
 Could skip so lightly by.  
 Stand off, or else my skipping-rope  
     Will hit you in the eye.  
 How lightly whirls the skipping-rope !  
     How fairy-like you fly !

Go, get you gone, you muse and mope —  
 I hate that silly sigh.  
 Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,  
     Or tell me how to die.  
 There, take it, take my skipping-rope,  
     And hang yourself thereby.





A DEEP SEA DREAM.



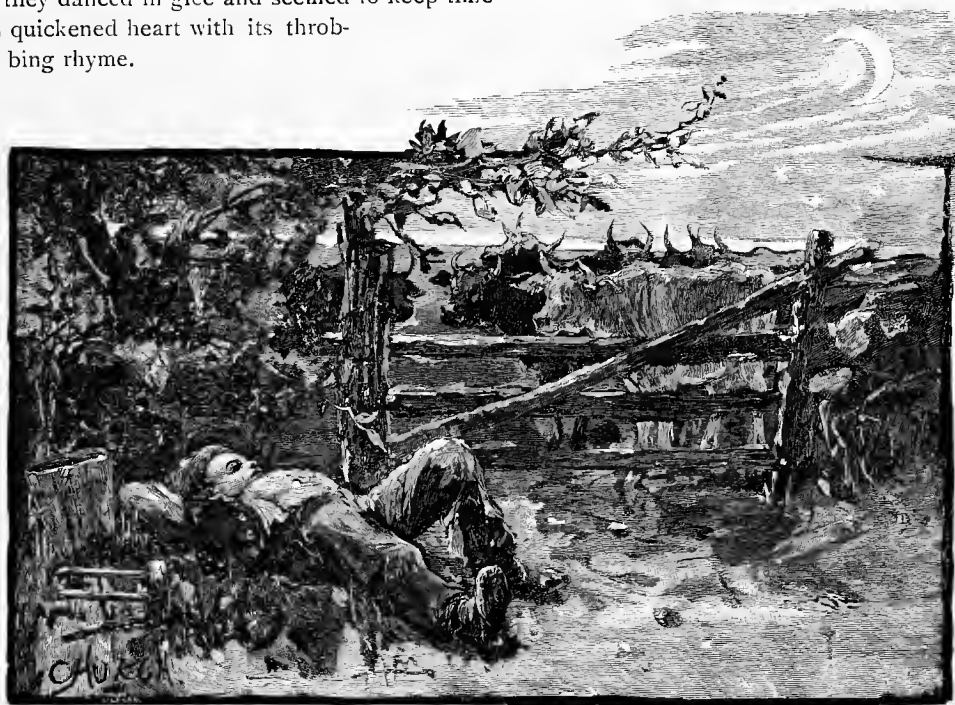
BY THE COW-YARD BARS.

BY CARRIE V. SHAW.

WHILE the kine looked on with reproachful eyes,  
 And waited outside of the cow-yard bars,  
 On the dewy grass, at the milking hour,  
 He lay as he gazed at the dawning stars.  
 And who knows what they were saying to him?  
 For his wondering eyes grew bright — grew dim,  
 While they danced in glee and seemed to keep time  
 To his quickened heart with its throbbing rhyme.

Of the heights to which he would some day rise,  
 His stupid boy with the dreamy eyes?

How could the father, my children, know  
 That the greatest astronomer earth can show,



HE GAZED AT THE DAWNING STARS.

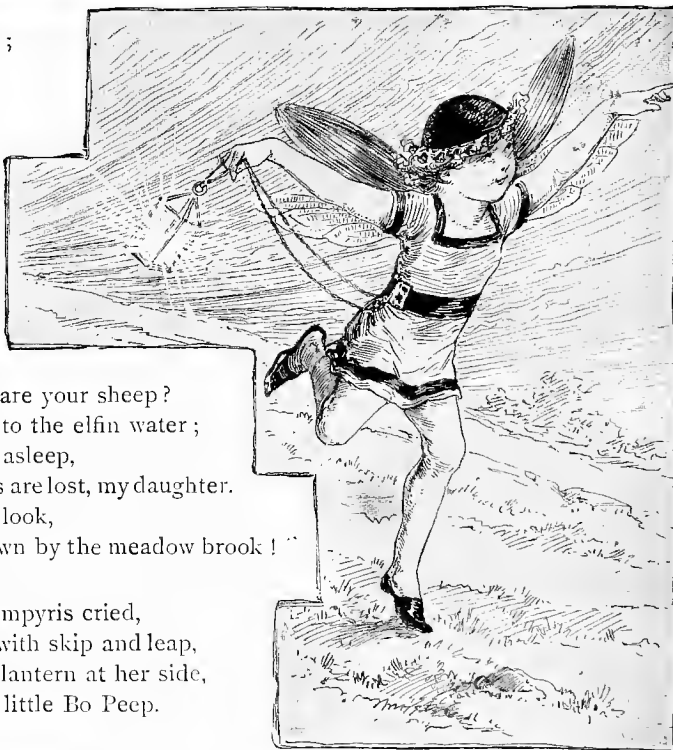
“Is the milking done?” said his father’s voice;  
 “What! here are the cattle outside the bars,  
 And that stupid boy lies there in the dew,  
 With his face upturned to the moon and stars!”  
 And the boy stood up and was scolded well;  
 For how could the father, impatient, tell

Stood faltering there in his little son,  
 Who was late in getting the milking done?  
 But weary of honors in after years,  
 A man looked back through smiles and tears  
 To the old home scene and the silver stars,  
 And the dreaming boy by the cow-yard bars.



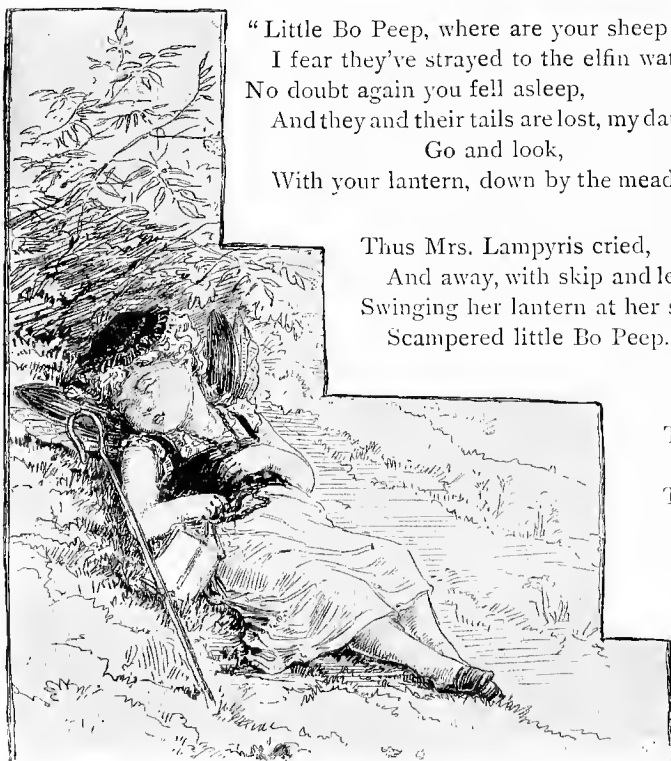
LITTLE Boy Blue, the cows are late,  
 They've broken into the fairies' clover;  
 You left the latch of the pasture gate —  
 I've told you not to, over and over.  
     Run, now, run,  
 And carry your lantern, too, my son ! ”

Thus Mrs. Lampyris said,  
 And away went little Boy Blue,  
 Waving his lantern round his head,  
 Off through the dusk and dew.



“ Little Bo Peep, where are your sheep?  
 I fear they've strayed to the elfin water;  
 No doubt again you fell asleep,  
 And they and their tails are lost, my daughter.  
     Go and look,  
 With your lantern, down by the meadow brook ! ”

Thus Mrs. Lampyris cried,  
 And away, with skip and leap,  
 Swinging her lantern at her side,  
 Scampered little Bo Peep.



The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,  
 But came no sound of the cow-bell's tinkle,  
 Though here and there, in field and lane,  
 Glimmered the lanterns, twinkle, twinkle;  
     All through the dark  
 Flickered and roamed spark after spark.

Then Mrs. Lampyris sighed:  
 “ I must take my lantern too,  
 And go and search for little Bo Peep,  
 And hunt up little Boy Blue.”

She dragged her tired feet through the grass ;  
 The village church-tower chimed eleven ;  
 In a tiny pool, like a looking-glass,  
 She saw the whole of the starry heaven.  
     Her step was slow,  
 For her path was tangled, her wick was low.

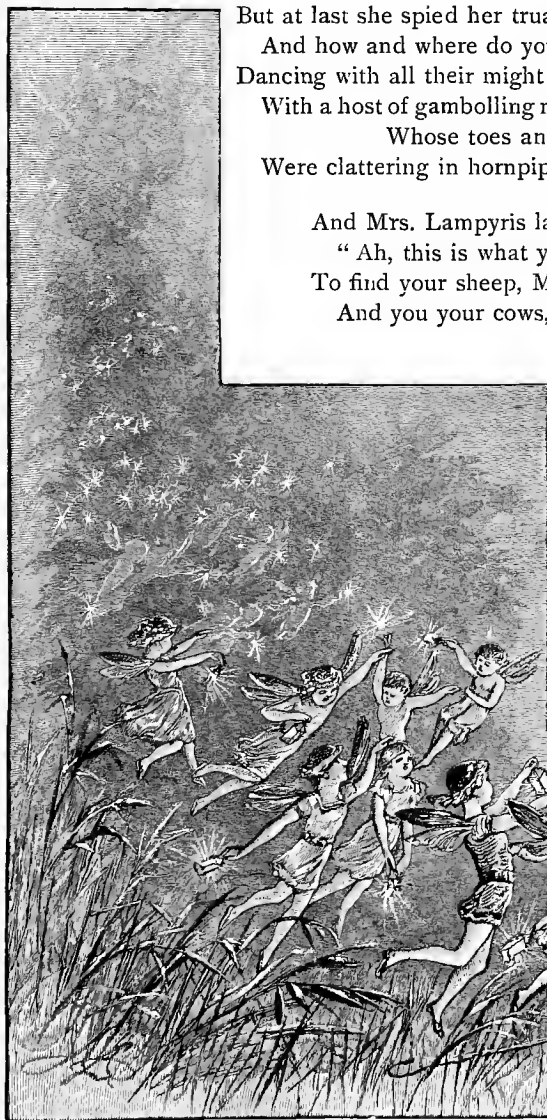
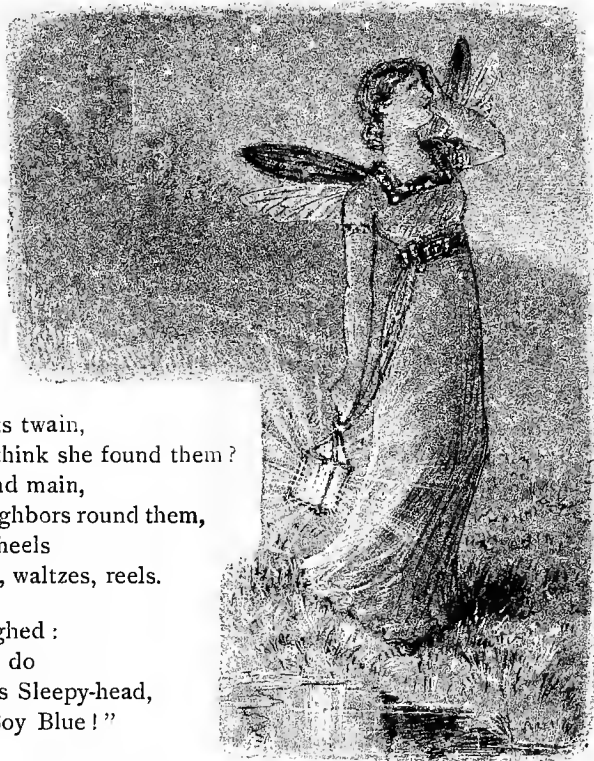
And Mrs. Lampyris groaned :  
 " Alas, my son and daughter !  
 The fairies will milk my cows to-night,  
 My sheep drink elfin water."

But at last she spied her truants twain,  
 And how and where do you think she found them ?  
 Dancing with all their might and main,  
 With a host of gambolling neighbors round them,  
     Whose toes and heels  
 Were clattering in hornpipes, waltzes, reels.

And Mrs. Lampyris laughed :  
 " Ah, this is what you do  
 To find your sheep, Miss Sleepy-head,  
 And you your cows, Boy Blue !"

So home she went, for her light was out ;  
 But all night long, with fickle glancing,  
 Wavered the lantern flames about  
 Where the runaway little folks were dancing ;  
     And not till dawn  
 Was the last of the merry-makers gone.

And Mrs. Lampyris dreamed  
 All through her troubled sleep,  
 That little Boy Blue had found his cows,  
 And little Bo Peep her sheep.



## A CHILD'S MOOD.

*(At the end of the day )*

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

I WANT that rose the wind took yesterday,  
 I want it more than this :  
 It had no thorn, — it was the best that grew.  
 I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings  
 That brushed across my hand  
 Last night between the sunset and the dew —  
 It came from fairy-land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,  
 Where all those pansies bloom :  
 They gave it wings to get away from me,  
 I lost it in the gloom.

And yesterday the bees on all the heads  
 Of clover swung so slow,  
 I saw them take their honey ; but to-day  
 They only sting and go.

That star that always came before the moon,  
 Dropped out of heaven last night ;  
 I hunted where I saw it fall — and found  
 A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go, and let the dark  
 Hide everything away.  
 That was the sweetest rose in all the world  
 The wind took yesterday.

## THE DEAD KITTEN.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



A CUNNING LITTLE DOT SHE WAS

DON'T talk to me of parties, Nan, I really cannot go ;  
 When folks are in affliction they don't go out, you know.  
 I have a new brown sash, too, it seems a pity — eh ?  
 That such a dreadful trial should have come just yesterday !

The play-house blinds are all pulled down as dark as it can be ;  
 It looks so very solemn, and so proper, don't you see ?  
 And I have a piece of crape pinned on every dolly's hat ;  
 Tom says it is ridiculous for only just a cat —

But boys are all so horrid ! They always, every one,  
 Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, " just for fun."

The way he used to pull her tail — it makes me angry now —  
 And scat her up the cherry tree, to make the darling " meow !"



I've had her all the summer. One day, away last spring,  
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little thing  
In the corner of a fence; 'twould have made you laugh outright  
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried to fight.



"WELL—IF I'M EQUAL TO IT."

I shooed the dog away, and she jumped upon my arm ;  
The pretty creature knew I wouldn't do her any harm ;  
I hugged her close, and carried her to mamma, and she said  
She should be my own wee kitty if I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft gray fur :  
She'd lie for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr ;  
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,  
Or try to catch her tail, or roll a marble in and out.

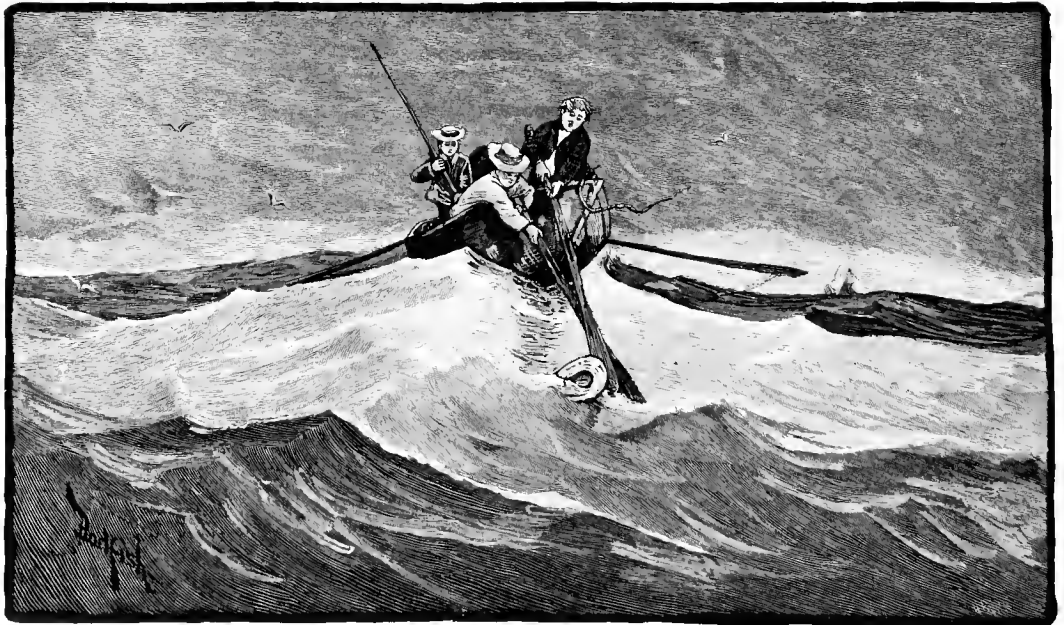
## THE DEAD KITTEN.

Such comfort she has been to me I'm sure no one could tell,  
 Unless some other little girl who loves her pussy well.  
 I've heard about a Maltese cross, but *my* dear little kit  
 Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit !

But oh, last week I missed her ! I hunted all around ;  
 My darling little pussy-cat was nowhere to be found.  
 I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see :  
 " Take care of little kitty, *please*, and bring her back to me ! "

I found her lying, yesterday, behind the lower shed ;  
 I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.  
 Tom promised me another one, but even *he* can see  
 No other kitty ever will be just the same to me !

I *can't* go to your party, Nannie. — Maccaroons, you say ?  
 And ice-cream ? — I know I ought to try and not give way ;  
 And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so ! —  
 Well — if I'm equal to it by to-morrow — I *may* go !



IN PURSUIT.



## THE SEPTEMBER GALE:

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 BY OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES.
 

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I'M not a chicken ; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,  
 And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember ;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
 And I, my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ; —  
 For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing ;  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing, —  
 A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder, —  
 A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !  
 They seemed like bursting craters !  
 And oaks lay scattered on the ground  
 As if they were p'taters ;  
 And all above was in a howl,  
 And all below a clatter, —  
 The earth was like a frying-pan,  
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
 And all our things were drying ;  
 The storm came roaring through the lines,  
 And set them all a flying ;

I saw the shirts and petticoats  
 Go riding off like witches ;  
 I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —  
 I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,  
 Alas ! too late to win them ;  
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
 The devil had been in them ;  
 They were my darlings and my pride,  
 My boyhood's only riches, —  
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —  
 "My breeches ! O my breeches !

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
 How changed from what I knew them !  
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
 The winds had whistled through them !  
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
 Where demon claws had torn them ;  
 A hole was in their amplest part,  
 As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
 And tailors kind and clever,  
 But those young pantaloons have gone  
 Forever and forever !  
 And not till fate has cut the last  
 Of all my earthly stitches,  
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
 My loved, my long-lost breeches !

## DOWN IN THE CLOVER.

*(A Duet, with Sheep Obligato.)*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

MID feeding lambs and springing grass  
 There sat a little lad and lass,  
 A green umbrella overhead,  
 The flickering shade of boughs instead,  
 And read a book of fairy rhyme,  
 All in their gay vacation time.

Quoth he: "The dearest, queerest story  
 Was that one of the fairy prince,  
 Who sailed down stream in his pearl dory,  
 Neath boughs of rose and flowering quince,  
 To save the lovely princess whom  
 The wicked, white-haired, old witch-lady  
 Kept in a tower of awful gloom,  
 Deep in a magic forest shady:  
 How proud he tossed his plumed head  
 Before the witch's door, and said" —

SHEEP: *Ba-a, ba-a! Honey-sweet the clover's blowing.  
 Ba-a, ba-a! Juicy-green the grass is grow-  
 ing.*

"I think," quoth she, "there's one that's bet-  
 ter:

About that little fairy girl,  
 Who bound the ogre with a fetter  
 Of spider-wort and grass and pearl;  
 Then singing in the gateway sat,  
 Till up the road the prince came pranc-  
 ing,  
 A jewelled feather in his hat,  
 And set the cherry-boughs a-dancing.  
 How low he bent his handsome head  
 Before the fairy girl, and said" —

SHEEP: *Ba-a, ba-a! Who the day so sweetly passes  
 As a lamb who never stops,*

*But from dawn to twilight crops  
 Clover-heads and dewy grasses?"*

"Well, by and by I think I'll be  
 A fairy prince as brave as he:  
 I'll wind a silver bugle clear,  
 Low and dim you'll hear it, dear;  
 A sword with jewelled hilt I'll bear,  
 A cap and heron-plume I'll wear,  
 And I will rescue *you*," quoth he.  
 "Fast to the witch's tower I'll fly,  
 And beat upon the gate, and cry" —

SHEEP: *Ba-a, ba-a! Sweet the simple life we're leading,  
 In the sweet green pasture feeding!*

Then quoth the little reader fair,  
 "I've changed my mind, for I don't dare  
 To stay there in the witch's tower;  
 I'll be the dame who found a flower  
 Of gold and rubies — in the tale —  
 And sold it for a fairy veil,  
 Which made her look so sweet and true  
 That she was dearly loved; then you" —

SHEEP: *Ba-a, ba-a! Turn the juicy morsel over.  
 Who would be a lad or lass,  
 If he could his summer pass  
 As the sheep amongst the clover?  
 Grasshoppers on daisies teter,  
 Dew-drops clovers sweeten sweeter,  
 Who can care for stupid tales,  
 Fairy horns and fairy veils,  
 Fairy princess, fairy prince?  
 Yet we must not blame them, since  
 (Turn the juicy morsel over)  
 They cannot be sheep in clover.*



ALL IN THEIR GAY VACATION TIME.



## THE GREEK BOY.

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 BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
 

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ONE are the glorious Greeks of old,  
 Glorious in mien and mind;  
 Their bones are mingled with the mould,  
     Their dust is on the wind;  
 The forms they hewed from living stone  
 Survive the waste of years, alone,  
 And, scattered with their ashes, show  
 What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there — the springs  
     Gush brightly as of yore;  
 Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,  
     As many an age before.  
 There nature moulds as nobly now,  
 As e'er of old, the human brow:  
 And copies still the martial form  
 That braved Plataea's battle storm.

Boy! thy first looks were taught to seek  
     Their heaven in Hellas's skies;  
 Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek,  
     Her sunshine lit thine eyes;  
 Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains  
 Heard by old poets, and thy veins  
 Swell with the blood of demigods,  
 That slumber in thy country's sods.

Now is thy nation free — though late —  
     Thy elder brethren broke —  
 Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight,  
     The intolerable yoke.  
 And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see  
 Her youth renewed in such as thee:  
 A shoot of that old vine that made  
 The nations silent in its shade.

## OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OH fairest of the rural maids!  
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,  
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,  
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;  
 And all the beauty of the place  
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks  
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;

Thy step is as the wind, that weaves  
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene  
 And silent waters heaven is seen;  
 Their lashes are the herbs that look  
 On their young figures in the brook.

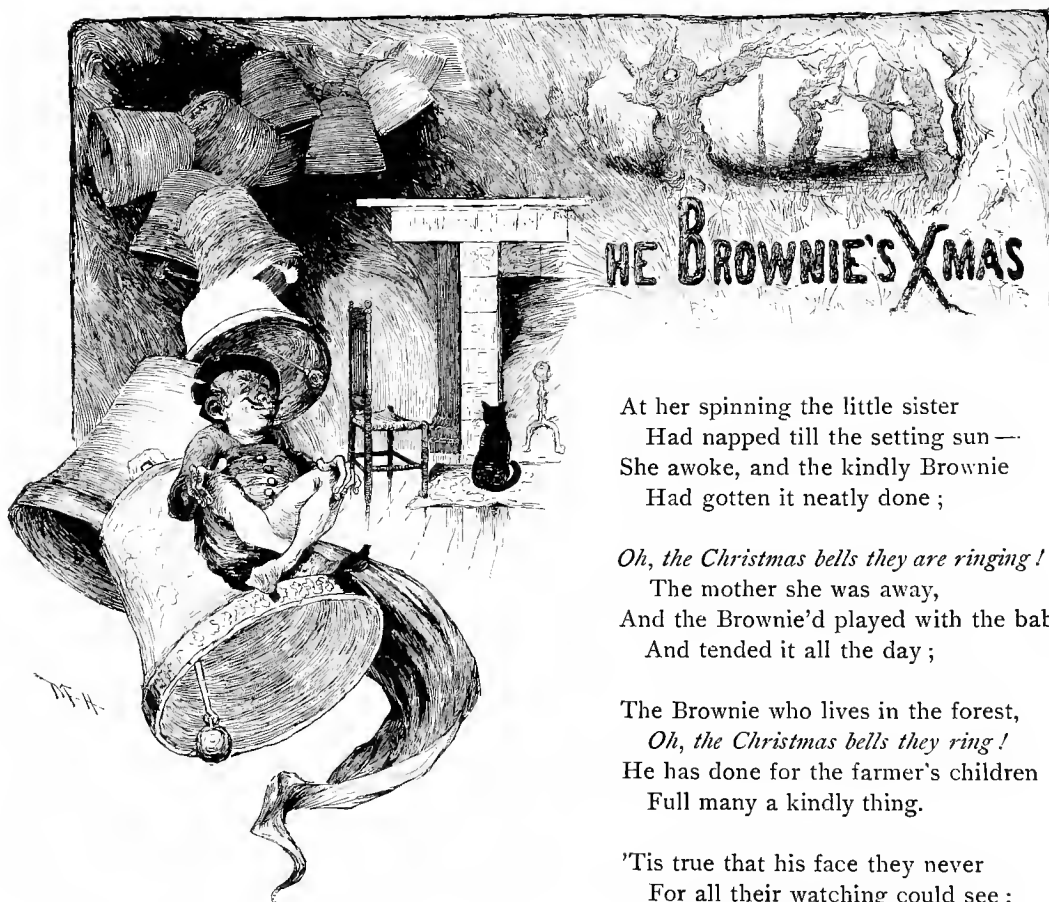
The forest depths by foot unpressed,  
 Are not more sinless than thy breast;  
 The holy peace, that fills the air  
 Of those calm solitudes, is there.

## POEMS OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

---

 BY MARY E. WILKINS.
 

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THE POOR LITTLE FRIENDLY BROWNIE.

THE Brownie who lives in the forest,  
*Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!*  
 He has done for the farmer's children  
 Full many a kindly thing:

When their cows were lost in the gloaming  
 He has driven them safely home;  
 He has led their bees to the flowers,  
 To fill up their golden comb;

At her spinning the little sister  
 Had napped till the setting sun —  
 She awoke, and the kindly Brownie  
 Had gotten it neatly done;

*Oh, the Christmas bells they are ringing!*  
 The mother she was away,  
 And the Brownie'd played with the baby  
 And tended it all the day;

The Brownie who lives in the forest,  
*Oh, the Christmas bells they ring!*  
 He has done for the farmer's children  
 Full many a kindly thing.

'Tis true that his face they never  
 For all their watching could see;  
 Yet who else did the kindly service,  
 I pray, if it were not he!

But the poor little friendly Brownie,  
 His life was a weary thing;  
 For never had he been in holy church  
 And heard the children sing;

And never had he had a Christmas;  
 Nor had bent in prayer his knee;  
 He had lived for a thousand years,  
 And all weary-worn was he.

Or that was the story the children  
Had heard at their mother's side ;  
And together they talked it over,  
One merry Christmas-tide.

The pitiful little sister  
With her braids of paly gold,  
And the little elder brother,  
And the darling five-year-old,

All stood in the western window —  
'Twas toward the close of day —  
And they talked about the Brownie  
While resting from their play.

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas,"  
The dear little sister said,  
And a-shaking as she spoke  
Her glossy, yellow head ;

"The Brownie, he has no Christmas ;  
While so many gifts had we,  
To the floor last night they bended  
The boughs of the Christmas-tree."

Then the little elder brother,  
He spake up in his turn,  
With both of his blue eyes beaming,  
While his cheeks began to burn :

"Let us do up for the Brownie  
A Christmas bundle now,  
And leave it in the forest pathway  
Where the great oak branches bow.

"We'll mark it, 'For the Brownie,'  
And 'A Merry Christmas Day !'  
And sure will he be to find it,  
For he goeth home that way !"

Then the tender little sister  
With her braids of paly gold,  
And the little elder brother,  
And the darling five-year-old,

Tied up in a little bundle  
Some toys, with a loving care,  
And marked it, "For the Brownie,"  
In letters large and fair,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas !"  
And then, in the dusk, the three  
Went to the wood and left it  
Under the great oak tree.

While the farmer's fair little children  
Slept sweet on that Christmas night,  
Two wanderers through the forest  
Came in the clear moonlight.

And neither one was the Brownie,  
But sorry were both as he ;  
And their hearts, with each fresh footstep,  
Were aching steadily.



IN THE WESTERN WINDOW.

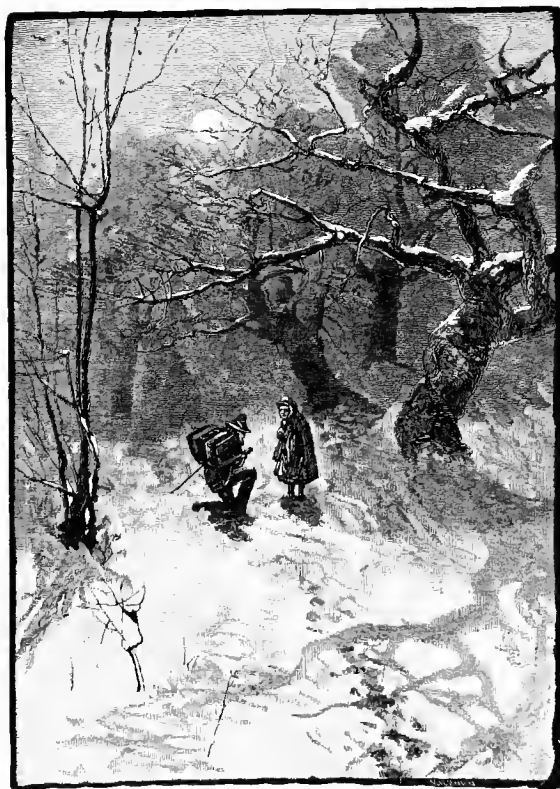
A slender man with an organ  
Strapped on by a leathern band,  
And a girl with a tambourine  
A-holding close to his hand.

And the girl with the tambourine  
Big sorrowful eyes she had ;  
In the cold white wood she shivered  
In her ragged raiment clad.

"And what is there here to do?" she said;  
 "I'm froze i' the light o' the moon!  
 Shall we play to these sad old forest trees  
 Some merry and jigging tune?"

"And, father, you know it is Christmas-time,  
 And had we staid i' the town  
 And I gone to one o' the Christmas-trees,  
 A gift might have fallen down!"

"You cannot certainly know it would not!  
 I'd ha' gone right under the tree!  
 Are you *sure* that none o' the Christmases  
 Were meant for you and me?"



IN THE COLD WHITE WOOD.

"These dry dead leaves," he answered her, sad,  
 "Which the forest casteth down,  
 Are more than you'd get from a Christmas-tree  
 In the merry and thoughtless town.

"Though to-night be the Christ's own birthday night,  
 And all the world hath grace,  
 There is not a home in all the world  
 Which holdeth for us a place."

Slow plodding adown the forest path,  
 "And now, what is this?" he said;  
 And the children's bundle he lifted up,  
 And "For the Brownie," read,

And "We wish a Merry Christmas Day!"  
 "Now if this be done," said he,  
 "Somewhere in the world perhaps there is  
 A place for you and me!"

And the bundle he opened softly:  
 "This is children's tender thought;  
 Their own little Christmas presents  
 They have to the Brownie brought.

"If there liveth such tender pity  
 Toward a thing so dim and low,  
 There is kindness sure remaining  
 Of which I did not know.

"Oh children, there's never a Brownie —  
 That sorry uncanny thing;  
 But nearest and next are the homeless  
 When the Christmas joy-bells ring."

Out laughed the little daughter,  
 And she gathered the toys with glee:  
 "My Christmas present has fallen!  
 This oak was my Christmas-tree!"

Then away they went through the forest,  
 The wanderers, hand in hand;  
 And the snow, they were both so merry,  
 It glistened like golden sand.

Down the forest the elder brother,  
 In the morning clear and cold,  
 Came leading the little sister  
 And the darling five-year-old.

"Oh," he cries, "he's taken the bundle!"  
 As carefully round he peers;  
 "And the Brownie has gotten a Christmas  
 After a thousand years!"





SHE THOUGHT THAT THE PRESENTS WERE ALL FOR HER.

## II. — THE SPOILED DARLING.

OH the ruffles there were on that little dress,  
Fanny!

Her mamma does dress her so sweetly, you know;  
And the prettiest sash of pale rose-colored satin  
Tied at her waist in a butterfly-bow.

And her soft, flossy hair, almost a rose-yellow,  
Like the roses we had in our garden last year,  
Cut short round the fairest blue-veined little fore-  
head —

Oh if Miss Marion wasn't a dear!

Just perfect she was, the mite of a darling,  
From her flower of a head to her pink slipper-toes!

You will laugh, but she seemed as I looked at her,  
Fanny,  
A little girl copied right after a rose!

Well, you know how it is: they have petted the darling,  
Her papa and mamma, her uncles and aunts —  
Till, saving the moon, which they can't get for  
princes,  
There isn't a thing but she has if she wants.

And so, last night at the Christmas-tree, Fanny,  
— It was so funny I laugh at it now —  
There was Miss Marion sweeter than honey,  
All in her ruffles and butterfly-bow;

She had presents, I thought, enough for a dozen,  
 But she seemed heavy-hearted in spite of it all;  
 Her sweet little mouth was all of a quiver,  
 And there was a teardrop just ready to fall.

The aunts and the cousins all round her came  
 crowding;  
 "And what is the matter, my darling, my  
 dear?"  
 She didn't look sulky, but grieved; and I saw it  
 Roll down her pink cheek, that trembling tear;

And she lisped out so honest, "Mamie and Bessie,  
 And the rest, have pwesents—and 'twas *my*  
 Tristmas-tree;  
 And when I tame in, I fought that the pwesents—  
 The whole of them on it—of tourse, were for me!"

I scarcely could blame her—she didn't seem angry,  
 But grieved to the heart, the queer little mite!  
 And 'twasn't her fault—she'd been fed so much  
 honey,  
 All the sweet in the world she took as her right.

### III.—TWO BOYS.

IT was one of those swell stone churches, Jim,  
 I hadn't been there before;  
 But I saw it all lit up last night,  
 And I stole inside the door.

And there was wreaths hung all around,  
 And strings of evergreen,  
 And three of the biggest Christmas-trees—  
 O Jim, you'd oughter seen!

And when they called the names out loud,  
 They'd all go up, you know,  
 And take the present from the man,  
 With such a ginteel bow.

And there was some called lots of times;  
 One boy, named Walter Blake,  
 I couldn't tell the heaps of things  
 That he went up to take.

Thinks I, how mighty grand 'twould be  
 If I should hear him call  
 Out, "Patsey Long!" but that, of course,  
 He didn't do at all.

And seeing them all look so pleased  
 And smiling round the tree—  
 I'm a pretty jolly kind of chap,  
 But it sort o' come to me

How I'd been allers knocked about,  
 Nothing but kick and fling;  
 And I kinder pitied Patsey Long  
 Who hadn't got a thing.

And I s'pose that's why I dreamed  
 About a tree, last night,  
 Which was so tall, the topmost boughs  
 Seemed sort o' lost in light.

And all the branches hanging full!  
 Such things you never see!  
 Why, everything from all the shops,  
 And everything for me!

And some one called out, "Patsey Long!"  
 And I'd go up, you know,  
 And take my present in my hand,  
 And make a ginteel bow.

O Jim, you'd oughter seen the knives,  
 The sleds and balls and bats!  
 And there was dogs, and suits of clo'es,  
 And shoes and cakes and hats.

They kept a-calling, "Patsey Long!"  
 And I'd go up for more;  
 They seemed to shake the branches, Jim,  
 And the presents down would pour.

"O Patsey Long!" and "Patsey Long!"  
 Till I sung out—'twas rough—  
 "Please stop, I can't hold any more,  
 My arms ain't big enough!"

*(Jimmy speaks.)*

"My, is that all? I see you look  
 So chipper-like, sez I,

He's had a fortune left him sure,  
Wot makes him look so high.

Sez I, he'll dine on stuffed roast goose,  
And soda and ice-creams ;  
And, my ! he'd nothing in the world  
But jest a pack of dreams !

(*Patsey speaks.*)

Now what's the use of laffin', Jim ?  
I ain't that kind, you see ;  
Some folks, I know, have fortunes come,  
But they never comes to me.

I ain't the kind to eat roast goose,  
Nor soda, nor ice-cream ;  
But wot's the use o' growlin', Jim ?  
'Twas a werry pretty dream.

(*Jimmy speaks.*)

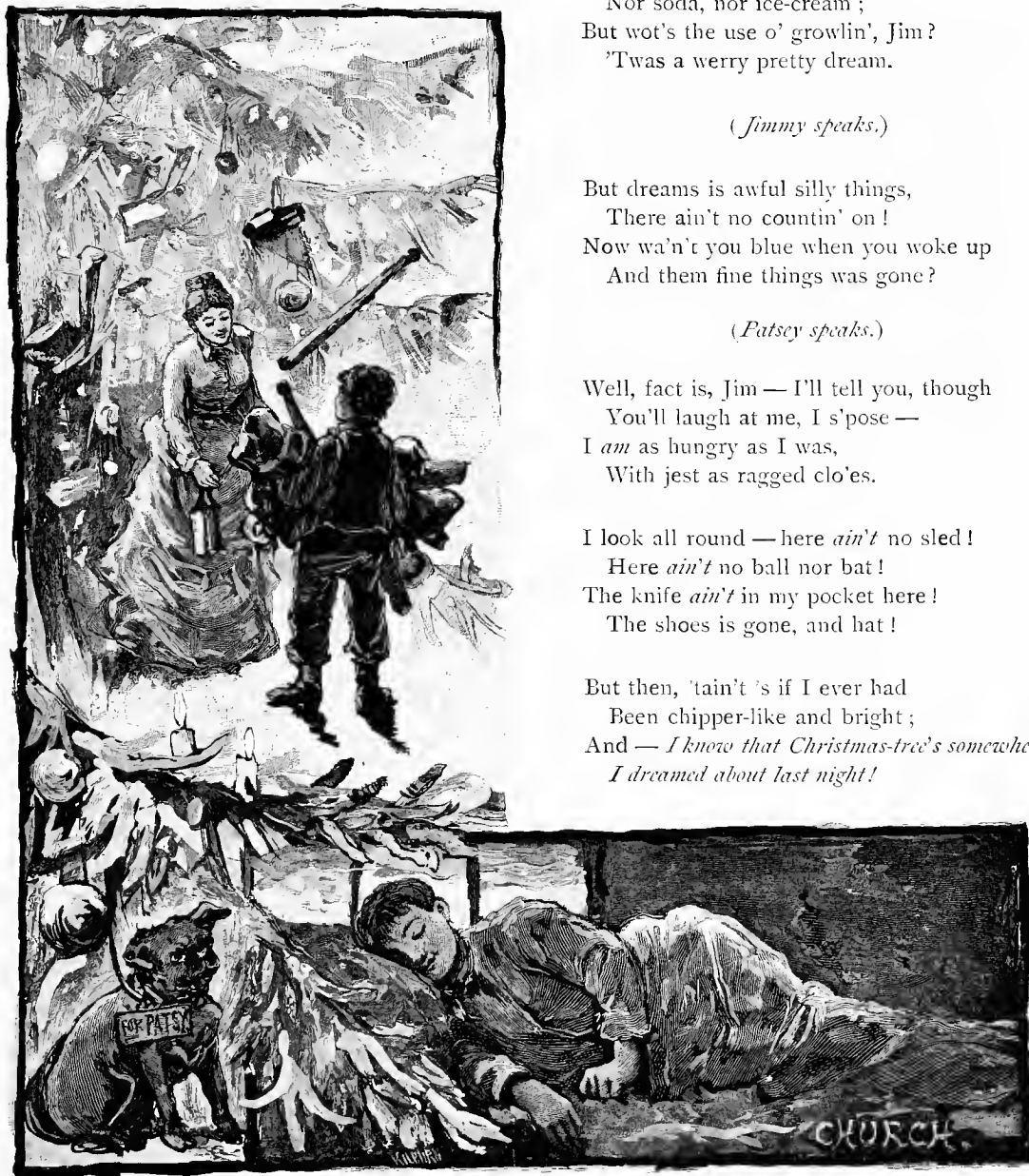
But dreams is awful silly things,  
There ain't no countin' on !  
Now wa'n't you blue when you woke up  
And them fine things was gone ?

(*Patsey speaks.*)

Well, fact is, Jim — I'll tell you, though  
You'll laugh at me, I s'pose —  
I *am* as hungry as I was,  
With jest as ragged clo'es.

I look all round — here *ain't* no sled !  
Here *ain't* no ball nor bat !  
The knife *ain't* in my pocket here !  
The shoes is gone, and hat !

But then, 'tain't 's if I ever had  
Been chipper-like and bright ;  
And — *I know that Christmas-tree's somewhere*  
*I dreamed about last night !*



PATSEY DREAMS A CHRISTMAS DREAM.



#### IV.—THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

THE fiddlers were scraping so cheerily, O,  
With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*,  
And the children were dancing so merrily, O,  
All under the shade of the Christmas-tree.

O, bonny the fruit on its branches which grows !  
And the mistletoe bough from the ceiling hung !  
The fiddlers they rosined their squeaking bows,  
And the brave little lads their partners swung.

A FAIRY LAND CREW CAME WHIRLING AIRILY INTO THE ROOM.

Oh, the fiddlers they played such a merry tune,  
 With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*,  
 And the children they blossomed like roses in June,  
 All under the boughs of the Christmas-tree.

And the fiddlers were scraping so merrily, O,  
 With a *one, two, three*, and a *one, two, three*;  
 And the children were dancing so cheerily, O,  
 All under the shade of the Christmas-tree —

When, all of a sudden, a fairy-land crew  
 Came whirling airily into the room,  
 As light as the fluffy balls, they flew,  
 Which fly from the purple thistle-bloom.

There were little girl-fairies in cobweb frocks  
 All spun by spiders from golden threads,  
 With butterfly-wings and glistening locks,  
 And strings of dewdrops encircling their heads !

There were little boy-fairies in jewelled coats  
 Of pansy-velvet, of cost untold,  
 With chains of daisies around their throats,  
 And their heads all powdered with lily-gold !

The fiddlers they laughed till they scarce could see,  
 And then they fiddled so cheerily. O,  
 And the fairies and children around the tree,  
 They all went tripping so merrily, O.

The fiddlers they boxed up their fiddles all ;  
 The fairies they silently flew away ;  
 But every child at the Christmas ball  
 Had danced with a fairy first, they say.

So they told their mothers — and did not you  
 Ever have such a lovely time at your play,  
 My boy and my girl, that it seemed quite true  
 That you'd played with a fairy all the day ?

#### V.—THE PURITAN DOLL.

OUR Puritan fathers, stern and good,  
 Had never a holiday ;  
 Sober and earnest seemed life to them —  
 They only stopped working to pray.

And the little Puritan maidens learned  
 Their catechisms through ;  
 And spun their stints, and wove themselves  
 Their garments of homely blue.

And they never made merry on Christmas day —  
 It would savor of Pope and Rome ;  
 And never there was a Christmas-tree  
 Set up in a Puritan home.

And Christmas eve, in the chimney-place,  
 There was never a stocking hung ;  
 There never was woven a Christmas wreath,  
 There was never a carol sung.

Sweet little Ruth, with her flaxen hair  
 All neatly braided and tied,

Was sitting one old December day  
 At her pretty young mother's side.

She listened, speaking never a word,  
 With her serious, thoughtful look,  
 To the Christmas story her mother read  
 Out of the good old Book.

"I'll tell thee, Ruth !" her mother cried,  
 Herself scarce more than a girl,  
 As she smoothed her little daughter's hair,  
 Lest it straggle out into a curl,

"If thy stint be spun each day this week,  
 And thou toil like the busy bee,  
 A Christmas present on Christmas day  
 I promise to give to thee."

And then she talked of those merry times  
 She never could quite forget ;  
 The Christmas cheer, the holly and yule —  
 She was hardly a Puritan yet.

She talked of those dear old English days,  
 With tears in her loving eyes,  
 And little Ruth heard like a Puritan child,  
 With a quiet though glad surprise.



RUTH TAKES HER GIFT.

But nevertheless she thought of her gift,  
 As much as would any of you,  
 And busily round, each day of the week,  
 Her little spinning-wheel flew.

Tired little Ruth! but oh, she thought  
 She was paid for it after all,  
 When her mother gave her on Christmas day  
 A little Puritan doll.

'Twas made of a piece of a homespun sheet,  
 Dressed in a homespun gown  
 Cut just like Ruth's, and a little cap  
 With a stiff white muslin crown.

A primly folded' muslin cape —  
 I don't think one of you all  
 Would have been so bold as to dare to play  
 With that dignified Puritan doll.

Dear little Ruth showed her delight  
 In her queer little quiet way;  
 She did not say much, but she held her doll  
 In her arms all Christmas day.

And when at twilight her mother read  
 That Christmas story o'er,  
 Happy Ruth took the sweetness of it in  
 As she never had done before.

And then (she always said "good-night"  
 When the shadows began to fall)  
 She was so happy she went to sleep  
 Still holding her Christmas doll.

#### VI.—THE GIFT THAT NONE COULD SEE.

THERE are silver pines on the window-pane,  
 A forest of them," said he;  
 "And a huntsman is there with a silver horn,  
 Which he bloweth right merrily.

"And there are a flock of silver ducks  
 A-flying over his head;

And a silver sea and a silver hill  
 In the distance away," he said.

"And all of this is on the window-pane,  
 My pretty mamma, true as true!"  
 She lovingly smiled, but she looked not up,  
 And faster her needle flew.

## SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SLEEP on, Baby, on the floor,  
 Tired of all the playing,  
 Sleep with smile the sweeter for  
*That* you dropped away in !  
 On your curls' full roundness, stand  
 Golden lights serenely —  
 One cheek pushed out by the hand,  
 Folds the dimple inly :  
 Little head and little foot  
 Heavy laid for pleasure,  
 Underneath the lids half shut,  
 Slants the shining azure : —  
 Open-soul in noonday sun,  
 So, you lie and slumber !  
 Nothing evil having done,  
 Nothing can encumber.

*I*, who cannot sleep as well,  
 Shall I sigh to view you ?  
 Or sigh further to foretell  
 All that may undo you ?  
 Nay, keep smiling, little child,  
 Ere the sorrow neareth.  
*I* will smile too ! Patience mild  
 Pleasure's token weareth.  
 Nay, keep sleeping before loss ;  
*I* shall sleep though losing !

As by cradle, so by cross,  
 Sure is the reposing.

And God knows who sees us twain,  
 Child at childish leisure,  
 I am near as tired of pain  
 As you seem of pleasure ;  
 Very soon too, by His grace  
 Gently wrapt around me,  
 Shall I show as calm a face,  
 Shall I sleep as soundly !  
 Differing in this, that *you*  
 Clasp your playthings sleeping,  
 While my hand shall drop the few  
 Given to my keeping ;  
 Differing in this, that *I*  
 Sleeping shall be colder,  
 And, in waking presently,  
 Brighter to beholder !  
 Differing in this beside  
 (Sleeper, have you heard me ?  
 Do you move, and open wide  
 Eyes of wonder towards me ?)  
 That while you I thus recall  
 From your sleep, — I solely,  
 Me from mine an angel shall,  
 With reveille holy !

## EXAGGERATION.

WE overstate the ills of life, and take  
 Imagination, given us to bring down  
 The choirs of singing angels overshone  
 By God's clear glory, — down our earth to rake  
 The dismal snows instead ; flake following flake,  
 To cover all the corn. We walk upon  
 The shadow of hills across a level thrown,

And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake  
 We sigh so loud, the nightingale within  
 Refuses to sing loud as else she would.  
 O brothers ! let us leave the shame and sin  
 Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
 The holy name of GRIEF ! — holy herein,  
 That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.

## SONG AMID THE HOLLY BERRIES.

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 BY MARGARET SIDNEY.
 

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HERE I am again, and what do I see?  
 Hopping on the branch of your Christmas tree:  
 Over land and sea I've flown, to be with you to-  
 night,  
 Where happy faces beam content, where everything  
 is bright."  
 Ring, ring! happy hearts are singing!  
 Ring, ring! Christmas bells are ringing!  
     Little Birdie brown-coat,  
     Little bosom red,  
     Hop upon the topmost bough,  
     And cock your pretty head.  
*"Love is the world — and God is over all" —*  
 The song the Christ-child sent by you, on loving  
 hearts must fall.

"Out on the snowy wild, I thought I should  
 freeze!  
 I whirled along on busy wing, I flew through leafless  
 trees—  
 Oh! thank the Giver of all good, for the warm and  
 cheerful light—  
 Don't you wish *you* were a little bird out in the dreary  
 night?"  
 Ring, ring! happy hearts are singing!  
 Ring, ring! Christmas bells are ringing!  
     Little Birdie brown-coat,  
     Little bosom red,  
     Hop upon the topmost bough,  
     And cock your pretty head.  
*"Love is the world — and God is over all" —*  
 The song the Christ-child sent by you, on loving  
 hearts must fall.

"Oh, I'm very hungry, will you please give to me  
 One little berry for my own, for, oh! don't you see  
 I've come to sing your Christmas song, and such a  
 wee bird as I  
 Was never meant to stay outside, and, cold and faint  
 to die!"  
 Ring, ring! happy hearts are singing!  
 Ring, ring! Christmas bells are ringing!  
     Little Birdie brown-coat,  
     Little bosom red,  
     Hop upon the topmost bough,  
     And cock your pretty head.  
*"Love is the world — and God is over all" —*  
 The song the Christ-child sent by you, on loving  
 hearts must fall.

"Holly berries wreathed around, frame the merry  
 sight;  
 Love and kindness blossom rich, this happy Christ-  
 mas night.  
 May our Father bring us near to the heaven  
 above,  
 And bind all hearts to him again, with the chain of  
 Love."  
 Ring, ring! happy hearts are singing!  
 Ring, ring! Christmas bells are ringing!  
     Little Birdie brown-coat,  
     Little bosom red,  
     Hop upon the topmost bough,  
     And cock your pretty head.  
*"Love is the world — and God is over all" —*  
 The song the Christ-child sent by you, on loving  
 hearts must fall.

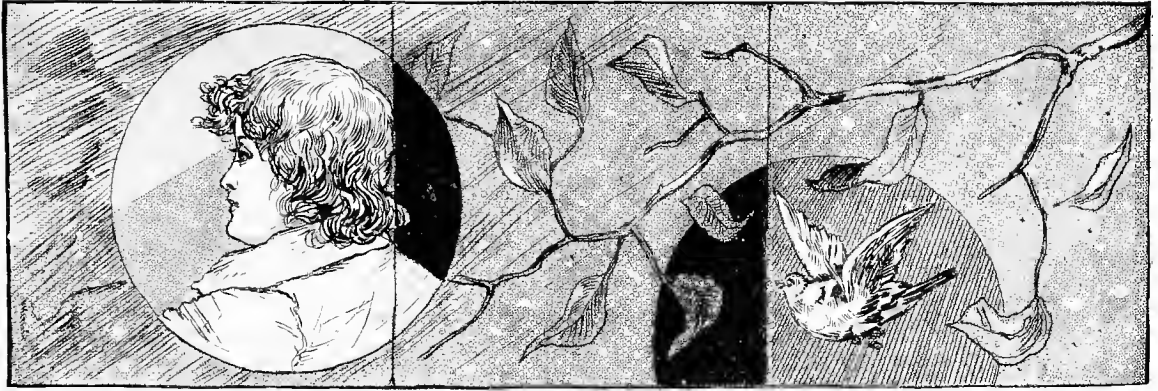




"I'VE COME TO SING YOU A CHRISTMAS SONG!"







"THE MARCH WINDS DO BLOW!"

## MARCH.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

I WONDER what spendthrift chose to spill  
Such bright gold under my window-sill!  
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?  
Bless me! it is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst  
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!  
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst  
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

And snow-drops, delicate, fairy bells,  
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells;

And the hyacinths weaving their perfumed spells:  
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels!

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?  
Who said she had nothing on earth to do  
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?  
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

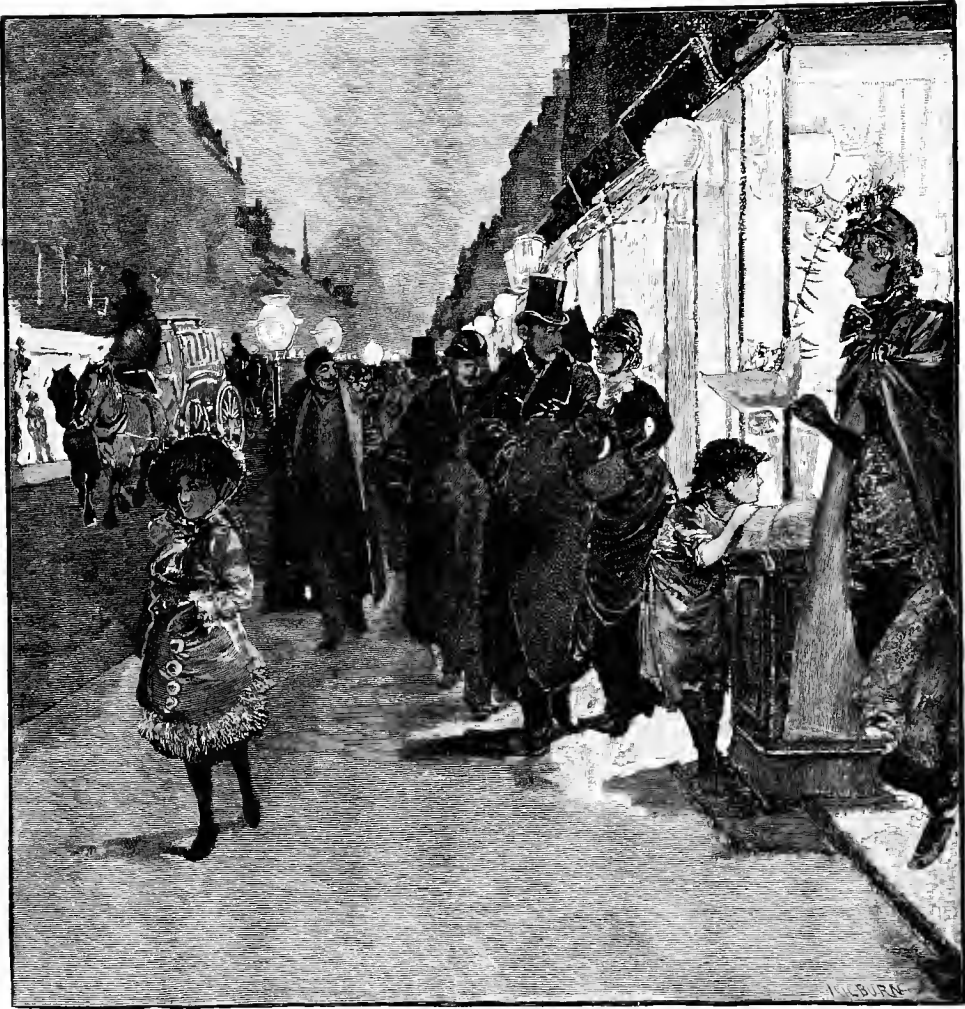
O March that blusters and March that blows,  
What color under your footsteps glows!  
Beauty you summon from winter snows,  
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

## MRS. BEE EXPLAINS.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

S AID Mrs. Wasp to Mrs. Bee,  
"Will you a favor do me?  
There's something I can't understand —  
Please, ma'am, explain it to me:  
Why do men build for *you* a house  
And coax you to go in it,  
While *me* — your cousin — they'll not let  
Stay near them for a minute?"

I have a sting, I do confess,  
And should not like to lose it,  
But so have you, and when you're vexed  
I'm very sure you use it!"  
"Well," said the bee, "to you, no doubt,  
It does seem rather funny;  
But people soon forget the stings  
Of those who give them honey!"



IN THE SHOP-LIGHT GLARE.

## THE ROSE AND THE WAIF.

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 BY MAY PALMER DALY.
 

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THE people were hurrying homeward,  
 The shops looked cheery and bright,  
 As the twilight crept over the city  
 With a dusky lingering light,

Casting a blurring shadow  
 Over the ceaseless throng

Passing and jostling each other,  
 Resistlessly sweeping along.

And the ring of horses' feet  
 Broke sharp on the frosty air  
 As away a carriage rattled  
 Or stopped in the shop-light glare.

And perhaps a woman in trailing silk  
 Would step from the carriage door,  
 With a faint sweet trace of perfume  
 As she hurried into the store.

Brightly the lighted flower-shop  
 Shone into the dusky street,  
 Its glittering windows beautiful  
 With the flowers gay and sweet.

And close to the shining window  
 A little girl, poor and thin,  
 With her wistful eyes stood gazing  
 At the fairy-land within;

Her little arms huddled together,  
 Her fingers so cold and blue,  
 Motionless still as the night drew on,  
 Chilling her through and through.

Ulstered and furred and cosey,  
 A man was passing the shop;  
 But a glimpse of the face so wistful  
 Moved him to turn and stop.

And a sorrowful wave of pity  
 Swept over his heart at the sight  
 Of the little creature standing there  
 So wan in the golden light.

Then, swiftly going toward her,  
 He touched her fingers blue:  
 "And what do you want, my little one?  
 And what can I do for you?"

Almost guiltily starting,  
 Though cheery and warm his tone,  
 She looked with fierce and distrustful eyes  
 In the kind ones bent to her own.

And then, in a tone of defiance,  
 With a shake of her little head:  
 "What I want is one of them roses  
 So big and so warm and red!"

"You poor little thing!" He took her hand,  
 And led her into the store;

"Now choose for yourself the prettiest one,"  
 He said as they closed the door.

How she clasped the rose that he gave her,  
 With a rapture before unknown!  
 How the great dark hungry eyes  
 With a happy wonder shone!

He left her; and, heedless of all around,  
 Out in the cold she went,  
 And her life was no longer bitter,  
 But sweet with the rose it blent.



NOW CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF THE PRETTIEST ONE.

Wandering on in a fairy dream,  
 Happy and glad at heart,  
 Till — sharp was the shout of warning  
 Which turned her back with a start!

Tighter she clasped her precious rose,  
 Close to her heart 'twas pressed;  
 The fear that the flower would be taken away  
 Was the terror that filled her breast.

And back she ran in a frightened way,  
 Unheeding the wilder call,  
 Right under the feet of the startled steeds —  
 A cry — and that was all.

White and still in the turbulent street,  
 Still clasping the rose she lay —  
 The rose that just the space of a dream  
 Had banished life's sadness away.



WHITE AND STILL.

## A KING'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

THIS is the story that a dead man writ:  
 (Five hundred years ago, it must be quite.  
 Worlds-full of children listened once to it  
 Who do not ask for stories now at night;

Worlds-full of children, who have followed him —  
 The King they learned to love and to forgive,  
 About whose feet the North-snows once lay dim —  
 To the sweet land where he has gone to live.)

He was a boy whose purple cap could show  
 As true a peacock's plume as ever fanned  
 Bright royal hair; but in the gracious glow  
 Of his fair head strange things, it seems, were  
 planned.

"To be a prince is well enough," thought he,  
 "But then, would it not be a braver thing  
 To be — my father, only young! To be,"  
 He whispered, oh, so low, "to be the King! —

"My father, who may live for years and years;  
 And I, meanwhile? Prince Henry to the last!  
 Sin, by God's grace, may be washed out with tears,  
 And some day I'll have time to pray and fast."

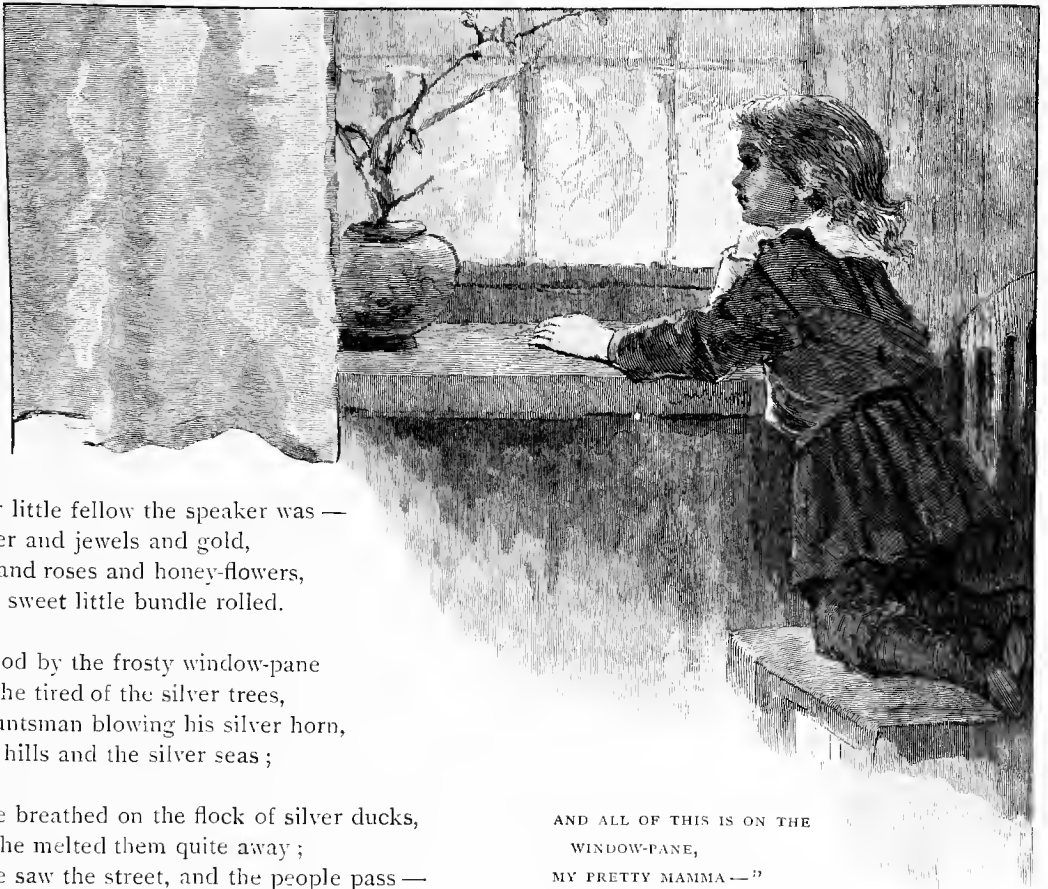
He blew a blast that wailed from field to field;  
 Then, with his sword's point hurled his father down,  
 And bared his own dark forehead, and revealed  
 Thereon the sudden lightning of the crown.

But soon that fire of jewels round his head  
 Burned to his heart. He sat forlorn with grief.  
 "We'll send across the mountains there," he said,  
 "To our great Priest in Italy for relief."

His Holiness sat thinking in his town  
 Of Rome, five minutes, or it may be more;  
 His scarlet Cardinals pulled their brave hats down,  
 And thought as Cardinals never thought be-  
 fore.

"Tell him," the reverend Father said, "to build  
 Strong churches, and give freely of his gold  
 To our poor brothers." — So his realm was filled  
 With monks and abbeys. But, shall truth be told?

His father's shadow would not let him be —  
 Till, one fine night, out of the pleasant skies  
 Mary looked down, remembering that he  
 Was once a child, with sweet half-human eyes.



A dear little fellow the speaker was —  
 Silver and jewels and gold,  
 Lilies and roses and honey-flowers,  
 In a sweet little bundle rolled.

He stood by the frosty window-pane  
 Till he tired of the silver trees,  
 The huntsman blowing his silver horn,  
 The hills and the silver seas ;

And he breathed on the flock of silver ducks,  
 Till he melted them quite away ;  
 And he saw the street, and the people pass —  
 And the morrow was Christmas day.

AND ALL OF THIS IS ON THE  
 WINDOW-PANE,  
 MY PRETTY MAMMA — ”

“ The children are out, and they laugh and shout,  
 I know what it’s for,” said he ;  
 “ And they’re dragging along, my pretty mamma,  
 A fir for a Christmas-tree.”

On Christmas morning the city through,  
 The children were queens and kings,  
 With their royal treasures bursting o’er  
 With wonderful, lovely things.

He came and stood by his mother’s side :  
 “ To-night it is Christmas eve,  
 And is there a gift somewhere for me,  
 Gold mamma, do you believe ? ”

But the merriest child in the city full,  
 And the fullest of all with glee,  
 Was the one whom the dear Christ Child had brought.  
 The gift that he could not see.

Still the needle sped in her slender hands.  
 “ My little sweetheart,” said she,  
 “ The Christ Child has planned this Christmas for you  
 His gift that you cannot see.”

“ Quite empty it looks, oh my gold mamma,  
 The stocking I hung last night ! ”  
 “ So then it is full of the Christ Child’s gift.”  
 And she smiled till his face grew bright.

The boy looked up with a sweet, wise look  
 On his beautiful baby-face :  
 “ Then my stocking I’ll hang for the Christ Child’s gift,  
 To-night, in the chimney-place.”

“ Now sweetheart,” she said, with a patient look  
 On her delicate, weary face,  
 “ I must go and carry my sewing home,  
 And leave thee a little space.



"Now stay with thy sweet thoughts, heart's delight,  
And I soon will be back to thee."  
"I'll play, while you're gone, my pretty mamma,  
With my gift that I cannot see."

He watched his mother pass down the street;  
Then he looked at the window-pane  
Where a garden of new frost-flowers had bloomed  
While he on his bed had lain.

Then he tenderly took up his empty sock,  
And quietly sat a while,  
Holding it fast, and eyeing it  
With his innocent, trusting smile.

"And where are you going, you dear little man?"  
They called to him as he passed;  
"That empty stocking why do you hold  
In your little hand so fast?"

Then he looked at them with his honest eyes,  
And answered sturdily:  
"My stocking is *full to the top*, kind sirs,  
Of the gift that I cannot see."

They would stare and laugh, but he trudged along,  
With his stocking fast in his hand:  
"And I wonder why 'tis that the people all  
Seem not to understand!"



"AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING, YOU DEAR LITTLE MAN?"

"I am tired of waiting," he said at last;  
"I think I will go and meet  
My pretty mamma, and come with her  
A little way down the street.

"And I'll carry with me, to keep it safe,  
My gift that I cannot see."  
And down the street, 'mid the chattering crowd,  
He trotted right merrily.

"Oh my heart's little flower!" she cried to him,  
A-hurrying down the street;  
"And why are you out on the street alone?  
And where are you going, my sweet?"

"I was coming to meet you, my pretty mamma,  
With my gift that I cannot see;  
But tell me why that the people laugh  
And stare at my gift and me?"



Like the Maid at her Son, in the Altar-piece,  
 So loving she looked and mild :  
 "Because, dear heart, of all that you met,  
 Not ~~one~~ was a little child."

O thou who art grieving at Christmas-tide,  
 The lesson is meant for thee :

That thou mayst get Christ's loveliest gifts  
 In ways thou canst not see ;

And how, although no earthly good  
 Seems into thy lot to fall,  
 Hast thou a trusting child-like heart,  
 Thou hast the best of all.

## A LITTLE SISTER'S STORY.

By M. E. B.

WHEN the fairies used to live here,  
 Then you know  
 There was never any dark,  
 Or any snow;  
 But the great big sun kept shining  
 All the night,  
 And the roses just kept blooming,  
 Oh, so bright!  
 And the little children never  
 Teased their mothers,  
 And the little girls always  
 Loved their brothers,  
 And the brothers—they were just as  
 Mild and kind,  
 Every single thing you told them  
 They would mind;  
 And they played so *very* gently—  
 But you know  
*That* was when the fairies lived here,  
 Long Ago!

Yes, the fairies used to live here!  
 You would meet  
 The dear darlings in the garden  
 And the street,  
 Dressed in rainbows, oh, so lovely!  
 With bright wings,  
 And their voices like a linnet  
 When he sings.

And their sweet kind eyes so loving  
 That you knew  
 They were wishing all good wishes  
 Just for you.  
 Then the flowers bent to kiss them  
 When they'd pass,  
 And the small blades reached to hold them  
 From the grass;  
 For each pretty thing about them  
 Loved them so,  
 When the darling fairies lived here,  
 Long Ago.

Then the dollies were not made  
 Of wax alone,  
 But were just like other babies,  
 Flesh and bone;  
 They could sit and they could stand,  
 Yes, even walk;  
 They could laugh and they could cry—dear,  
 THEY COULD TALK!  
 And they never got their legs  
 Or arms broke,  
 When the naughty boys just pulled them  
 For a joke,  
 For there *were* no naughty boys,  
 —But then you know  
*That* was when the fairies lived here,  
 Long Ago!

Then the nurses, when they brushed .  
 The longest curls,  
 Never snapped and hurt the heads  
 Of little girls;  
 You could wear your bestest dresses  
 Every day,  
 And they never spoiled with any  
 Kind of play;

Whips and trumpets, whistles,  
 Lovely toys,  
 That could make such awful  
 Lots of noise!  
 You could eat ice-cream and candy  
 All day long,  
 And no one ever told you  
 It was wrong!



THE LITTLE SISTER AND HER BROTHERS.

You could make mud-pies and still be  
 Just as clean  
 As the neatest little child  
 Was ever seen.  
 Boys' big pockets bulged out  
 Full of tops,  
 Marbles, pennies, knives and  
 Acid drops,

"What were all the mothers doing?"  
 I don't know;  
 This was when the *fairies* lived here,  
 Long Ago.  
 And you never heard a single  
 Children cry!  
 "You wish they lived here now?" Dear,  
 So do I.



THE KING IS DEAD ! LONG LIVE THE KING !



"He shall be glad again, for he shall make  
The little ones glad in memory of my Son,"  
She said. Her aureole flashed the King awake;  
He thought: "Let my Lord's mother's will be  
done."

So from his head the cruel crown he shook,  
And from his breast the ermine cloak he tore,  
And, wrapped in serge, his lonesome way he took  
In the weird night from dreaming door to door.

A very Saint of Christmas in the moon,  
Followed by glimmering evergreens and toys,  
The old King looked. — And did they wake too soon,  
Those blonde-haired, blue-eyed far-back girls and  
boys?

I only know that still the peasants say,  
In his far country, that a strange King walks  
All night before the Lord Christ's glad birthday,  
And leaves no track — a King who never  
talks!

And sometimes children, stealing from their bed  
To look if the slow morning yet be near,  
Have seen his sweeping beard and hooded head,  
And gray still smile, with never any fear.

They know the dawn will light the loveliest things  
Left in the silence by their silent friend;  
They know the strange King is the best of Kings,  
And mean to love him till the worlds shall  
end.

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## A GREAT SHAME.

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BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

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MR. and Mrs. Blue-back Swallow  
Back from their Florida journey came,  
To their summer home in that shady hollow  
Other people a chimney name.

Theirs was not on a modern villa,  
Inches square, with a fluted top,  
And arching cover, with scroll and pillar,  
Squeezing and blinding their homeward flop.

A great old-fashioned chimney's corner  
Many a year had held their nest:  
Loved in spite of the oriole scorn  
Who jeered and sneered from his hammock rest.

Here they came when the sun was rising,  
Veered, and hovered, and downward dropped;  
But Madam suddenly screamed, "Surprising!  
Look, my dear, how our door is stopped!"

"Sure enough!" chirped Mr. Swallow;  
"What! a stone on our very door!  
Never again with twittering hollo  
Shall we dart to our nests once more.

"Stone, and bricks, and wiry netting  
Where the wind went free as air!  
Free as we were! Well! no use fretting:  
We are a houseless, homeless pair."

"I know who 'twas!" said the bright-eyed woman.  
"Creatures that live in the house below:  
Beings who call their own selves 'human!'  
Very inhuman to treat us so!"

"These are they who scorch and smoke us,  
Making fires on our chimney floor,  
And, if we fall to the hearth-stone, poke us,  
Bang us, and throw us out of door.

"Now, I suppose, because we twitter  
And thunder wings in the early dawn,  
As up and down to our nests we flitter,  
Their nets are over our house-door drawn.

"Selfish things! may black flies eat 'em!  
All mosquitoes bite 'em, too!  
Night moths, horn-bugs, May-bugs beat 'em,  
Till every visage is black and blue!

"Dear! — I hate these horrid people!  
 Let us fly to a safer home.  
 What do you say to the old church steeple?  
 Or to the school-house' shining dome?"

Never a chirp Sir Blue-back uttered,  
 Only looked at his wife askance:

Something cross in his beak he muttered,  
 Then up and off he led her a dance.

Where they went is past my telling.  
 Sorry I am I must relate  
 That I shut up their life-long dwelling:  
 But the snow and rain came down too straight.

## LITTLE ROBIN ADAIR.

BY FANNIE E. ROBINSON.

THE very oddest boy I know  
 Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow,  
 And his brave, bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very strange boy is asking why,  
 From the time that morning paints the sky  
 Till the sleepless stars look out on high:

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky?  
 It has no wings, and yet it can fly —  
 And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good?  
 Is it always naughty to do as you would?  
 And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud, and why did it burst?  
 This bird was an egg, and which came first,  
 The egg or the bird? and how was it nursed?

What is the wind? and where does it stay  
 When it hushes itself and creeps away?  
 Is it crying or singing? and what does it say?

Why does the sun sleep back of the trees  
 At home when in summer he takes his ease  
 All night in the rocking bed of the seas?

Why is it bad for boys to fight,  
 And for soldier-men so brave and right?  
 Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,  
 And the apple trees do the work for all  
 With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great strong gentleman ride  
 In a carriage, pretty and soft and wide,  
 And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry;  
 But I'll tell you a secret, deep and high:  
 The grown-up children keep asking why.

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair  
 Beyond the stars and the starlit air  
 For men and women and Robin Adair.

TWO OF THEM.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

**G**RANDFATHER'S come to see baby to-day,  
 Dear little, queer little baby Ned;  
 With his toothless mouth, his double chin,  
 And never a hair on his shiny head,  
 He looks in the pretty eyes of blue,  
 Where the baby's soul is peeping through,  
 And cries, with many a loving kiss,  
 "Hallo! what little old man is this?"

Baby stares in grandfather's face,  
 Merry old, cheery old "Grandfather Ned,"  
 With his toothless mouth, his double chin,  
 And never a hair on his dear, old head;  
 He scans him solemnly, up and down,  
 From his double chin to his smooth, bald crown,  
 And says to himself, as babies do,  
 "Hallo! can this be a baby, too?"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



SHE READS HIM A "ONCE UPON A TIME" STORY.

**N**OW, once upon a time, there were three children,  
 And each of them had little daisy-crowns

Their mother freshly wove for them each morning,  
 And all of them wore dotted muslin gowns.

And, once upon a time, the three went rambling  
 Away from home, amid the wild greenwood;  
 And, once upon a time, they met a lambkin,  
 And not a wolf like poor Red Riding Hood;

And, once upon a time, the three fell weeping:  
 "Oh, we are lost! where can our mother be!"  
 Then meekly spake the little snow-white lambkin:  
 "If you will come, I'll take you home with me."

And, once upon a time, the lambkin trotted  
 Briskly away (the west was turning gold),  
 And, once upon a time, the children followed,  
 And entered shyly in the lambkin's fold;

And, once upon a time, among the lambkins  
 The children slumbered, in their muslin gowns,  
 Till morning came; and then they found their mother,  
 Who wove for them anew their daisy-crowns.



THERE'S JUST ENOUGH FOR ONE MORE FEAST.

## THE LAST OF THE PIPPINS.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THESE are the last of the pippins;  
 There's just enough, you see,  
 For one more feast in the light of the fire,  
 For all the family.

"Such a cosey lunch is an apple,  
 Before one goes to bed!  
 And we'll hear the fairy story then  
 Mamma has promised Ted."

Up-stairs Jack carried the apples;  
 The ruddy coals were stirred;  
 And as down in the cheery glow they sat,  
 This is the tale they heard:

## PRINCESS APPLE-SEED AND HER SISTERS.

Long time age there was a king,  
 Who, without sense or reason,  
 Shut all his pretty daughters up  
 Within a gloomy prison.

There were so many, he had felt  
 Them very troublesome:  
 There were Apple-seed and Apple-corn,  
 And little Apple-crumb;  
 There were Wire, Brier, Limber-lock —  
 A dozen, maybe, in the flock.

His order read: "Let every one  
 Put on a cloak of black,  
 And each be shut from the world so close  
 She never can come back."  
 The dismal hinges creaked and swung;  
 Outside a mournful phœbe sung.

The little daughters in their cells  
 Lay very snug and warm,  
 The heavy walls kept out the cold,  
 And shed the winter storm.  
 But the hinges rusted on the doors  
 The king had thought so stout;



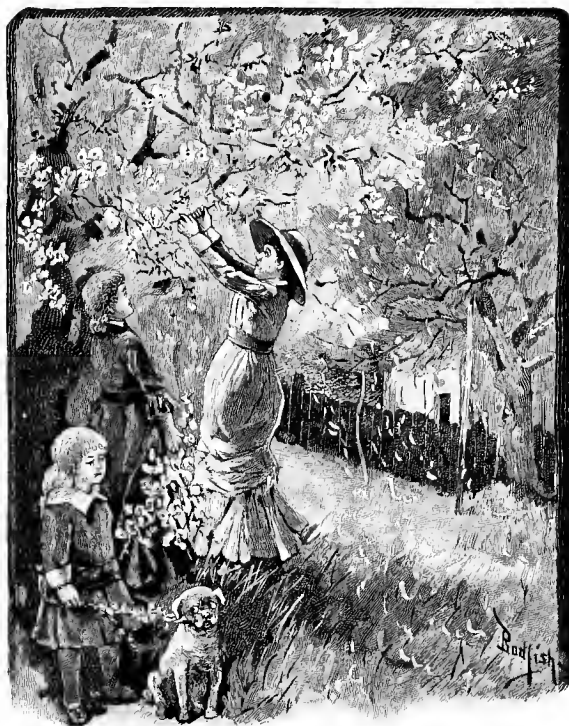
And presently the princesses  
 Came gayly stepping out.  
 They had rested well, were wide awake,  
 And very glad to come;  
 There were Apple-seed and Apple-corn,  
 And little Apple-crumb;  
 There were Wire, Brier, Limber-lock—  
 Fully a dozen in the flock.

Then every one in the warm sun  
 Dropped off her cloak of black,  
 And threw a shining scarf of green  
 Across her slender back,  
 Where, soft as a morning mist, it clung;  
 And loud the happy blackbird sung.

There, year by year, they grew apace,  
 And grave and simple stood;  
 Till suddenly, one April day—  
 As every princess should—  
 Each put a wedding garment on,  
 White as the drifted snows,  
 And blushed through all her finery  
 Red as a damask rose.  
 Ah, how the birds did chant and shout,  
 And how the bees did hum—  
 For Apple-seed and Apple-corn,  
 And little Apple-crumb,  
 For Wire, Brier, Limber-lock,  
 And all the lovely bridal flock!

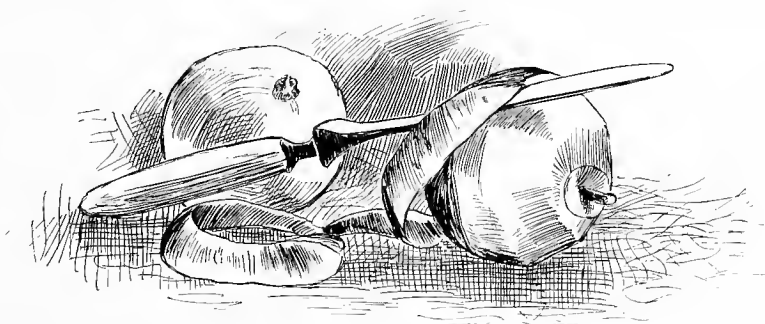
'Twas not for grief, but from relief,  
 As ladies often do,  
 That the Sky took out her handkerchief  
 And shed a tear or two.  
 Meanwhile the music chimed and rung,  
 As orioles, thrushes, robins, sung.  
 At last the brides their gay attire  
 Laid by, to stand serene,

As summer waned into the fall,  
 In matron dress of green.  
 And each within her tender arms  
 Did gently rock and hold,  
 For sun to see, and breeze to touch,  
 Some little heads of gold.



WHITE AS THE DRIFTED SNOW.

The orchard then was beautiful,  
 Though birds and bees were dumb,  
 For Apple-seed, and Apple-corn,  
 And little Apple-crumb,  
 For Wire, Brier, Limber-lock,  
 Each had her own fair household flock.



## TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

By M. E. B.



WHEN SHE SMILES.

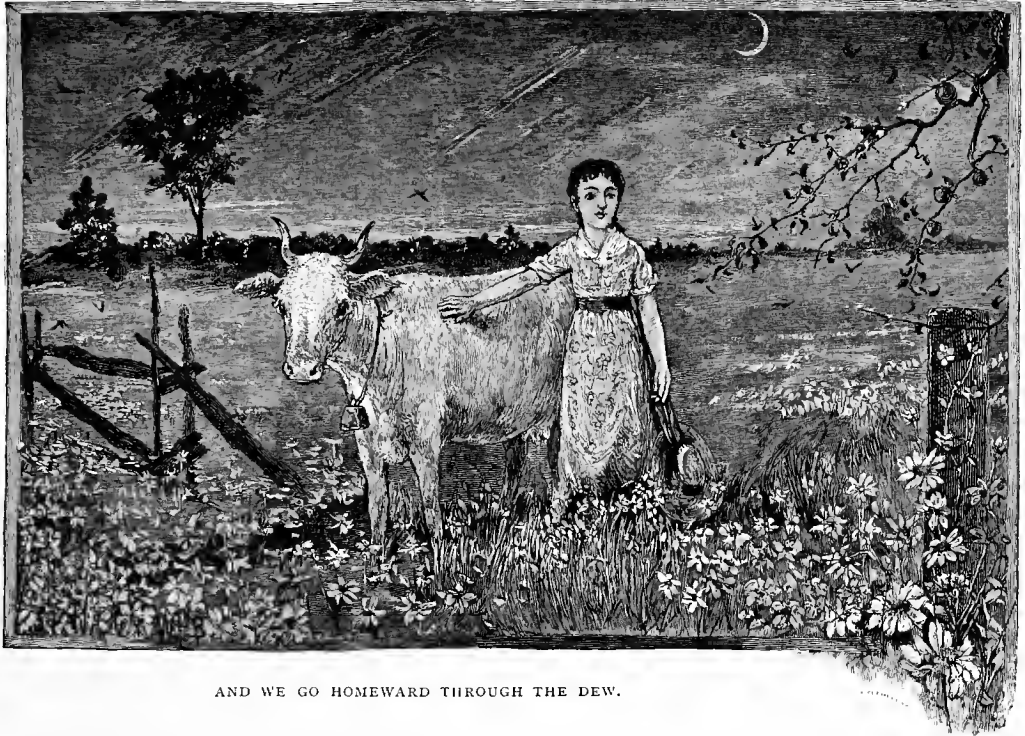
**D**ID you ever see our pet,  
 Did you ever see our pet  
 When she smiles?  
 When the dimples in her cheek  
 Play a game of hide and seek,  
 And the nose in dainty way  
 Lifts its bonny retroussé,  
 And the eyes in laughter dart  
 Their sweet arrows through your heart,  
 And the cunning, rosy lips  
 Lift their roguish, pouting tips  
     From the chin,  
     While within  
 Shine two rows of milk white-pearl—  
 O! this toothsome little girl—  
 Have you seen her when she smiles?  
 Then the point where we agree is  
     That upon this earthly ball  
     Just the sweetest thing of all  
     Is what *she* is!

Did you ever see our pet  
     When she cries?  
 When a swift and tangled frown  
 Bends the curving eyebrows down,  
 And a grief she cannot speak  
 Wets the roses of her cheek,  
 When, like weeping summer skies,  
 The blue heaven of her eyes,  
 Clouded deep with woe and fears,  
 Sends a rain of sobs and tears  
     Down her nose,  
     Down her clothes,  
 While her wig of golden brown  
 Bobs in sorrow up and down—  
 Have you seen her when she cries?  
 Then the point where we agree is



WHEN SHE CRIES.

That upon this earthly ball  
 Just the sweetest thing of all  
     Is what *she* is!



AND WE GO HOMEWARD THROUGH THE DEW.

## A LITTLE MILKMAID.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

OUR little buff cow, Buttercup,  
Has large eyes, dark and soft and meek;  
Her horns in pretty curves come up,  
Her coat is fine and sleek.

Her limbs are slender like a deer's,  
Her voice is like a mellow horn;  
Her tail is tufted, and her ears —  
I drive her night and morn.

All day, upon the hills she loves,  
You hear her bell through brake and broom;  
Her heart is gentle as a dove's,  
Her breath is sweet as clover-bloom.

The apples with the crumpled cheeks  
That blush so dully in the tree,  
I pluck for her; she never speaks  
Her thanks, but she believes in me.

It is so deep in summer now,  
The pasture-bars are almost hid  
In daisies, where I call my cow,  
And listen to the katydid.

"Co, co, come up, fair Buttercup!"  
I call; and soon her mellow "moo"  
Across the flowers she follows up,  
And we go homeward through the dew.

## CATKINS.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

THIS Maltese kitten in my lap  
 Is just the silver gray  
 Of the willow buds that burst their bonds  
 The first sunny day.

And while she sings her sleepy song,  
 I know how by the brook,  
 Thick with the first new blossoming,  
 The willow boughs must look,

Crowded along their yellow stems,  
 With tufts of silky fur  
 That might be pussy's fairy folk,  
 They look so much like her.

Suppose this kitty played keep-house,  
 With cradle, chairs, and all,  
 Could she not pick a Maltese bud  
 And use it for a doll?

Just think of Winkie, with her paws  
 About a catkin pressed,  
 Playing at mother, who would hush  
 A naughty child to rest,

As every day, so patiently,  
 Does little girl Gold-locks  
 Put dolly in her mimic crib,  
 Low humming while she rocks.

I'm sure the willow tassels look,  
 Though capped with green, and small,  
 As much like Winkie's cunning self  
 As Gold-locks' oldest doll

Looks, nowadays, like human thing;  
 For—softly be it said—



GOLD-LOCKS AND HER OLDEST DOLL.

She has no hair, nor feet, nor hands,  
 And, half the time, no head!



PERT LOOKS THAT SEND MY HAIR ON END!

## ON FAST DAY.—A. D. 1648.

SHAME, shame upon ye, godless lads !  
 To take your matchlocks down  
 And scour the forest round for game,  
 While all the folk in town  
 Were gathered at the meeting-house,  
 In Sabbath gear arrayed,  
 To fast and pray this solemn day,  
 As Governor Winthrop bade.

Ye deem, perchance, I failed to mark  
 Your empty places there :  
 Nay, nay ! I do my duty, lads,  
 Though ye may mock and stare.  
 Despite your saucy smirks, I ween,  
 When all is said and done,  
 You'll find the hare ye dangle there  
 Was hardly worth the fun.

I've copied fair your names, young sirs :  
 —“ *Trespass — one shilling nine.*”  
 And, Governor's grandsons though ye be,  
 I wot you'll pay the fine !  
 It should be doubled for the sin  
 Of such example set ;  
 I'm sorely sad a Boston lad  
 So strangely should forget.

Ye *did not* ? Ha ! the bold offence  
 Was a deliberate one ?  
 Ye *meant* to scout the Fast-day when  
 Ye went with dog and gun ?  
 Out on such worldly lawlessness !  
 Ye well deserve to be  
 Left in the lurch with King and Church,  
 In Suffolk by the sea ! \*

\* Suffolk, the English home of the Winthrops.

It ought to make the crimson shame  
 Your braggart faces flood,  
 When ye remember that your veins  
 Are warm with Winthrop blood!  
 Now, had ye been Sir Harry's chicks,\*  
 To do and dare with such  
 Pert looks as send my hair on end,  
 I had nor cared so much.

But Governor Winthrop's grandsons! Heigh!  
 How godless folk will prate!  
 He cannot make his household keep  
 The Fast-days of the State!

How? Do I hear aright? Ye say  
 He gave you leave to go  
*This* day, and track—alack! alack!—  
 The rabbits through the snow?

Ye look so roguish, scarce I think  
 Ye mean the word ye spake;  
 But since you've dared with bold affront  
 The statute set to break—  
 Though even the Governor's self forget  
 His bounden duty—mine  
 Is clear:— *You'll pay this very day*  
*Each farthing of your fine!*

### "OBBIE DOBBIE."

"OBBIE DOBBIE" was a baby—  
 Funny name, I think, don't you?  
 This is what her papa called her,  
 And she had another, too.  
 Funny name and funny baby,  
 With a cunning little face;  
 And the other name they called her  
 Was the prettier one of "Grace."

One day little "Obbie Dobbie"  
 Laughed and laughed with all her might,  
 Looking up into her dress-sleeve,  
 Eyes and nose all hid from sight.

Mamma said, "Why, what's the matter?  
 Is it real, or make believe,  
 All this fun?" The baby answered,  
 "I am 'aughin' 'in my s'eeve.'"

In a moment I remembered  
 I had said those words one day,  
 Little thinking baby prattle  
 Would repeat them o'er in play  
 With such literal translation,  
 (What an impress light words leave!)  
 Papa's little "Obbie Dobbie,"  
 Laughing in her baby sleeve!

### A DANDY LION.

By M. E. B.

OH, he was a dandy Lion,  
 And a dandy Lion was he!  
 With a great broad face and tawny mane  
 Yellow as yellow could be;  
 He stood in the midst of a field so fair,  
 And sniffed the fresh spring breeze,  
 And tossed his head and ruffled his hair  
 As gallant and bold as you please!

Oh, he was a dandy Lion,  
 Upright and brave and bright,  
 Staring straight at the face of the sun,  
 Till he closed his eyes at night.

King of the meadow and field was he,  
 Lord of the mild May days,  
 Stalwart and strong as a king should be  
 In the pride of his royal ways!

Oh, he was a dandy Lion!  
 But up to the spot where he stood,  
 A wee little maid with a knife in her hand,  
 Came walking from out the wood;  
 She cut him down with a single stroke,  
 And his tawny mane grew thinner,  
 Then brought him home and ate as a joke  
 This Dandelion for dinner!





OH, HE WAS A DANDY LION.





## THE MOUNTAIN DANCE.

BY WALLACE E. MATHER.

JOLLY old fellows the mountains are !  
 Here they come from near and far ;  
 Come and see the mountains dance !  
 Each to his station now advance :

*Kunchinginga — Kilimanjaro,*

*Aconcagua — Tupungato,*

*Thian Shan and Forullo,*

Step to the measure, as you go.

See them now to the motion swinging !  
 Music down from the stars is ringing ;  
 Big and little hand in hand,  
 Don't they make a merry band !

*Illimani — Antisana,  
 Cotopaxi — Fusi Yama,  
 Matterhorn and Gran Sasso,*

Step to the measure as you go.

Here we are, the Globe surrounding !  
 Listen now, the music's sounding !  
 One more whirl and away we go,  
 Each one back to his place, you know :

*Arequipa — Corcobado,  
 Indrapura — Chimborazo,  
 Teneriffe and Velino,*

Step to the measure as you go.

## HER NAME.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

I'M *losted!* Could you find me, please ?"  
 Poor little frightened baby!  
 The wind had tossed her golden fleece,  
 The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.  
 I stooped, and lifted her with ease,  
 And softly whispered, "Maybe;

"Tell me your name, my little maid,  
 I can't find you without it."  
 "My name is Shiny-eyes" she said.  
 "Yes, but your last ?" She shook her head :  
 "Up to my house 'ey never said  
 A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what *is* your name ?"  
 "Why, di'n't you hear me told you ?  
 Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came :  
 "Yes, when you're good ; but when they blame  
 You, little one — is't just the same  
 When mamma has to scold you ?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,  
 A little blush ensuing,  
 "'Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,  
 And then she says (the culprit owns),  
 'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,  
 What *has* you been a-doing ?' "



THERE was once a little maiden,  
 They called her "Honey Nellie,"  
 Who pounds of sugar saved her folks  
 When they were making jelly;  
 For her smile had so much sweetness  
 That the currants and gooseberries,  
 If she but smiled upon them once,  
 Turned sweet as ripest cherries.

## WHO HOLDETH UP THE SKY?

FROM the grass a Daisy looked,  
 And with a glance quite shy,  
 "Oh dear Miss Rose," she asked,  
 "Do you hold up the sky?"

"Dear Daisy," said the Rose,  
 "I cannot reach so high;  
 And very far above me  
 Is the blue and lovely sky;

"But if you wish to know,  
 To find out I will try;  
 For maybe 'tis the Fir-tree  
 That's holding up the sky."

Then the Rose to the Fir-tree  
 Upraised her radiant eye,  
 And said with a blush, "Good sir,  
 Do you hold up the sky?"

The Fir-tree shook his head,  
 And answered with a sigh,  
 "Oh no, indeed, sweet Rose,  
 It surely is not I."

And then he asked the Elm,  
 Who stood to him quite nigh:  
 The Elm her branches waved,  
 And said, "It is not I."

"But a Mountain very tall  
 In the distance I espy;  
 And on his shoulders rests,  
 I think, the wondrous sky."

And the Elm-tree sent the Wind,  
 And the Wind did swiftly hie;

And said, "Your highness, sir,  
 Do you hold up the sky?"

Returned the Mountain, "Who would  
 Into these secrets pry?  
 I've stood here many an age,  
 But I never touched the sky."

"Sweet Daisy," sighed the Rose,  
 "I fear before we die  
 We never shall find out  
 Who holdeth up the sky."

But as she spoke, a Bird  
 So far above did fly,  
 They thought he surely touched  
 That very same blue sky.

When flew the little Bird  
 To the Fir-tree by and by,  
 They asked, "Oh, tell us, please,  
 Who holdeth up the sky?"

Perched on the swinging bough,  
 Then sang the happy Bird,  
 While Elm and Fir and Mountain  
 And Rose and Daisy heard:

"'Tis He who made the Daisy,  
 And he who made the Rose;  
 'Tis He who made the Fir-tree,  
 The Elm, and all that grows;

"'Tis He who made the Mountain,  
 And made the Bird to fly—  
 The good and Heavenly Father,  
 Who holdeth up the sky."

# TED'S RUBBER BOOTS.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.



THEY SEEM TO MAKE A MAN OF HIM.

**W**HAT do you think boots do for Ted,  
 Made of rubber, shiny and gay?  
 They probably keep him dry, you say,  
 For if it should rain the whole day, yet  
 His scarlet stockings need not be wet,  
 So sure their surface is to shed

Shower or spatter, torrent or spray.  
 But that isn't what they do for Ted.

What wonderful thing then can they  
 do?

Can they, when east winds blow a  
 blast,

And the flakes fall damp and thick  
 and fast,

And the paths are almost lost and  
 blank,

And the snow is drifted in heap and  
 bank,

With their little owner struggle  
 through?

Indeed, they cannot be surpassed  
 For tracks; but that isn't what they  
 do!

Perhaps they are such as ogres wear,  
 Like those that took a seven-league  
 stride,

And over the country, far and  
 wide,

To the east or west would go and  
 come

At the wish of little Hop o' my  
 Thumb —

If Ted could tramp that way through  
 air

He surely would rather walk than  
 ride;

But no: his are not what ogres wear!

I will tell you what boots do for Ted —  
 Those high-topped boots, so big and  
 grim:

They make him stalwart, strong of limb,  
 And taller, by half an inch or so,  
 Which to him is the easiest way to grow;  
 They put no knowledge in his head,  
 Yet they seem to make a man of him.  
 That's what his rubber boots do for Ted.

## GRANDMAMMA'S VALENTINE.

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 BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.
 

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"TWO LITTLE B'UDDERS."

TWO little birdies after one fly!  
 Wonder if maybe they mean you and I —  
 Will-Boy and Jim?  
 Two little b'udders, that you can see;  
 And if one of 'em's you, and the other is me,  
 Wonder who's *him*!

Butterflies is such ex-cul-iar things!  
 Nothing at all but just two little wings.  
 Guess they must be  
 Quick winkie-thinkies! Wonder if this  
 Isn't a think, or a dear flying kiss,  
 F'om G'annie to we?

S'pose we can catch it? And then if we do,  
 Is one half for I and the other for you?  
 Or — s'pose we just *look*:  
 A fly doesn't want to be tored into two,  
 And a kiss is as good, when you *know* it has flew,  
 As if it was took!

## A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

By M. F. BUTTS.

THERE is a beautiful snow-white wing  
 Across the heavens lying;  
 It must be one of the day's great wings,  
 For they say the hours are flying.

## SLIDING DOWN HILL.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

THERE is ice on the hill, hurrah, hurrah!  
 We can slide quite down to the pasture-bar  
 Where the cows at night, in the summer weather,  
 Would stand a-waiting and lowing together.  
 "Tie your tippet closer, John,"  
 That was what their mother said;  
 "All of you put mittens on—  
 The broom will answer for a sled!"

They had never a sled, but dragged in its room,  
 Just as gayly, behind them, the worn kitchen-broom;  
 John, Sammy and Tom, and their sweet little sister,  
 With her cheeks cherry-red, where the wind had kissed  
 her.

"You can watch, sis, that's enough,"  
 That was what her brothers said;  
 "Keep your hands warm in your muff—  
 Girls can't slide without a sled!"

"Oh, where in the world is there aught so nice  
 As to slide down the pasture-hill on the ice?  
 Quite down to the bar, sis, see we are going,  
 Where the cows each night in summer stood lowing."

"If I were a boy, like you,"  
 This was what their sister said,



ON THE KITCHEN BROOM.

Watching as they downward flew,  
 "I would make a girl a sled!"

## “THERE’S MORE THAN ONE WAY.”

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

THE robin had built in the apple-tree high ;  
 Low down in the moss dwelt the sparrow so shy ;  
 The wren wove her nest in the jessamine fair ;  
 The oriole hung up his castle-in-air —  
     Heigh-ho ! how do they know  
     Every summer to build them just so ?

When robin and oriole, sparrow and wren  
 Had finished their work and were resting — just then  
 Dame Lazy-bird sat in the juniper high  
 And sang, “*Not a nest all the summer build I !*”  
     Heigh-ho ! how does she know  
     Every summer to idle just so ?

Bright yellow-bird’s nest was all fashioned with grace  
 And down in the dew she was washing her face,  
 When Lazy-bird spying the nest all alone

Just laid her brown egg there, as if ’twas her own !  
     Heigh-ho ! how does she know  
     Every summer to manage just so ?

Now out of her nest in the barberry-bush  
 Poor yellow-bird tries the intruder to push ;  
 But, finding she cannot, with fern-cotton light  
 She works till she *buries it out of her sight !*  
     Heigh-ho ! how did she know  
     From her dilemma to come out just so ?

Dame Lazy-bird saw it, and moping all day  
 Sat silent, ashamed of her indolent way ;  
 While yellow-bird twittered, “ I’ve often heard that  
*There’s more than one way, ma’am, to kill — kill a cat !*”  
     Heigh-ho ! how did she know  
     The very best proverb to quote to her foe ?

## SNOW STORIES.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

WHEN over the earth, all shivering, bare,  
 The sky drops down a thick white fleece,  
 We say that up in the clouds somewhere  
 A little old woman picks her geese —  
     A feather here and a feather there,  
     Handfuls downy and soft and fair,  
     Gray while falling, but white below,  
     She flings to all the winds that blow.

But there are children over the sea,  
 Mid Scotland’s rugged mountains bred,  
 Who, fond of a fairy tale as we,  
 Call it the fairies making bread —

Bread for their breakfast or their tea,  
 And say that they work so carelessly,  
 And scatter the wheaten flour so,  
 It powders all the winds that blow.

Which is the prettier legend, Ted ?  
 The little old woman picking geese,  
 Or the heedless fairies making bread ?  
 Choose of the two which one you please,  
 And with tippet and overcoat and sled  
 Go out till your cheeks are rosy red,  
 And your whole little body all aglow ! —  
 Feathers or flour, you like the snow.



WINTER BIRDS.





## A VALENTINE FOR BABY.

*"The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Pinks are pretty, and so are you."*

THE rose is red, my rosy dear;  
But that you hardly yet can know,  
Since you have only been with us  
Four of the times when roses blow.

The violet's blue, my blue-eyed love;  
Yet that, perhaps, you hardly knew,

Since you have only passed four times  
The violets in their hoods of blue.

The pinks are pretty, baby queen,  
And so are you; but that, also,  
From being here so short a time,  
Perhaps you've hardly learned to know.

## TWO LITTLE PILGRIMS.

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

SO many hundred years to go  
About the world, forever young!  
So many hundred years to be  
Read over, talked of, sung

By nursery fires, that, warm and bright,  
Burn when the bitter north wind blows;  
By open casements, when the night  
Is weighted sweet with rose!

So many hundred years of fame!  
So many hundred years since Fate  
Drove them together, hand in hand,  
To wander far and late,

Two baby pilgrims, boy and girl,  
That, after long and weary quest,  
Folded within each other's arms,  
Lay down to dreams and rest!

So many hundred years to sleep  
Within that forest's deep eclipse,  
With soiled and brier-torn little hands,  
And berry-stained lips!

And still in that enchanted wood,  
The robins flying — one by one  
Within the red and amber light  
Of the October sun —

Cover the darlings from the night,  
And changes of the frost and dew,  
With laces of the faded fern,  
And leaves of brilliant hue.

So many hundred years to wear  
The face of youth, forever sweet!  
So many years about the world  
To go with tireless feet!

When mothers trim their nursery lights,  
Singing a half-forgotten rhyme  
To children in their dreaming-ropes  
At story-telling time —

Into their midst these softly come,  
Accept the place forever good,  
Sit by the fire, and take the kiss —  
The two "Babes in the Wood!"

## BEHIND THE ARRAS.—A. D. 1486.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.



"IS THE DOVE A PRETTY ONE?"

I.

NAY, father, 'tis weary day by day,  
In stones and in metals to work away  
At the goldsmith's tiresome trade—"

"Ah, so?

A 'tiresome trade!' I'd have thee know  
That silver and gold are precious things,  
And the gems we cut are gems for kings  
To wear in their crowns—"

"But, father, hear!

Thou e'er hast been so kind and dear,  
That now I am bold to do what yet  
I never have ventured—ask thy let  
To follow my bent; for I would paint  
Pictures—oh, many and many a saint  
For the shrines where people kneel; and when  
I come to be famous, father, then  
Thy heart will flutter with inward joy,  
To think that the painter is thy boy."

"The whim of a lad! What proof have I  
Of the bent thou boastest?"

"Let me try

The strength there is in me. Let me take  
A panel just like Van Eyck's, and make  
No holy Madonna thereon, nor Christ,  
Nor such as the masters have sufficed,  
But only myself: for I will place  
Yon Flemish mirror before my face,  
And copy the form I find therein;  
And then, if the portrait fails to win  
The recognition of those who go  
To school with me every day—why, so  
I'll bend to thy will, and own I'm made  
To follow my father's goldsmith trade.  
Do the terms content thee?"

"Yea, if thou,

Unaided, dost paint a portrait now,  
Which all at St. Sebald's school agree  
Can only be thine—well, then we'll see  
Which craftman's tools are the tools for thee."

II.

"My picture is finished, father. Call  
The boys of St. Sebald, one and all,  
Straight into the shop. On a panel there,  
Near the head Van Eyck has painted, where  
They well can see it, my work is hung,  
With an antique bit of arras flung

Round it, whereby, in sooth, I meant  
To make them believe it came from Ghent."

"Well, well, as thou wilt. My silver dove  
Is finished, and ready to perch above  
St. Barbara's shrine. (The one, I wis,  
Let loose by Noah was like to this,  
As it flew from the ark so pure and white.)  
The scholars will want to come to-night,  
For I promised them all, the other day,  
They should see it before it was sent away.  
And then, as I said, if they declare  
That thine are the eyes, the mouth, the hair—  
Just thine and none other's — why, thou mayst  
use

Thy will, and have leave which craft to choose.  
— Ah, here are the boys!

— My task is done,  
Sweet lads! Is the dove a pretty one?"

"One lovelier never cleaved the sky!  
Aye, marry, it seems about to fly:  
Look, Jan! it verily winks its eye  
At Albrecht yonder, who hides, I ween,  
A little beyond the arras screen!"

"No Albrecht is there: he left the door  
Just only a moment or two before  
Ye entered —"

"Who then, who then, is he  
That under the arras stares at me?  
'Tis *Albrecht Dürer*, beyond a doubt!  
Ho, comrades, I think we can drag him out!"

"Ah, me! That settles the pact I made:  
The boy will give up an honest trade  
For the silly brush; yet, mayhap, some day  
The world shall hear of him — who can say!"

## THE RETURN.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

SPRING has come back again, divinely fair,  
And trees are budding 'neath the violet skies,  
And faint, sweet odors throng the sunny air,  
And yellow-winged, elusive butterflies  
Flit here and there;  
And hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is spring! spring! spring!

Watching the grass grow green, that snowdrops grew  
And died in other springs I half forget;  
The skies intoxicate; I live anew;  
And from my beating heart drops all regret,  
While life pours through;  
For hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is spring, spring, spring!

With every fragrant violet that I see  
I am a little child again, pierced through  
With the same throbbing, golden ecstasy  
As when I saw therein no mystery,  
Only the blue!  
Oh, hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is spring, spring, spring!

## SHADOW AND ECHO.

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 BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
 

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THE girl that lives in the looking-glass,  
 Oho! oho! what a mystery!  
 She belongs to a very ancient race,  
 With many, many miles of history.

Oh, the girl that lives in the looking-glass,  
 Wouldn't you like to know her name?  
 She nods and she smiles, she stamps and scolds,  
 And then goes back to her home in the frame.

The boy that lives in the lonely hills —  
 Oho! oho! oho! oho!  
 Who will catch him? Here's a reward  
 Of five or six thousand dollars or so.

The girl that lives in the looking-glass  
 Is tired and lone — oh, poor Shadow!  
 And where could we find a mate for her  
 Like that dear little musical boy, Echo?

## AN ACQUAINTANCE DECLINED.

(For Very Little Folks.)

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 BY MARGARET EYTINGE.
 

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ONE sunny day, upon the snow  
 Heaped on a garden wall,  
 There sat a cat so round and fat  
 She looked quite like a ball.  
 Me-ow!  
 She looked quite like a ball.

A little girl was passing by,  
 Her hair was brown and gold;  
 She stopped, and leaning on the gate,  
 Said, "Pussy aren't you cold?"  
 Me-ow!  
 Said, "Pussy aren't you cold?"

"Don't look so grave; come here to me;  
 At home I've kittens two,  
 And I should like — indeed I should —

To make a friend of you.  
 Me-ow!  
 To make a friend of you."

Puss did not stir while "Thank you, Miss,  
 For your kind words," she said;  
 "But, truth to speak, I do not like  
 That thing upon your head.  
 Me-ow!  
 That thing upon your head.

"For much it looks to me as though  
 Your very furry hat,  
 So fine and soft, might once have been  
 A very furry cat.  
 Me-ow!  
 A very furry cat!"



"PUSSY, AR'NT YOU COLD?" SHE SAID.



# WHAT THE CIRCUS DID.

By M. E. B.

WE were a quiet and sober set,  
 Little accustomed to noise and fret,  
 Decent and modest at work or play,  
 And oh! so proper in every way,  
 Before we went to the Circus!

Nobody ever had seen us go  
 At all too fast, or at all too slow;  
 No matter how gayly we talked or sang,  
 We never had used a word of slang  
 Before we went to the Circus!

We went to church, or we went to school,  
 By the very most orthodox kind of rule;  
 For we were a people of Dutch descent,  
 And rather phlegmatic in temperament  
 Until we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! 'tis a woful sight  
 The way we are changed at the time I write!  
 Father is swaying against the breeze,  
 Hung by the toes from a high trapeze,  
 Trying to copy the Circus!

The boys on their heads, with feet in air,  
 Are riding wild horses on each high chair;  
 Or down on their backs on the sidewalk brick  
 Are balancing tubs for a juggling trick;  
 And the girls have painted hands and face,  
 And got themselves up for an Indian race,  
 As they saw them do at the Circus!

Mother high up on the table stands,  
 Swinging the baby with both her hands,  
 Swinging the baby with many a rub,  
 And brandishing him like an Indian club;  
 While baby himself, in a terrible fright,  
 Howls like a Zulu from morn till night,  
 Since we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! I can only say,  
 I wish in the night, I wish in the day,  
 I wish with my heart, I wish with my head,  
 I wish with my ears which are nearly dead,  
 I wish with a sort of mute despair,  
 I wish with a SHRIEK that would rend the air,  
 We never had gone to the Circus!

## MARCH.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

HOW stern is March, with blasts that warn or chide;  
 Now, like some peevish grandame, fuming, sputtering;  
 Now fierce to whirl the erratic dust-clouds wide;  
 Now bright with sunny gleams, though discords muttering!  
 Yet spirits of leaves, that in bare boughs abide,  
 Mysterious happiness are mutely uttering,  
 And under many a streamlet's barren side,  
 The violets' hidden hearts are softly fluttering!



## GOLD LOCKS' KINDERGARTEN.

**W**HY, who are her pupils, pray,  
This storm-bound winter day?  
Well, there is old Turk, the cat,  
So large, and fond of sleep  
That he curls up in a heap  
Right in the midst of the nicest lesson—think of that!

Doll Rosy is next to him,  
So fair, and blonde, and slim,  
And with eyes so wide and blue!  
She will neither speak nor stir,  
Even though you scold at her,  
But will merely stay where you place her, prim and  
sweet, and smile at you.

And next is Tony! I think  
He does not even wink,  
So eager he is to mark  
Whatever Gold Locks may do;  
He's a deal of trouble, too,  
For when with a finger up she warns him, he is sure  
to bark.

Ah, if you could but see  
What a winning dignity  
Can the little school-ma'am wear,

As now she turns and stirs  
Old Turk until he purrs,  
To whisper a tender word; or to Rosy gives a care!

She is forced to be discreet  
With Tony, though, or his feet,  
White-curled to the very toes,  
Are dancing about her dress,  
Coaxing for a caress  
On his brown and fringy ears or on the tip of his  
saucy nose.

I will make a prophecy  
Of each one! By and by—  
In an hour, perhaps, or more—  
When all are supposed at work,  
I shall find both Tony and Turk  
Asleep not far from each other in the corner, on the  
floor!

And with forehead on her chair,  
And the long braid of her hair  
Down dropping like a gleam  
Of sunlight, cheek in palm,  
Will the little tired school-ma'am,  
If teaching a Kindergarten be teaching it in a dream.



## THE RAIN AND THE FLOWERS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

TO the great brown house where the flowerets live,  
 Came the rain with its tap, tap, tap!  
 And whispered: "Violet, Snowdrop, Rose,  
 Your pretty eyes you must now uncloze  
 From your long, long wintry nap!"  
 Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap!

From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,  
 Just to answer this tap, tap, tap!  
 Miss Snowdrop curtsied a sweet "Good-day!"  
 Then all came nodding their heads so gay,  
 And they said: "We've had our nap:  
 Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap!"

## MIDGET'S BEDTIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOY AND I, OR ON THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND."

HAS anybody seen a little Midget  
 Who always works herself into a fidget  
 When bedtime comes? She doesn't like to go  
 With other birdies to the nest. Oh, no!  
 But when her little nightie I unfold,  
 This little Midget then begins to scold,  
 And makes with tiny feet in the poor floor  
 A hole, where she stands stamping o'er and o'er.  
 "Midget *no* do to bed!" she cries; ah me,  
 How naughty little girls can sometimes be!  
 In vain I point to where the stars are peeping,  
 To see if little Midget sweet is sleeping;  
 In vain I say the birdies are in bed;  
 She only shakes her curly golden head:  
 "Midget *no* seepy! Mamma, p'ease do 'way!  
 Midget ain't *ha'f fro' wis de day!*"  
 And now, dear me! the night has come again.  
 I've searched for Baby Midget all in vain.  
 Where can she be? I've looked beneath the chair:  
 No! baby is too wise to hide her there.  
 Under the table? No! Where can she be?

Will some one find the truant wee for me?  
 Here is the little nightie clean and white,  
 Waiting to be slipped o'er the head so bright.  
 The fairy chariot waits my little one  
 To bear her to the Land of Nod. The sun  
 Has shone "good-night" to all on earth, and so  
 To bed my Midget surely ought to go.  
 But where *is* she? Can anybody tell?  
 We've hunted for the baby long and well!  
 Ah! what is this — this little silent bunch —  
 Behind the bed, all lying in a hunch,  
 With dimpled arms beneath the curly head  
 And lips from which the naughty pout has fled?  
 Only the long-lost Midget, found at last,  
 Already by the Sandman's power held fast;  
 For while she hid away from me and night,  
 Behold, the drooping lids so soft and white  
 Grew heavy with the silence, and fell down  
 Over the wilful eyes of misty brown;  
 And thus my Midget with the birds has gone  
 To Land of Nod, to stay until the dawn.

## COASTING.

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 BY WALLACE E. MATHER.
 

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A HILL; a sled all painted red,  
 The name in yellow;  
 A boy in cap, mittens and wrap—  
 A happy fellow;

The track like ice—that's very nice;  
 A scrape and rumble;

A little swerve; a tricky curve—  
 And such a tumble!

A whirl; a stop; the sled on top,  
 Snow all this hiding;  
 A merry laugh;—yet this is not half  
 The fun of sliding!

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 SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.
 

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 BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.
 

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BRIGHTER than the sunshine on a stormy April day  
 Is the smile with which a little maid can drive her tears away:  
 Sweeter than the music of a silver-throated bird  
 Comes forth her gentle answer to a wrath-provoking word;  
 More welcome than the perfume breathed from violet or rose,  
 Is the influence of sweetness that shall follow where she goes;  
 And as the little streamlet sings while watering its flowers,  
 So she can make her work seem light, and sing through busy hours.  
 Then set a guard on little lips, and little actions too,  
 With sunshine bright and music sweet begin each day anew;  
 For nothing half so dear is found in garden, field or wood,  
 As the precious little boy or girl who's trying to be good.

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 A ROGUE.
 

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 BY MRS. MARY L. WYATT.
 

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GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think:  
 Harry was sly and quick as a wink;  
 He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair,  
 And nestled himself very snugly there.  
 Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,

And quick this little fact came to his sight;  
 A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,  
 And woke with a start to find Harry there.  
 "Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said:  
 He answered, "I's pulling a basting-fread!"

## THE SILVER BOAT

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



THERE is a boat upon a sea ;  
 It never stops for you or me.  
 The sea is blue, the boat is white,  
 It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India land  
 Points to the prow with eager hand ;  
 The little Lapland babies cry  
 For the silver boat a-sailing by.

It fears no gale, it fears no wreck,  
 It never meets a change or check  
 Through weather fair or weather wild —  
 The oldest saw it when a child.

Upon another sea below  
 Full many vessels come and go ;  
 Upon the swaying swinging tide  
 Into the distant worlds they ride.

And, strange to tell, the sea below,  
 Where countless vessels 'come and go,  
 Obeys the little boat on high  
 Through all the centuries sailing by.

## THE BABY'S FOOTPRINT.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE farmer sat there milking Bess,  
The gentle brindle cow,  
Beneath the cherry-trees, all flowers  
On every tilting bough.

A merry morning 'twas in May,  
The birds were singing all ;  
The sparrow blew his silver flute,  
And the robin his silver call.

The meadow flower-cups were so full  
Of dew, the dew they spilt ;  
Each green grass-blade with pearls of dew  
Was strung from point to hilt.

The farmer sat there milking Bess,  
A-whistling all the while ;  
He was a sunburnt, stalwart man,  
And had a kindly smile.

His little blue-eyed baby-girl,  
With curls like yellow silk,  
Danced merrily toward the cherry-trees  
To see her father milk.

No shoes upon her rosy feet ;  
Flowers to her dimpled knees ;  
For all the way was thick with flowers  
Up to the cherry-trees.

She got the dew from buttercup,  
From grass and clover-blow,  
Till she was dewy as a flower  
Herself from top to toe.

She watched her father milking Bess,  
Perched on a flat gray rock —  
A darling of a little girl  
In her pink-sprinkled frock.

"My little one," her father cried,  
"You're here without a shoe !  
Your feet are wet ! your little frock  
Is dripping, too, with dew !

"The dewdrops are for flowers, sweetheart,  
And the grass shall have its pearls ;

The dewdrops are for blue-eyed flowers,  
But not for blue-eyed girls.

"I'll swing you to my shoulder, sweet ;  
There, now you have a throne,  
And are a queen — what shall we get  
To weave the queen a crown ?"

He carried her toward the house,  
And sang a little song  
He'd heard her mother sing to her,  
The while he walked along.

"And now we've reached the palace-door ;  
See, mother, here's our queen  
A-prancing on her gay gray horse,  
Over the meadow green !"

The mother caught her baby up ;  
On went the sock and shoe ;  
And out again to waiting Bess  
He went back through the dew.

And while he sat there milking Bess  
Beneath the trees alone,  
He saw the baby's clear footprint  
Upon the dew-pearled stone.

And — well, he was a tender man  
In little things ; — he found  
A nail, and marked the baby-foot  
With loving care around.

The years have gone ; and they have gone —  
Parents and baby-girl ;  
She lived to be a mother, then  
She passed the Gate of Pearl.

When all her dust was turned to flowers,  
Her son, to manhood grown,  
Was shown his mother's baby-foot  
Marked out upon the stone.

The precious bit of rock he has  
Which holds that baby-foot ;  
The best-beloved thing of all  
Amongst his treasures put.



"FLOWERS TO HER DIMPLED KNEES."



A BIRD SPEAKS.

A RIBBON, a ribbon, a ribbon in the sky !  
That little girl shall have it who can fly so  
high —  
Have it for a border with a dress of blue,  
Or have it for a bow for her bonnet new !

The ribbon, the ribbon, has vanished from the sky !  
And not a single little girl spread her wings to fly !  
They have no wings ? Why, all the birds, both great  
and small have wings —  
Surely, surely, girls must be unhappy little things !

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A LITTLE APRIL FOOL.

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By C. L. C.

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ONE day, in the midst  
Of an April shower,  
This dear little girl  
Was missed for an hour ;

And under the trees,  
And over the grass,  
We all went hunting  
The little lost lass.

We found her at last  
Where two walls met,  
A-looking naughty  
And a-dripping wet.

“ I was April-fooling,”  
She softly said ;  
And down she dropped  
A shamed little head.

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CONTRARY TOWN.

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By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

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OH, who has heard of Contrary Town,  
Where all the trees grow upside down ;  
Where turnips are picked from bushes tall,  
And they dig for violets late in the fall ;  
Where pigs go meekly the way they are told,

And all the pennies are made of gold,  
But nobody sees their shining bright,  
For daylight with them is the darkest night ;  
And, dear me, queerer than all the rest,  
The naughtiest children are there the best !

## A DAY IN WINTER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

THROUGH the crimson fires of morning  
 Streaming upward in the East,  
 Leaps the sun, with sudden dawning,  
 Like a captive king released ;  
 And December skies reflected  
 In the azure hue below  
 Seem like summer recollected  
 In the dreaming of the snow. —  
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing,  
 go !

There are crisp winds gaily blowing  
 From the North and from the West ;  
 'Bove the river strongly flowing  
 Lies the river's frozen breast :

O'er its shining silence crashing  
 Skim the skaters to and fro ;  
 And the noonday splendors flashing  
 In the rainbow colors show. —  
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing, go !

When the gorgeous day is dying,  
 There is swept a cloud of rose  
 O'er the hill-tops softly lying  
 In the flush of sweet repose ;  
 And the nests, all white with snowing,  
 In the twilight breezes blow ;  
 And the untired moon is showing  
 Her bare heart to the snow. —  
 It is winter, little children, let the summer, singing, go !

## WHY LITTLE BIRDS HOP, AND OTHER BIRDS WALK.

BY L. J. BATES.

A LITTLE bird sat on a twig of a tree,  
 A-swinging and singing as glad as could be,  
 And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,  
 And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,  
 He flew down in the street, and went hopping along,  
 This way and that way with both little feet,  
 While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him : " Little bird, stop !  
 And tell me the reason you go with a hop.  
 Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men,  
 One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen ?

" How queer it would look if, when you go out  
 You should see little boys go jumping about

Like you, little bird ! And you don't know what fun  
 It is to be able to walk and to run ! "

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop ;  
 And he laughed, and he laughed as he never would  
 stop ;  
 And he said : " Little boy, there are some birds that talk,  
 And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk.

" Use your eyes, little boy ; watch closely and see  
 What little birds hop, both feet, just like me,  
 And what little birds walk, like the duck and the hen,  
 And when you know that you'll know more than some  
 men.

" Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk ;  
 Every bird that can wade in the water can walk ;



Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can  
walk ;  
One foot at a time — that is why they can walk.

To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things — that's  
why  
They hop with both feet.\* Little boy, good-by."

"But most little birds who can sing you a song  
Are so small that their legs are not very strong

\* The exceptions to the above rule are rare. The rule is generally correct, and so simple as to be easily remembered.



"A NAMELESS HERO EVERMORE."

## HEARTS OF GOLD.

BY HELEN T. CLARKE.

A TRAVELLER lost on Eastern sands,  
A thirst and faint, with failing breath,  
Takes from his sack with trembling hands  
The flask that stands 'twixt him and death.

He hastes to drain the priceless drops ;  
But scarce has raised it to his lip,  
When a low moan he hears — and stops :  
There on the ground, with lolling tip

Of parched tongue, his camel lies,  
Panting and spent, yet faithful still,

Pleading with his soft, Syrian eyes,  
But patient to his master's will.

He who had borne him oft in strength  
From Jaffa's gates to Jericho,  
Along the shining, level length  
Of deserts white as northern snow ;

He whom his little ones caressed  
At evening, by the fringed palms,  
And sported round the honest breast  
As safe as in their mother's arms,

Shall he not share the scanty draught,  
 Though madness burns in every vein,  
 And dreams of fountains he has quaffed  
 Come circling to the tortured brain ?

His doom is sealed ; for ere the day  
 Shall sink below the mocking vast,  
 His life must close, and on the way  
 To Paradise his soul have passed ;

And when he stands by Allah's throne  
 The record of his years to trace,  
 This act of mercy left undone  
 May dim the fairest page of grace ;

So, covering up his face, he pressed  
 The flask against his comrade's tongue —  
 As brave a deed of self repressed  
 As ever yet was said or sung !

Years after, by a caravan  
 That journeyed south, the pair were found —  
 The succored beast, the martyr-man,  
 Bleached skeletons upon the ground.

As simplest things will oft unveil  
 The cherished secrets of the heart,  
 The posture told a tender tale  
 Of how the hero played his part.

Not English Sidney's fame shall glow  
 More brightly than this golden deed  
 On Syrian sands so long ago,  
 Of one who put aside his need,

That suffering lips might feel no loss ;  
 And though their faiths were wide apart —  
 The crescent there, and here the cross —  
 The pulse of every honest heart

Must thrill and thrill with holy pride,  
 As run these tales through all the lands,  
 How Sidney for his comrade died,  
 And how upon the desert sands

The Syrian sank, in scorching noon,  
 A nameless hero evermore —  
 In Moslem robe and sandal-shoon,  
 Yet Christ-like to his being's core !

## IN THE CRADLE-BOAT.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

OH, the bonnie sailor boy, and, oh, the bonnie boatie !  
 Swing high, swing low — launch away to sea !  
 Who but mother, staunch and true, shall row the bonnie boatie,  
 Sailing to the lily-land, where lovely dreams may be ?

Under golden moon and stars, and down a golden river :  
 Swing high, swing low — mother watch will keep.  
 Drowsy leaves are drooping near, and purple pinions quiver :  
 Drop the anchor softly in the quiet cove of sleep !

Oh, the bonnie sailor boy, and, oh, the bonnie boatie !  
 Swing high, swing low — rosy morning beams.  
 Many miles, and home again, it's row the bonnie boatie :  
 Mother clasps her sailor from the pretty port of Dreams !

## THE WAY THE RAIN BEHAVES.

**B**EATING the clover  
Under and over,  
Tossing it thither,  
Flinging it hither,  
*This is the way the rain behaves!*

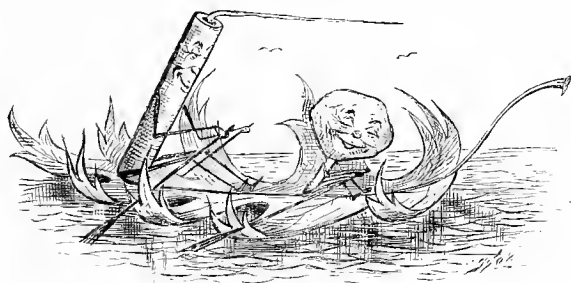
Pelting the garden,  
Begging no pardon  
Though all the roses  
Fall on their noses,  
*This is the way the rain behaves!*

Drubbing and rubbing,  
All the leaves scrubbing,  
Then the trees shaking,  
Leaving them quaking,  
*This is the way the rain behaves!*

Splashing and dashing,  
Merry drops clashing,  
Each other hustling—  
O, what a bustling!  
*This is the way the rain behaves!*

## THE FIRE-CRACKER AND TORPEDO.

BY CLARA M. BURNHAM.



**A** FIRE-CRACKER said to his chum, a Torpedo,  
"There's more than one way to *go off* on the Fourth."

The rotund Torpedo winked slowly and gravely—  
Then from Johnnie's pocket they both started forth.

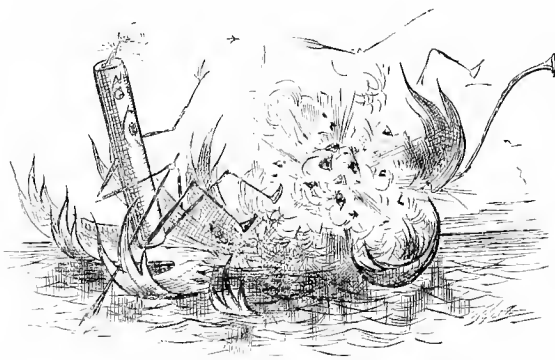
They boarded an oak leaf just launched on the water;  
'Tis well," said the Cracker; "we'll row quite away,

Where no one will use us to show his devotion  
And sacrifice us to this glorious day."

How guilty they felt as they pulled down the river!  
The one's face was scarlet, the other's pale drab.  
"This seeing the world is superb," said the Cracker,  
And just as he said it his oar caught a "crab."

Then upward, swift flying, it hit the Torpedo,  
Bang! Bang! went his head, then sank 'neath the tide.

"O, had we but stayed," shrieked the Cracker,  
exploding,  
"For country and flag we had valiantly died!"



## A SONG FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY.

By M. E. B.



ONCE, upon a winter night,  
 When the snow lay cold and white,  
 Dropped a baby from the skies  
 With a pair of big brown eyes ;  
 Without clothes, or food, or name,  
 Right into our hearts it came,  
 And we loved it from that minute  
 As if there were "millions in it."



Soon a happy year had flown :  
 He could creep, and stand alone,  
 Know mamma and Rob and Fritz,  
 Do a hundred pretty tricks ;  
 He was sweet, but still a tartar,  
 So we called him little Arthur,  
 "Pet," and "Darling," "Love," and "Pride,"  
 And a hundred names beside.



When another year went by,  
 Could I tell if I should try  
 Half how lovely he had grown ? —  
 Walking, like a man, alone,  
 Talking with such babbling words  
 Like the cooing of the birds,  
 With a tangled crop of curls  
 Hanging round him — like a girl's.



Three years old : now look for squalls,  
 Trials, troubles, cries and falls !  
 Up and down like any rocket !  
 In his dress a little pocket  
 Filled with tops and nails and strings  
 And some fifty other things ;  
 Three feet tall, or taller, maybe —  
 Can this be my little baby ?



Still another birthday : dear,  
 What a four-year colt is here !  
 Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,  
 In and out on swift feet dancing,  
 Handling marbles, spinning tops,  
 Spending cents in candy-shops ;  
 In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,  
 Always ripe for fun and racket !



Now, as sure as I'm alive,  
 That outrageous boy is five !  
 Send him off to school at once—  
 We don't want to own a dunce !  
 Full of tricks as any marten —  
 Get him to a Kindergarten ;  
 There he'll learn to use his wits,  
 Without any ugly fits.



Six — and what do I behold !  
 No more waving curls of gold,  
 But a little wig of brown,  
 Closely cropped about the crown ;  
 No more skirts, but little breeches  
 Full of many seams and stitches ;  
 Growing, every single day,  
 In the most surprising way.



Seven to-day : a Boy at last !  
 Time and tide have travelled fast ;  
 There he sits so fine and tall,  
 Jacket, trousers, boots and all ;  
 He can spell, and read, and write,  
 He is good and gay and bright,  
 And his life goes bravely on,  
 — But where is my Baby gone !

So now I hope — what *do* I hope ? Oh, scores and scores of things !  
 I hope he'll learn to comb his hair, and tie his own shoe-strings ;  
 I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail or snow or rain,  
 And grow to be full six feet high without one growing pain ;

## BABY THANKFUL.

BY CAROLINE METCALF.



ROAMING in the meadow,  
 Little four-year-old  
 Picks the starry daisies,  
 With their hearts of gold;

Fills her snowy apron,  
 Fills her dimpled hands;  
 Suddenly — how quiet  
 In the grass she stands!

“Who made f’owers so pitty —  
 Put ‘em here? Did God?”  
 I, half-heeding, answer  
 With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,  
 With uplifted head,  
 Fervent face turned skyward,  
 “*Thank you, God!*” she said.

## HOMESICK.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

DOLLY knows what is the matter — Dolly  
 and I.

It isn't the mumps nor the measles — oh dear, I shall  
 die!

It's the *mothering* we want, Dolly, the — what shall I  
 call it?

And grandpa says he has sent — he put the 'spatch  
 safe in his wallet.

I know well enough that he dropped that telegraph  
 'spatch in the fire —

If mother just *knew*, she'd come, if 'twas on the tele-  
 graph-wire!

She'd take my poor head, that is splitting this very  
 minute,

And she'd sing, “There's a happy land,” and the  
 hymn that has “*Darling*” in it.

'Course I like grandpa's house ; it's the splendidest place to stay,  
 When there's all the out-doors to live in, and nothing to do but play ;  
 Somehow you forget your mother — that is, just the littlest bit,  
 Though, if she were here, I suppose that I shouldn't mention it.

But oh ! there's a difference, Dolly, when your head is so full of pains  
 That ('cepting the *ache* that is in 'em) there's nothing left of your brains.  
 Remember how nice it feels, Dolly, to have your head patted and "poored."  
 Ache ? Why, I ache all over, and the bed is as hard as a board.

Nurse says "it's a sweet lovely morning." It may be for all that I care, —  
 There is just one spot in this great wide world that is pretty — I wish I was there !  
 I can see the white roses climbing all over the low porch door,  
 And the daisies and buttercups growing — I never half loved them before.

And mother — let's see ! she is standing in that very door, no doubt —  
 She loves to look out in the morning and see what the world is about —

In a pale-blue something-or-other — a loose sort of a wrapper, I guess —  
 As if a few yards of sky had been taken to make a dress.

And up from the pine woods yonder comes a beautiful woodsy smell,  
 And the breeze keeps a hinting of Mayflowers — the real pink arbutus-bell ;  
 And I think most likely the robins have built in the cherry-tree,  
 And by and by there'll be birdies — and I shall not be there to see !

Did you hear any noise, Dolly ? Speak, Dolly, you little witch !  
 As if somebody was laughing — or crying ! I couldn't tell which.  
*We've* kept from crying, so far ; we've choked, but we wouldn't cry —  
 I've just talked it out to you, dear ; I had to, or else I'd die.

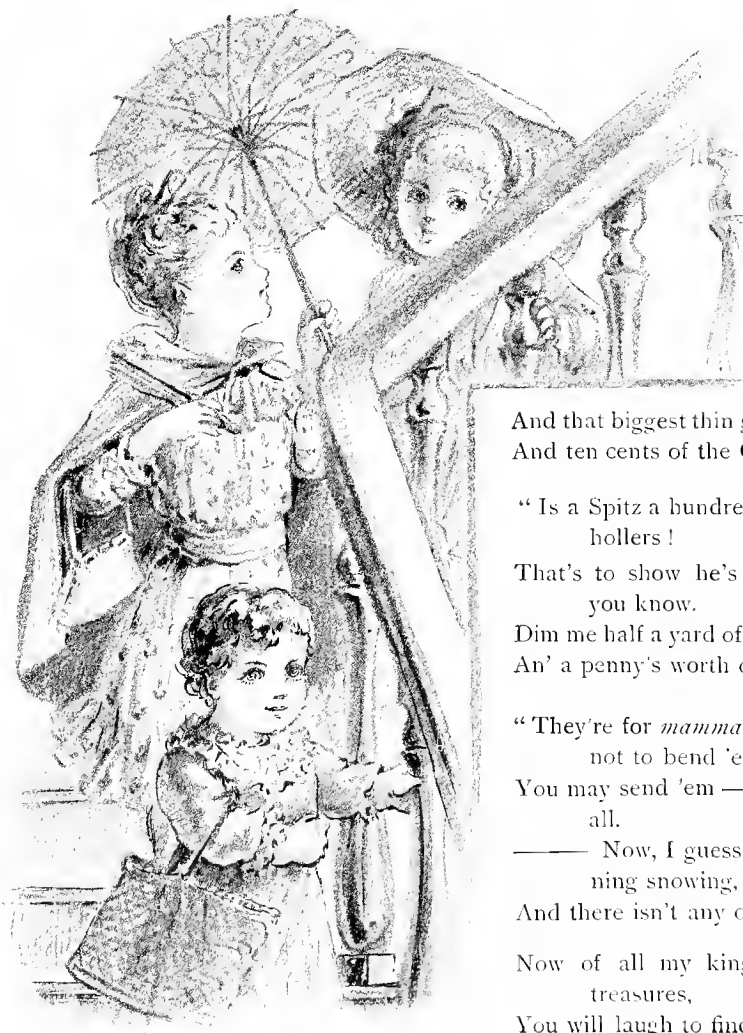
But if that *is* you, mother (and I know by your lips that it is),  
 I'll just squeeze your head off ! — you think that all I want is a kiss ?  
 O mother : to papa and Tom you needn't go mention it,  
 But *you* know it was *homesickness* almost killed your poor little Kit !



"NOT A BREATH OF AIR !"

## SHOPPING.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.



SUCH a twisting up of tresses, and  
 a looping up of dresses,  
 And a general buttoning of boots, I  
 never, never saw ;  
 For these laughing baby shoppers, with  
 a half a dozen coppers,  
 All are going presently to shop upon  
 the basement floor.

"Well, I'll take that curly feather —  
 please to wrap it up together —  
 And about a hundred yards of shiny  
 ribbon for the strings ;

And that biggest thin green locket, and another spangly pocket,  
 And ten cents of the Opera — and a few of those gold rings."

"Is a Spitz a hundred dollars? Well, I'll take him—how he  
 hollers !

That's to show he's *real* and not a great old flannel thing,  
 you know.

Dim me half a yard of waisins, and a whole cart full o' playsins,  
 An' a penny's worth o' ponies — and a pistol ut 'll go !"

"They're for *mamma* — You may send 'em (and be careful  
 not to bend 'em),

You may send 'em — about six or three o'clock — and that is  
 all.

—— Now, I guess we'll all be going, 'cause its just begin-  
 ning snowing,

And there isn't any omnibusses in the basement hall."

Now of all my kingdom measures, and of all my richest  
 treasures,

You will laugh to find that these are just the dearest, great  
 or small :

Ponies that have never cantered, waisins that were never planted,  
 And a little dog — that never *was* a little dog at all ;

And a ring of purest gold, dears, never delved and never sold, dears ;  
 Two embroidered swinging pockets, never wrought and never swung ;  
 And a hundred yards and one, dears, of a fabric never spun, dears ;  
 And a little bar of music, never written, played, or sung !



## THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AND where's the Land of Used-to-be, does little  
baby wonder?

Oh, we will clap a magic saddle over papa's knee,  
And ride away around the world, and in and out and  
under

The whole of all the golden sunny summer-time,  
and see !

Leisurely and lazy-like we'll jostle on our jour-  
ney,

And let the pony bathe his hooves and cool them  
in the dew,

As he sidles down the shady way, and lags along the  
fernny

And the green grassy edges of the lane we travel  
through.

And then we'll canter on to catch the bubble of the  
thistle

As it bumps among the butterflies, and glimmers  
down the sun,

To leave us laughing, all content to hear the robin  
whistle,

Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy.'s done.

And pausing here a minute, where we hear the squir-  
rel chuckle

As he darts from out the underbrush and scampers  
up the tree,

We will gather buds and locust-blossoms, leaves and  
honeysuckle,

To wreathe around our foreheads, riding into Used-  
to-be ;

For here's the very rim of it that we go swinging  
over —

Don't you hear the fairy bugles, and the tinkle of  
the bells?

And see the baby bumble-bees that tumble in the  
clover,

And dangle from the tilted pinks and tipsy pimper-  
nels?

And don't you see the merry faces of the daffodillies,  
And the jolly johnny-jump-ups, and the butter-  
cups a-glee,

And the low, lolling ripples ring around the water-  
lilies,

All greeting us with laughter to the Land of Used-  
to-be ?

And here among the blossoms of the blooming vines  
and grasses,

With a haze forever hanging in a sky forever blue,  
And with a breeze from over seas to kiss us as it  
passes,

We will romp around forever as the little fairies  
do ;

For all the elves of earth and air are swarming here  
together —

The prankish Puck, king Oberon, and queen  
Titania too ;

And dear old Mother Goose herself, as sunny as the  
weather,

Comes dancing down the dewy walks to welcome  
me and you !

## LOST PINS.

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 BY AGNES CARR.
 

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WHAT becomes of the pins? ”  
 Asked a bright little girl,  
 As she tossed from her shoulder  
 A troublesome curl ;  
 “ The hair-pins and shawl-pins,  
 The pins large and small —  
 Can any one tell what  
 Becomes of them all? ”

“ Oh ! they change into turtles,”  
 Said her brother so wise,  
 While he laughed in his sleeve  
 At her look of surprise ;  
 “ Through some sly little crack  
 In the ground they creep in —  
 When, of course, they become  
 On the spot, *terrapin*.”

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 “SAINT EMILY.”
 

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 BY E. F. FRYE.
 

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WHEN grass grows green in spring-time  
 And trees are budding gay,  
 When the breath of bursting lilacs  
 Makes sweet the air of May,  
 When cowslips fringe the brooksides,  
 And violets gem the dells,  
 And tremble mid the mosses  
 The wind-flower's slender bells,  
 When the fragrant lily rises  
 From its sheltering sheath of green,  
 In the city's narrow alleys  
 Saint Emily is seen.  
 A modest little maiden,  
 She walks secure from harm ;  
 A basket, flower-laden,  
 Swings lightly on her arm,  
 And right and left she scatters,  
 Alike to bad and good,  
 The beauties of the garden,  
 The treasures of the wood.

When summer days drag slowly,  
 In languor, heat, and pain,  
 To those who lie in hospital,  
 Never to rise again,

Dreaming, with fevered longing,  
 Of shady country homes,  
 Where roses hang in clusters,  
 And honeysuckle blooms,  
 From cot to cot so softly,  
 Moves dear Saint Emily ;  
 And here a rose she proffers,  
 And there a bud lays she.  
 The close abode of sickness  
 She fills with fragrant bloom ;  
 Her gentle presence passes  
 Like music through the room ;  
 And many a moaning sufferer  
 Hushes his sad complaint,  
 And follows with his weary eyes  
 The movements of this saint.

When autumn paints the woodlands  
 With scarlet and with gold,  
 When the blue-gentian's lids uncloset  
 In frosty meadows cold,  
 From the little troop of children  
 That crowd some Orphan Home,  
 The joyous shout arises,  
 “ Saint Emily has come ! ”





And round her close they gather,  
 An eager little band,  
 While from the well-stored basket  
 She fills each outstretched hand  
 With purple hillside asters,  
 And wondrous golden-rod,  
 And all the lingering flowers that love  
 To dress the autumn sod ;  
 And pallid cheeks flush rosy,  
 And heavy eyes grow bright,  
 And little hearts forlorn and lone,  
 Stir with a deep delight.

And when the woods are naked,  
 And flowers no longer blow,  
 When the green nooks they love so well  
 Are buried in the snow,

Not quite unknown that presence  
 To children sick in bed,  
 Bearing bright wreaths of autumn leaves,  
 And strings of berries red.  
 A heaven-sent mission, surely,  
 To cheer the sick and poor  
 With bounties that the bounteous God  
 Has strewn beside our door —  
 To gladden little children,  
 To comfort dying hours,  
 To bear to wretched hearts and homes  
 The gospel of the flowers.  
 What marvel if glad blessings  
 Surround Saint Emily !  
 What marvel if some loving eyes  
 In her an angel see ! —  
 Yet many a thoughtful boy or girl  
 As sweet a saint might be.

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## A LITTLE GIRL'S QUESTIONS.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

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WHOSE bonny blue bowl is the sky, mamma,  
 So shining, so round and so deep ?  
 The angels, perhaps, come down there to drink,  
 Do you think,  
 When baby and I are asleep ?

The stars,—are they lamps set thick in the blue,  
 To brighten our beautiful home ?  
 To light them and hang them, who climbs so high  
 To the sky ?  
 Baby and I never see him come.

Are the clouds white beds in the sky, mamma,  
 Piled snowy and soft and so high ?  
 Way up in the highest sky —

Do they sleep far up there, as sweetly and warm,  
 Safe from harm,  
 As you and the baby and I ?

The moon, I am sure, is a golden boat,—  
 Who sails in it, softly, to-night ?  
 Some angel, you think, all loving and fair,  
 That takes care  
 Of baby and me till the light ?

The dark is a curtain, so warm and so close  
 God drops it all round us at even ;  
 At light, when it lifts, if we wake, may be  
 We can see—  
 The baby and I—into Heaven !

## THE CORNSTALK'S LESSON.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.



IN IDLE MOOD.

ONE single grain of corn took root  
Beside the garden walk ;  
"Oh, let it stay," said little May,  
"I want it for *my* stalk."

And there it grew, until the leaves  
Waved in the summer light ;  
All day it rocked the baby ear,  
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came —  
A skein of silken thread :  
It was as pretty as the hair  
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,  
May pulled the silk away,  
And then forgot her treasured stalk  
For many a summer day.

At last she said, "I'm sure my corn  
Is ripe enough to eat ;  
In even rows the kernels lie,  
All white, and juicy sweet."

Ah me! they all were black and dry,  
Were withered long ago ;  
"What was the naughty corn about,"  
She said, "to cheat me so!"

She did not guess the silken threads  
Were slender pipes to lead  
The food the tasselled blossom shook  
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought  
Was shorter than a breath ;  
Yet every milky kernel then  
Began to starve to death !

So list, my little children all,  
This simple lesson heed :  
That many a grief and sin has come  
From one small thoughtless deed.

## TO BETTY FROM THE COUNTRY.

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 BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.
 

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WHAT, never heard of Donald? Why, you have forgotten, dear,  
 How I gossiped about this cousin in my very last from here!  
 So strong, yet so gentle always, and ready for any fun—  
 Whenever he goes is shadow, whenever he comes is sun.

But we only meet in summer, when they send us down to the farm  
 While the elder people travel: they know we are safe from harm,  
 Unless we slip from the hay-cart, or tumble into the brook,  
 Or lose ourselves in the ferny woods, like Babes in the story-book.

The days are long and lovely, with a world to hear and see—  
 Oh, you Betty dear, I wish you could taste it all with me;  
 For I can not make you listen to the wind across the pines,  
 Nor hunt with me the berries that load the straggling vines.

Poor, gentle, worn-out Dolly, the horse whose work is done,  
 Blinks at me o'er the pasture bars, a-dreaming in the sun.  
 Does she too watch the mill-wheel which frets the little stream?  
 Would she too like to wade a bit where the brown ripples gleam?

Well, Donald is my leader, I follow at his beck.  
 If sometimes I am frightened, my fear is not a check;  
 He likes brave girls, and always declares I'm safe enough  
 When I obey his orders. No, Donald is not rough.

The squirrels and the rabbits know Donald: he is kind  
 To every timid creature; why, I'm sure they let him find  
 Their dainty hiding-places, and the birds are quite at rest  
 Though he clambers to the tree-tops to spy a curious nest!

I suppose you've fished for minnows? I've learned to fish for trout!  
 One has to keep so very still—the beauties don't come out  
 If there's a breath to ruffle—the exquisite shy things!  
 A trout seems to me like a bird that somehow missed its wings.

Did you call? I am coming, Donald: we go for the cows at five.  
 Ah, Betty, if you were only here! I'm thankful to be alive,  
 Hiving my sweets for winter; when I dream myself back to see  
 The dear old farm, and a grassy world that's all for Donald and me!



A DREAMER.

## EDITH'S LESSON.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUT in the meadow the scented breeze  
 Was full of the gossip of birds and bees ;  
 Out in the orchard the glad things flew,  
 And o'er meadow and orchard the sky was blue —  
 The sky was blue, and the clouds were white,  
 And the summer morning was blithe and bright.

"It is quite too lovely in-doors to stay,"  
 Said Edith, "whether I work or play."  
 So slate and pencil and fairy-book  
 Were carried forth to a cozy nook,  
 Where the shadows glanced, and the sunbeams shone,  
 And the dear little girl could be alone.

There were hard examples that must be done.  
 For father to see ere the set of sun ;  
 And there was the merriest tale to read,  
 Of a lady fair, on a milk-white steed,—  
 Of a lady fair, and a stately lover,  
 And the charm that lay in a four-leaf clover.

"Study the lesson !" the robin said,  
 As he poised on the branch above her head,  
 With a whirr of wings, like the beat of drums ;

"Edith," the bee hummed, "mind the sums !"  
 But shadow and shine in their airy play,  
 Coaxed for the story that matched the day.

"Any time will do for the tiresome task,"  
 Said Edith at last, "and I think I'll ask  
 Papa to excuse my Arithmetic —  
 In such warm weather I might be sick,  
 If I taxed this poor little brain of mine."  
 So she listened, you see, to shadow and shine ;

And then, full-length on the velvet grass,  
 She dreamed of delights that would come to pass  
 When she, too large for the rigid rule,  
 Of the happy home, or the stricter school,  
 Should be a woman, and quite at ease  
 Each hour to do what she might please.

"On silvery paper, with golden pen,"  
 She mused, "I'd write love-stories then,  
 And wherever I went, would people say,  
 'The gifted Edith is here to-day !'  
 And maybe — for stranger things have been —  
 I might Editor be of a Magazine !"



No higher flight could her fancy take,  
 Were the darling child asleep or awake;  
 And presently there in that paradise,  
 The lids fell over the heavy eyes,  
 And the noon-bell's summons, loud and clear,  
 Was heeded not by her slumbering ear.

How long was her nap, I do not know,  
 But she sauntered home when the sun was low;  
 Dinner was over, and father frowned,  
 And chided her gently for "idling round,"  
 While gravely he bade her be sure and see  
 That she solved her examples after tea.

## THE BROOK BEHIND THE WAUMBEC HOUSE.

*(Jefferson and White Mountains.)*

BY MARTHA P. LOWE.



R UN along thy pastures, happy, happy brook,  
 Run along the pebbles, with a curvet and a crook,  
 Sing it all the morning, and sing it afternoon,  
 Sing it all the starry night — that pleasant little tune!

Are you growing modest, do you think that I shall tire?  
 Do you fear that I shall go and look for something  
 higher?

Well I know the noisy world has music grand enough,  
 But I do not care for all its preludes, wild and rough.

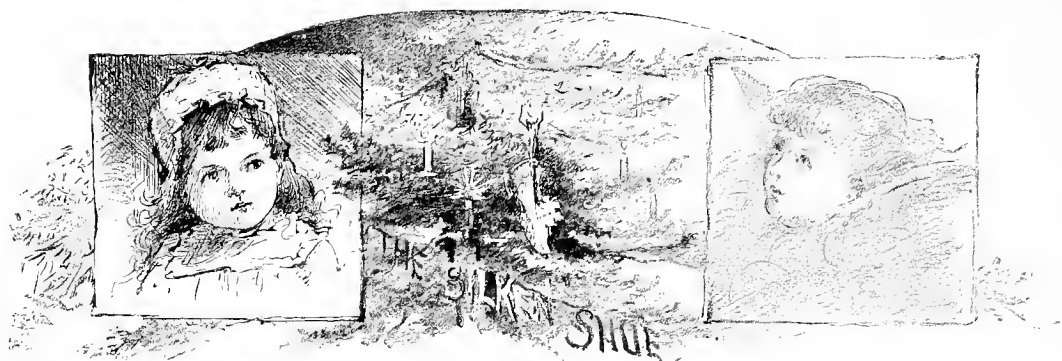
Well I know other music, solemn and sublime,  
 Voices of the ocean sounding all the depths of time:  
 That is not the music I am looking for to-day,  
 It is you I want to hear, so frolicsome and gay.

Do not ever try to practise any modern art,  
 Do not even stop to think or care about your part,  
 Sing just as you always do: when there are none to  
 hear.

That will surely be the sweetest way to please my ear.

Ah, my little brook! how foolish was my thought:  
 All the praises of the worldling can disturb you naught.  
 Nothing can mislead you, or set you ill at ease,  
 Make you think about yourself, or of the way to  
 please.

Not a little fish could have made such a speech,  
 Not a shining fly that skims along your beach,  
 Not a little bird would have said such a thing —  
 Pardon me my foolishness, and sing again, sing!



BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

("Hie on the holly tree!"—Old Ballad.)

THE firelight danced and wavered  
In elvish, twinkling glee  
On the leaves and crimson berries  
Of the great green Christmas-Tree;

And the children who gathered round it  
Beheld, with marvelling eyes,  
Pendant from trunk and branches  
How many a precious prize,

From the shimmer of gold and silver  
Through a purse's cunning net,  
To the coils of a rippling necklace  
That quivered with beads of jet!

But chiefly they gazed in wonder  
Where flickered strangely through  
The topmost leaves of the holly,  
The sheen of a silken shoe!

And the eldest spake to her father:  
"I have seen—yes, year by year,  
On the crown of our Christmas hollies,  
That small shoe glittering clear;

"But you never have told who owned it,  
Nor why, so loftily set,  
It shines though the fadeless verdure—  
You never have told us yet!"

'Twas then that the museful father  
In slow sad accents said,  
While the firelight hovered eèrily  
About his downcast head:

"My children . . . you had a sister;  
(It was long, long, long ago,)  
She came like an Eden-rosebud  
'Mid the dreariest winter snow,

"And for four sweet seasons blossomed  
To cheer our hearts and hearth,  
When the song of the Bethlehem angels  
Lured her away from earth—

"For again 'twas the time of Christmas,  
As she lay with laboring breath;  
But . . . our minds were blinded strangely,  
And we did not dream of death.

"A little before she left us,  
We had deftly raised to view,  
On the topmost branch of the holly,  
Yon glimmering, tiny shoe;

"We knew that no toy would please her  
Like a shoe, so fair and neat,  
To fold, with its soft caressing,  
Her delicate, sylph-like feet!

"Truly, a smile like a sunbeam  
Brightened her eyes of blue,  
And once . . twice . . thrice . . she tested  
The charm of her fairy shoe !

"Ah ! then the bright smile flickered,  
Faded, and drooped away,  
As faintly, in tones that faltered,  
I heard our darling say :

" ' My shoe ! papa, please hang it  
Once more on the holly bough, .

Just where I am sure to see it,  
When I wake . . . an hour from now !'

"But alas ! she never wakened !  
Close-shut were the eyes of blue  
Whose last faint gleam had fondled  
The curves of that dainty shoe !

" Ah, children, you understand me —  
*Your* eyes are brimmed with dew,  
As they watch on the Christmas holly  
The sheen of a silken shoe !"

## IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

UP through the great Black Forest,  
So wild and wonderful,  
We climbed in the autumn afternoon  
'Mid the shadows deep and cool.

We climbed to the Grand Duke's castle  
That stood on the airy height ;  
Above the leagues of pine-trees dark  
It shone in the yellow light.

We saw how the peasant women  
Were toiling along the way,  
In the open spaces, here and there,  
That steeped in the sunshine lay.

They gathered the autumn harvest —  
All toil-worn and weather-browned ;  
They gathered the roots they had planted in spring,  
And piled them up on the ground.

We heard the laughter of children,  
And merrily down the road

Ran little Max with a rattling cart,  
Heaped with a heavy load.

Upon orange carrots, and beets so red, "  
And turnips smooth and white,  
With leaves of green all packed between,  
Sat the little Rosel bright.

Around the edge of her wee white cap  
The wind blew out her curls —  
A sweeter face I have never seen  
Than this happy little girl's.

A spray of the carrot's foliage fine,  
Soft as a feather of green,  
Drooped over her head from behind her ear  
As proud as the plume of a queen.

Light was his burden to merry Max,  
With Rosel perched above,  
And he gazed at her on that humble throne  
With the eyes of pride and love.

With joyful laughter they passed us by,  
 And up through the forest of pine,  
 So solemn and still, we made our way  
 To the castle of Eberstein.

Oh, lofty the Grand Duke's castle  
 That looked o'er the forest gloom ;  
 But better I love to remember  
 The children's rosy bloom.



LIGHT WAS HIS BURDEN TO MERRY MAX.

Oh, vast and dim and beautiful  
 Were the dark woods' shadowy aisles,  
 And all their silent depths seemed lit  
 With the children's golden smiles.

And sweet is the picture I brought away  
 From the wild Black Forest shade,  
 Of proud and happy and merry Max,  
 And Rosel, the little maid.

## EIGHT O'CLOCK.

BY MARGARET E. JOHNSON.

**E**IGHT times the clock has struck ;  
 The stars peep out o'erhead :  
 Across the air there comes

A sound of marching tread :  
 In city, and village, and town.  
 The children are going to bed.



With footsteps swift or slow,  
 With faces grave or bright,  
 By twos and threes they go,  
 All robed in gowns of white ;  
 And each, with a backward glance,  
 Calls cheerily out, " Good-night !"

Now darker grows the sky ;  
 The stars their watches keep :  
 When next the clock shall strike  
 With hollow voice and deep,  
 In city, and village, and town,  
 The children will be asleep.

## MARY IN THE MORNING-GLORIES.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

OH, Mary in the morning-glories! Sunny, sunny child,  
It makes me half a child again—thy laughter sweet and wild.  
Out in the dewy garden thou'rt a picture more than fair—  
A little girl with morning-glories twined around her hair.

Mary's amid the morning-glories every summer morn,  
Just as the young auroras on the rosy hills are born,  
Just as the lowly valley mists aerial wings unfurl  
To leave the azure ether free to kiss our little girl.

And Mary comes to breakfast with morning-glories crowned,  
A band of purple bell-cups around her forehead bound;  
Oh, blossoms very beautiful, your subtle, spirit-grace  
Adds hardly to the halo of the little soul-lit face!

She says: "Of all the flowers she loves Morning Glory best,"  
And "next, the naiad lily that stars the water's breast"—  
God's flower amid the blossoms whose ever-lifted eye  
Looks yearning toward the heaven for which we sometimes sigh.

## DORRIS' SPINNING.

(An Old-Time Ballad.)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

SHE sat at the upper chamber  
—'Twas a summer of Long Ago—  
And looked through the gable window  
At the river that ran below,

And over the quiet pastures,  
And up at the wide blue sky,  
And envied the jay his freedom  
As he lazily flitted by.







Yet patiently at her spinning,  
 In a halo of happy light,  
 She wrought, though a shimmer rippled  
 The heads of the wheat in sight —  
 Though the garden was spilling over  
 Its cups on the fragrant air,  
 And the hollyhocks at the doorway  
 Had never looked half so fair.

She saw, as her wheel kept whirling,  
 The leisure of Nature too —  
 The beautiful holiday weather  
 Left nothing for her to do:  
 The cattle were idly grazing,  
 And even the frisky sheep,  
 Away in the distant meadows,  
 Lay under the shade asleep.

So sitting, she heard sweet laughter,  
 And a bevy of maidens fair,  
 With babble of merry voices,  
 Came climbing the chamber stair;  
 "O Dorris! how can you bear it,  
 To drone at your spinning here?  
 Why, girl! it's the heart of summer,  
 The goldenest time of year!

"Put out of your hand the distaff,  
 This wearisome whirl relax —  
 There are things that are gayer, Dorris,  
 Than sitting and spinning flax:  
 Come with us away to the forest;  
 When it rains is the time to ply  
 Such tiresome tasks — and to-day is  
 The fifteenth day of July!"

With a face that was softly saddened,  
 Sweet Dorris looked up and said,  
 As she ravelled a bit of tangle,  
 And twisted again her thread,  
 "Nay, nay, I must do my spinning!  
 It wouldn't be kind or right  
 That the loom should be kept a-waiting;  
 My hanks must be done to-night.

"Aye, surely, the day is lovely!  
 It tugs at my very heart  
 To look at its drifting beauty,  
 Nor share in its joy my part:  
 I may not go forth to meet it,  
 But the summer is kind, you see,  
 And I think, as I sit at my spinning —  
 I think it will come to me!"

So the frolicsome maidens left her,  
 With something of mild surprise  
 That Dorris should choose a duty,  
 With pleasure before her eyes;  
 Not dreaming that when her mother  
 Her "dozens" should count up-stairs,  
 And kiss her and say, "*My darling!*"  
 Her day would be glad as theirs.

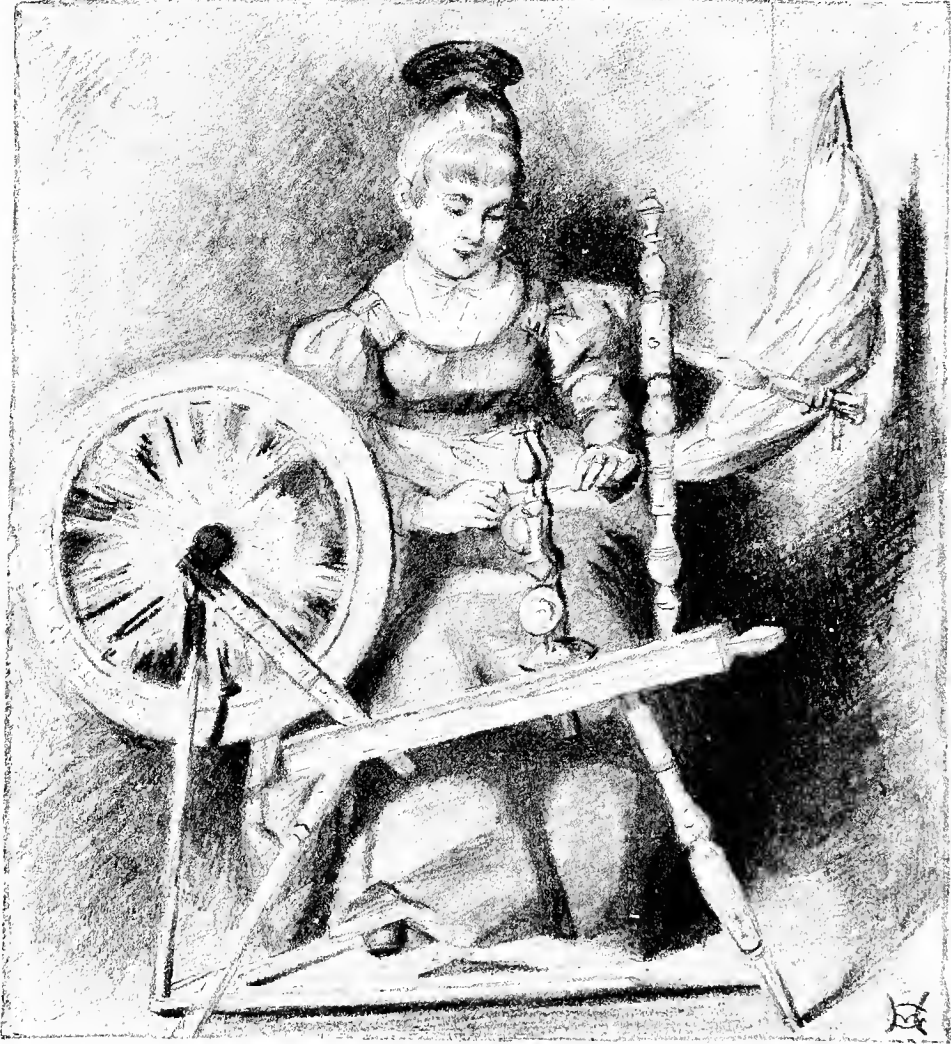
So she minded her wheel, and blithely  
 She sang as she twirled it round,  
 And cunningly from her fingers  
 The delicate fibre wound;  
 And on through the sunny hours,  
 That neither were sad nor long,  
 She toiled in her sweet obedience,  
 And lightened her toil with song.

(*She sings.*)

"Come hither, happy birds,  
 With warbling woo me,  
 Till songs that have no words  
 Melt through and through me!  
 Come, bees, that drop and rise  
 Within the clover,  
 Where yellow butterflies  
 Go glancing over!  
 Oh, roses, red and white,  
 And lilies, shining  
 Like gilded goblets bright  
 With silver lining —  
 Each to my window send  
 Gifts worth the winning,  
 To cheer me as I bend  
 Above my spinning!

"Oh, ripples on the sand,  
That break in beauty,  
Oh, pines, that stiffly stand  
Like guards on duty,

White clouds above the hill  
That sail together,  
Rich summer scents, that fill  
This summer weather —



"SO SHE MINDED HER WHEEL, AND BLITHELY  
SHE SANG AS SHE TWIRLED IT ROUND."

Green meadows, where, this morn,  
The scythes were mowing,  
Soft slopes, where o'er the corn  
The wind is blowing,

All bring the sweets you've found  
Since morn's beginning,  
And come and crowd them round  
My day of spinning!"



## A YOUNG INQUIRER

BY CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD.

HOW does life look behind the Hill?  
 The earth spins round, the mountain is still,  
 Men and women, they come and they go,  
 Children play in the valley below,  
 Winds are roaring, or winds are whist,  
 Sunbeams pass, there is rain and mist,  
 The world we know is a bright world still —  
 But ah, for the other behind the Hill!

All the suns I have ever seen  
 Peeped from over a mountain screen,  
 Stretched a finger of rosy light  
 Through some crevice to paint "Good-night;"  
 Up the darkness the great round moon  
 Floated by like a red balloon,  
 Hung and glittered awhile, until  
 It went to the people behind the Hill.

But most I dream of the unknown sea  
 Where brave ships hasten like birds set free,  
 Where plunging breakers ride high and loud  
 Till the sailor is lost between wave and cloud.  
 Oh, the sunny lands, and the frozen zone,  
 The forests where never a man is known!  
 There are wonders and wonders waiting still  
 For a boy who has never looked over the Hill!

Voices are calling me day by day —  
 I listen, and wonder whatever they say!  
 The valleys are pleasant, and days are long  
 With play and study, with work and song —  
 But a boy keeps planning for other things,  
 There's room in his restless body for wings,  
 And fancy will never fold them until  
 He sees for himself what is over the Hill.



IN GRANDPA'S CORNFIELD.

## ROASTING CORN.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A FAINT blue cloud of smoke  
 Creeps up the golden air :  
 It must be the wandering gypsy folk  
 Have lighted a fire there.

No doubt they have covered vans,  
 And ponies shaggy and lean,  
 Which they will tether with dusky hands  
 Along the wayside green.

And the bells on their bridles hung  
 Will tinkle idly sweet,  
 With the chatter of children, rude of tongue  
 And bare of feet —

While, with grimy tents spread out,  
 Their elders lazily  
 Wait for the steam of the kettle-spout  
 To hum the time for tea.

Though surely I can get  
 But whiffs of the camp-fire smoke,  
 And though I know they are vagrants, yet  
 I will visit these gypsy folk.

Well, now! and is this Jack?  
 This Gold-locks? and this Ted?  
 With clothes and fingers a smutty black  
 And cheeks a burning red —

So hungry and forlorn,  
 In grandpa's ample house,  
 That you must pilfer an ear of corn  
 And nibble it like a mouse?

Will I have some? The smell  
 Is of itself a treat.  
 I'll trust the boys and girls to tell  
 When things are good to eat!



AROUND THE MEADOW-SWEET, THE BEES THEY CLUSTER.

## A MIDSUMMER SONG.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

I WANT to sing a little song to please you,  
 How midsummer comes following after June,  
 And shall I pitch it by the lark or robin? —  
 For songs in midsummer should be in tune.

And shall I give it sweetness like the roses?  
 For midsummer has roses, as you know,  
 As well as June; and sprinkled o'er with spices  
 From beds of pinks, and poppies in a row?

Perhaps like them; or, maybe 'twould be sweeter —  
 My little song — and prettier sound to you.  
 If I should make it make you think of lilies,  
 For midsummer has always lilies too.

Around the meadow-sweet, the bees they cluster  
 So thick the children pick it not for fear —  
 Like meadow-sweet and bees, if I could make it,  
 A pretty little song 'twould be to hear!

Down in the field a crowd of flowers are standing;  
 The locusts pipe, the flowers keep sweet and still —  
 With honey-balls of clover and the others,  
 If only I my little song could fill !

I want to sing a little song to please you  
 Of midsummer that's following after June,

But oh ! of all her sweet, gay things, I cannot  
 With one put yet my little song in tune !

I think you'll have to find a child or robin,  
 Some ignorant and merry-hearted thing ;  
 For, I suppose, a song of the midsummer  
 It takes a heart more like a bird's to sing.



## IN MOURNING.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

**S**PARKLE is dead—my birdie with his little diamond eyes !  
 Why, I fitted him, just a week ago, with a pair of ankle-ties !  
 I've dressed him up like a boy, you see, and my mother says, you know,  
 That that was just half that ailed him—I never'll believe 'twas so.

I was tired of sewing for dolls, and thought 'twould be fun to make Spark a dress;  
 So I made him a little blue velvet coat with a cap like a Turkish fez,  
 And I tied some candy-stripe stockings on his lean little yellow legs,  
 And some red kid shoes; and the little goose seemed walking around on eggs.

I laid him on a velvet pall, with snowdrops on his breast;  
 His shroud is white, with a golden edge as yellow as his vest;  
 And my black crape veil goes clear to my waist, and a half a yard below:  
 That's *very* deep affliction,—the dress-maker told me so.

His cage looks awfully empty—it makes me want to cry.  
 Perhaps I *might* have done more for him; I'll think of it by and by.  
 But there's one consolation (as people said when that Mrs. Duneral  
 Cried because some of her folks were dead)—'twas a stylish funeral.

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## A YORK MUSIC BOX.

BY SARAH D. CLARK.

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**J**UST out of the window,  
 Tipped fine with a feather,  
 Stands a droll little box  
 Put compactly together.

From May till October  
 On the boughs it is swaying,  
 Making happy the heart  
 With the songs it is playing,

Keeping quick time and tune,  
 With quaver and quiver,  
 To the rustle of leaves  
 And the flow of the river.

No handicraft is finer  
 From Munich or Zurich,  
 Than this by the window  
 Where floats the sweet music,

When the elm branches wave,  
 And the blue sky discloses  
 The little red box,  
 In York's garden of roses.

With the thoughts of God in it,  
 Its warm breast is throbbing,—  
 For the droll music-box  
 Is a gay little robin.

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## THE MOTHER APPLE-BLOSSOM.

BY CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

---

**O**F all the joys of happy spring,  
 I dearly love the sight  
 Of apple-boughs all set about  
 With knots of pink and white.

The mother-blossom in the midst,  
 With baby-buds around—  
 I hear the lullabies she sings  
 In breaths of fragrant sound.



*THE MOTHER APPLEBLOSSOM.*

She tells them apple-stories too,  
Which happened long ago :  
The fateful apple Eden grew,  
The fruit of sin and woe ;

"Ere long," she said, " your little gowns  
Loosen and float away —  
Fear not ! the apple-spirit still  
Abides through night and day.



Of Venus' golden apple ; and  
Of the apple-trees  
Beside the Dead Sea ; and of those  
In famed Hesperides ;

Of her old English ancestors  
Crossing the ocean foam,  
Brought in the Mayflower — she had heard —  
To cheer the Pilgrims' home ;

Staunch as the Puritans were they,  
And lasting was their fame ;  
An island lay in Boston bay  
Still blossoming with their name.

"And I shall be an apple first,  
That you may grow aright —  
I'll show you how to tint your cheeks,  
And mellow in the light.

"An apple may as dainty taste,  
And show a cheek of tan ;  
Yet spare no trouble, dears, to be  
The sweetest that you can."



MASTER SWEET-TOOTH.

BY REV. THERON BROWN.

SAID Sweet-tooth : " If I were a grandee  
I'd own a confectioner's shop ;  
And O, with the sugar so handy —  
A house full from bottom to top —  
I'd stay the year round eating candy,  
And never would stop."

Master Sweet-tooth had goodies in plenty ;  
With dainties his pockets ran o'er ;  
And never a holiday spent he  
But sugar-plums came from the store —  
He would stuff down a dozen or twenty,  
And whimper for more.

There were lozenges, crumpets, and kisses,  
Sweet-paste, in the lump and the card,  
Jaw-breakers, and clove-buds, and messes  
Of butter-scotch greasy as lard,  
And sticks of long saccharine blisses  
Devoured by the yard ;

There were comfits and cakes big and little,  
And junkets that melt at a bite,  
Soft caramels, peppermints brittle,  
Red candy, brown candy, and white ;  
His stomach kept full as a kettle  
All day and all night.

Not a morsel, if Sweet-tooth came nigh it,  
But quickly prepared to be crunched ;  
It was tid-bit and lollipop diet  
When he breakfasted, suppered, or lunched ;  
With jaws that would never be quiet  
He munched and he munched.

O, the snaps and the pellets he swallowed !  
The chocolates, barleys, and creams !  
And the gum-drops and taffy that followed,  
And honey and treacle in streams !  
He went to sleep eating — and halloed  
For more in his dreams !

Like an ant every sugar deposit  
He'd smell, and climb to it, and cram,  
Was it bon-bons or cookies, or was it  
A tumbler of jelly or jam ;  
He'd find every ounce in the closet,  
And leave not a drachm.

'Twas the same thing to-day and to-morrow —  
No gorging could surfeit his greed ;  
Must he buy them, or beg, steal, or borrow,  
On sweets the young gourmand would feed,  
Till, alas — for the warnings of sorrow  
Came sorrow indeed !

There were stomach-aches, tooth-aches and fever,  
And torments with doctor-book terms,  
Lumbago, and pains in his liver,  
And shakes, and dyspeptical squirms :  
Old folks saw him sicken and shiver,  
And said it was " worms."

And now, pale, and peakèd and pining,  
The poor little plum-eater goes,  
With eyes, that have lost all their shining,  
Like his wits, ever half in a doze,  
And a baby-voice peevish and whining  
That talks through his nose.

And he learns, as he scowls o'er his gruel,  
Or the medicines brought by his nurse,  
If the want of a good thing be cruel,  
Too much of a good thing is worse,  
And the loss of health's beautiful jewel  
Leaves nought but a curse.

## ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

LITTLE Robert Robin sat on a leafless vine ;  
 He said, "Dear Ruby Robin, may I be your  
 valentine?"  
 Pretty Ruby Robin sat on a leafless spray ;  
 She said, "Oh, tell me how, and then perhaps you  
 may."  
 Said little Robert Robin, "Oh, we would build a nest,  
 And you should live with me, and love me true and  
 best."  
 Little Ruby Robin said, "It might be very pleasant,"  
 But she flew off gayly, singing, "Not at present ! Not  
 at present !"

## THE TITHING-MAN.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

BONNY sweet-marjoram was in flower,  
 The pinks had come with their spices sweet ;  
 Thro' the village sounded the Sabbath-bell,  
 And the reverent people flocked down the street.

Little Elizabeth, prim and pale,  
 A decorous little Puritan maid,  
 Walked soberly up the meeting-house hill,  
 With a look on her face as if she prayed.

Her catechism was in her hand,  
 Unvexed was she by the scholar's art ;  
 Her simple lesson she simply learned,  
 And loved the Father with all her heart.

Her little kerchief was white as snow,  
 Like a rose she looked in her Sunday gown  
 As she soberly walked up the meeting-house hill,  
 With her pretty eyes cast meekly down.

Little Elizabeth sat alone  
 In the queer old-fashioned oaken pew,  
 And earnestly on the parson bent  
 Her modest, innocent eyes of blue.

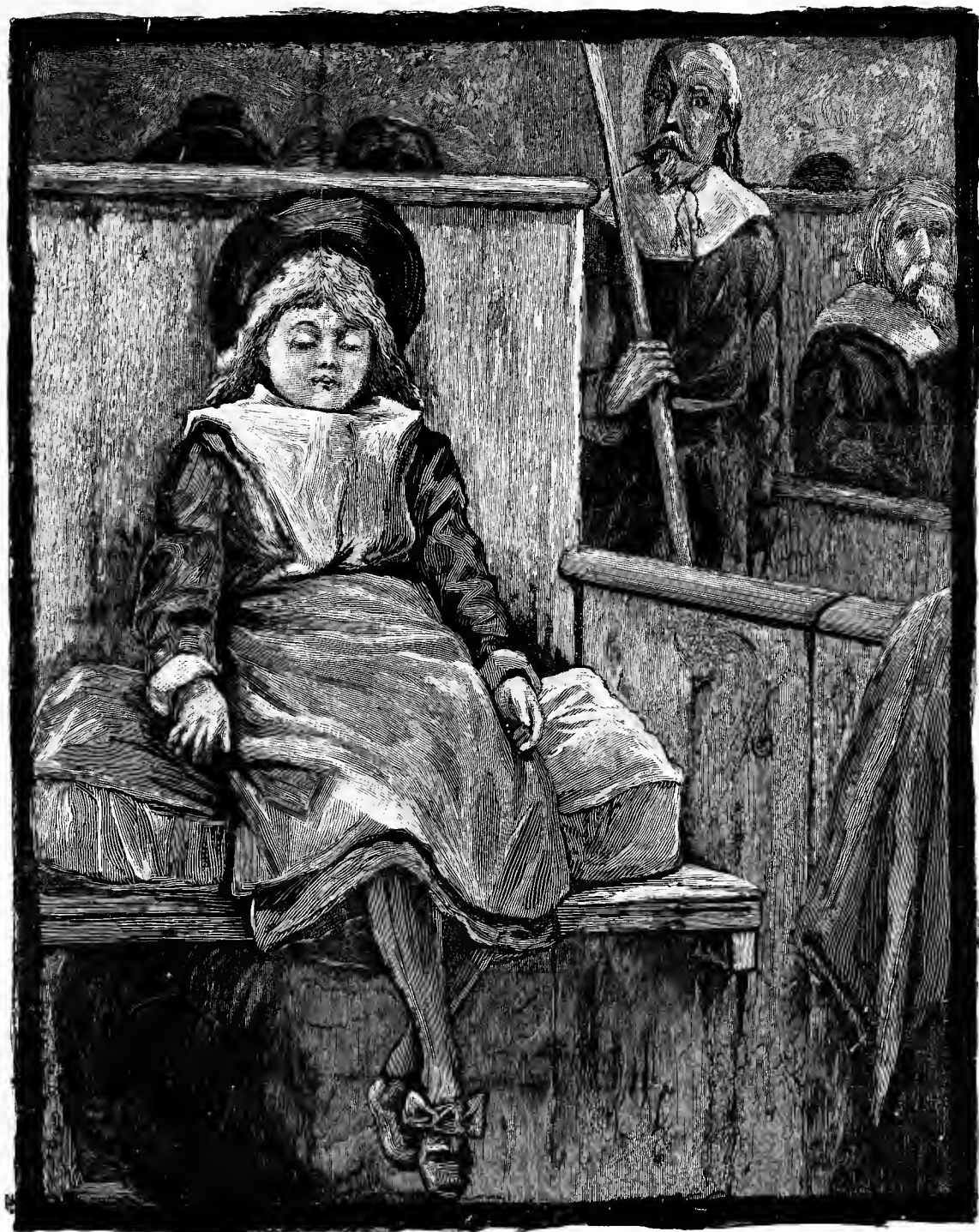
But, ah ! the sermon was deep and long,  
 And the parson spoke with a weary drone ;  
 And the honey-bees hummed o'er the nodding flowers  
 Outside, in a drowsy monotone ;

The very wind had a sleepy sound —  
 Little Elizabeth 'gan to nod,  
 Though she told herself 'twas a dreadful thing  
 To fall asleep in the house of God.

"My fourthly is," the parson droned —  
 "I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"  
 Mused little Elizabeth in a maze —  
 And then — ah me ! she fell asleep.

The tithing-man crept down the aisle  
 In solemn state, with his awful rod,  
 To chide the folk in the meeting-house  
 Who dared to whisper, or smile, or nod.

Little Elizabeth soundly slept,  
 All by herself, in the oaken pew,  
 With the heavy gold-fringed eyelids drooped  
 Over her innocent eyes of blue.



CLOSE TO HER TIPTOED THE TITHING-MAN.



Close to her tiptoed the tithing-man,  
 And over her reached his awful rod,  
 And poked the little Puritan maid  
 For falling asleep in the house of God.

Dear little Elizabeth, prim and pale!  
 How her poor heart jumped when she woke and  
 found  
 The dreaded tithing-man at her side,  
 And the queer poke-bonnets all turning round!

Then she sat straight up in the old oak pew,  
 Grave and pale as a lily-flower;  
 But she thought the people all looked at her,  
 And all their eyes did lower and glower;

And, going home, she fancied the birds  
 Called back and forth, with a knowing nod:  
 "There's the little maid whom the tithing-  
 man  
 Caught fast asleep in the house of God."

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## RELEASE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

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**F**LY away, birdie, birdie!  
 Fly away, east or west;  
 To the shade of northern pines—  
 To the southern palms and vines—  
 To the land thou lovest best.

Fly away, birdie, birdie!  
 Fly away, high or low;  
 There's a flight to heaven's gates,  
 There's a rest at eve that waits,  
 That the wild birds only know.

Fly away, birdie, birdie!  
 Fly away, here or there;  
 Only, out of liberty  
 Send a little song to me,  
 Through a thousand leagues of air.

## AN OLD SAW.

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 BY CELIA THAXTER.
 

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A DEAR little maid came skipping out  
 In the glad new day with a merry shout;  
 With dancing feet and with flying hair  
 She sang with joy in the morning air.

*"Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!"*  
 What a croak, to darken the child's delight!  
 And the stupid old nurse, again and again,  
 Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

"Never mind — don't listen — O sweet little maid!  
 Make sure of your morning song," I said;  
 "And if pain must meet you, why, all the more  
 Be glad of the rapture that came before.

The child paused, trying to understand;  
 But her eyes saw the great world rainbow-spanned:  
 Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,  
 And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"O, tears and sorrow are plenty enough,  
 Storms may be bitter and paths be rough,  
 But our tears should fall like the dear Earth's showers  
 That help to ripen the fruits and flowers.

"So gladden the day with your blissful song,  
 Sing on while you may, dear, sweet and strong!  
 Make sure of your moment of pure delight,  
 No matter what trials may come before night."

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 A TALE OF A COMET.

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 BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
 

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WE had seen the streaming meteors' light,  
 With their trails of fire, the autumn night,  
 And talked of falling sky-rocks hurled  
 From some long-since exploded world;  
 Of comets frisking among the stars  
 With tails like fiery trains of cars;  
 And asked, "Should the reckless engineer  
 Of some rakish comet steer  
 Crashing into our atmosphere,

How would the planet's shell resist him?"  
 Then we conversed of the solar system,  
     And lunar men;  
     And Doctor Ben  
 Brought out his globe, at half-past ten,  
 And lectured, giving conclusive reasons  
 For tides, eclipses, climes and seasons;  
 Till, weary at last, I went to bed,  
 With a jumble of wonderful things in my head —

Moons and comets and meteorites,  
Globes and circles and polar nights ;  
And there I lay thinking,  
And drowsily winking

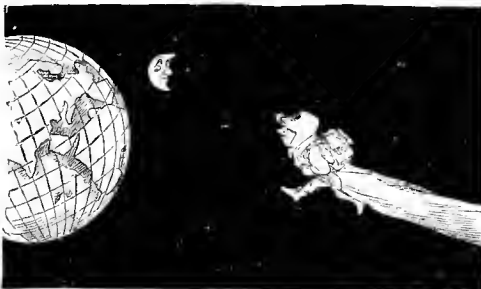


GREAT EXCITEMENT PREVAILS UPON THE EARTH.

At something — a ray — thro' my bed-curtains blink-  
ing ;  
Too bright for a star, and growing still brighter,  
Making the moon-lighted chamber yet lighter,  
Which very much astonished the writer !

I gazed from the casement,  
And wondered, with ever-increasing amazement,  
What the look of alarm on the Moon's frowning face  
meant.

For there was the Moon, and, strange to say,  
There too was the Earth, just over the way,  
Like the Doctor's globe, or a huge balloon,  
Forty times larger, perhaps, than the Moon,  
All covered with circles, and looming in space :  
There were groups upon it, and every face



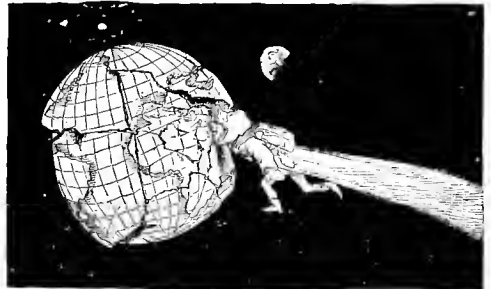
A COMICAL CHAP.

Was turned one way ; and very long-jointed  
Telescopes at the sky were pointed ; —  
And there, with a terrible rushing and humming  
And hissing of breath, was a Comet a-coming !

So long and so queer, and as it came nearer  
It grew every moment longer and queerer !  
Until I made out such a comical chap,  
In a red-flannel coat with a very long flap,  
His nose peering out from a very close cap,  
His fingers in mittens, his chin in a wrap,  
Like a tourist prepared for a very cold snap !

On, on he sped, through the regions of space,  
With very short legs at a very long pace,  
His well-filled knapsack lashed to his back,  
Extra shoes and canteen strapped under his pack,  
His coat-tails flying away on his track —  
Entangled far off in the Pleiades,  
On the horns of the Bull and Orion's knees.

On, on he came,  
With nose like a flame,  
So red I was sure the fellow'd been drinking  
(His canteen was empty, I knew by the clinking) ;  
“ And what can a sober Comet be thinking,”



“BLESS MY STARS! HERE I AM!”

I cried “ not to see there, plain as the day,  
The Earth, like a target, hung right in his way ? ”

The groups were beginning to hurry about,  
And hustle and bustle and signal and shout,  
And the Moon looked scared, while I shrieked out,  
“ Dear sir, I beg pardon, I don't know your name —  
I pray you'll consider, and if it's the same  
To you, here's a planet ! I don't think you knew it ;  
But, sir, it will be

A great favor to me  
And a very large circle of friends, as you see,  
If you will drive round it instead of right thro' it ! ”

He put up his head with a stupefied stare,  
And says he, “ I declare !  
No, I wasn't aware !

And I'm going at such a deuce of a rate —  
I'd stop if I could, but I fear it's too late !

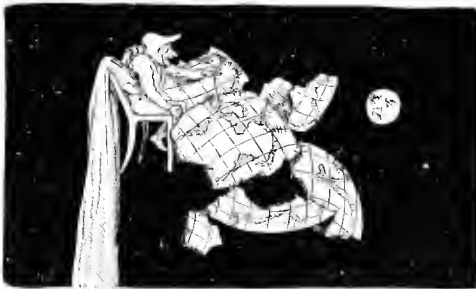


THE COMET COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE.

Bless my stars ! here I am !” He had just time to stoop,  
When through it, head-foremost, he went at a swoop,  
As a circus rider dives through a hoop !

With a crash,  
And a smash,  
And a roar as of thunder,  
It quivered,  
And shivered,  
And flew asunder :

The Moon, looking down, shed tragical tears ;  
While, winking hard and holding his ears,  
The Comet came out on the other side,  
Wheeled round, swore loud, and ruefully eyed  
The ruin ; sneezed two or three times ; then drew  
His long tail after him down the blue.



THE COMET TRIES NEEDLE AND THREAD.

“Heavens and earth ! what have I done !  
This does beat everything under the sun !  
I don't care the wink of a star,” said he,  
“For all the damage done to me —”

(Feeling his nose, and then with a flirt  
Carefully brushing away the dirt  
From his coat and its stained and draggled skirt) —  
“But look at this dear little, queer little planet !  
I've done the business for her, and I van, it  
Is quite too bad ! The fairest of creatures —  
How well I remember her pleasant features,  
The smile on her face and the light in her eye,  
When I've touched my hat to her, hurrying by,  
Many a time, on my way through the sky !  
I'd mend the poor thing if I could — and I'll try !”

How he got it, or where,  
I cannot declare ;  
But thereupon he drew up a chair,  
Hung his long coat-tail over the back,  
Sat down by the pieces and opened his pack,



THE COMET TRIES HIS GLUE POT.

Brought forth from its depths a stout needle and thread,  
And there he sat squinting and scratching his head,  
As if rather doubtfully questioning whether  
’Twas possible ever to patch her together !

Meanwhile — but how can I hope to tell  
Half that to my friends befell  
On the shattered and scattered shell ?  
How depict the huge surprise  
Of some, at the very astonishing rise  
Of their real estate, shot off in the skies ?  
How describe the flying blocks,  
The fall of steeples and railroad stocks,  
The breaking of banks, and the stopping of clocks ;  
And all the various knocks and shocks ; —  
Frantic reporters rushing about,  
And correspondents setting out  
In a big balloon, intending from it  
To interview our friend, the Comet !



While the wide-awake daily press unfurled  
 Its rival bulletins : " END OF THE WORLD !!  
 FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ! AMERICA HIT !!!  
 FULL PARTICULARS ! CANADA HURLED



CHEERFULLY SEWING AND GLUING.

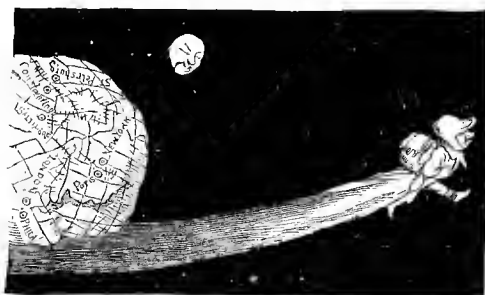
OVER NEW ENGLAND ! THE UNION SPLIT !!!  
 INTERRUPTION OF TRAVEL AND TRADE !  
 THE COMET COMING TO OUR AID ! "

For now the Comet — odd to see !  
 Although it didn't seem odd to me —  
 With thimble and glue-pot, sewing and gluing  
 The shattered globe, was cheerfully doing  
 All he could to restore the ruin ;  
 Patiently replacing all  
 The scattered fragments, great and small ;  
 Stitching here and sticking there,  
 With a hopeful smile and a satisfied air,  
 Putting the planet into repair !  
 When all was done, with a dexterous twirl  
 Of his fingers, he set it once more a-whirl,  
 While the Moon looked pleased as a smiling girl.

Off he sped ; and the planet spun  
 Away on its axis round the sun ;  
 When, watching with curious eyes, I found  
 He hadn't made it precisely round !

The zones, moreover, were strangely mixed :  
 Constantinople was squeezed betwixt  
 St. Petersburg and Baltimore ;  
 South Carolina and Labrador  
 To Massachusetts were snugly tied ;  
 New York and Paris were side by side ;  
 And, oddest of all earthly fates,  
 England was in the United States !  
 Greenland (he couldn't have made a greater  
 Mistake) was on the new equator !  
 While in each crack of the crust some bit  
 Of broken China was made to fit.

Whereupon I cried, with a wild halloo,  
 " Hold on ! come back ! this never will do ?  
 Just see what a botch you've made ! " Before  
 He had time to turn, with a clang and a roar,  
 And a glare of its one great Cyclops eye,  
 The Lightning Express went whizzing by



THE COMET GOES ON HIS WAY REJOICING.

With a rushing of steam,  
 And a howl and a scream,  
 That waked me from my curious dream ;  
 Which the Doctor avers (and he makes it plain)  
 Must all have passed through my busy brain  
 With the passing of the midnight train !

Old Santa Claus, when he comes to-night,  
 Down the open fire-place,  
 And sees what I see in the fire-light,  
 Will laugh all over his face,

And will say, with finger upon his nose,  
 And a wag of his wise old head :  
 " I wonder whose are the little blue toes,  
 And whose the cardinal red ! "

## ON CHRIST DAY NIGHT.

BY NORA PERRY.



DULCET SOUNDS.

**A** STATELY mansion,  
bright and gay  
With festal light, made  
darkness day  
Far up and down the dusky  
street

That Christmas night, while hurrying  
feet  
Sped swiftly by, nor scarce delayed  
For all the dulcet sounds that  
strayed  
In merry measures from within,

Where harp and flute and violin  
In soft accordance, wild and sweet,  
Made music for the dancers' feet.  
All silken-clad those feet that kept  
That time and tune, or lightly  
stept

From room to room, from stair to  
stair ;

All silken-clad ; while standing there  
Shut from the summer warmth and cheer,  
The silken perfumed atmosphere

Of wealth and ease, a little maid  
With beating heart, yet unafraid,  
Enchanted, watched the fairy scene  
Between the curtains' parted screen.  
The fierce north wind came sweeping past  
And shook her with its wintry blast ;  
The frosty pavement of the street  
Chilled to the bone her ill-clad feet ;

Yet moment after moment fled  
And there she stood, with lifted head,  
Her eager eyes, as in a trance,  
Fixed on the changes of the dance,

Her eager ears still drinking in  
The strains of flute and violin ;  
And still, as sped the moments past,  
Colder and colder swept the blast.



AND ON HER COLD LIPS DROPPED A KISS.

But little heed had she, or care :  
Her glance upon one vision fair,  
One vision, one, beyond the rest —  
A girl with roses on her breast,  
And with a look upon her face,  
The sweet girl-face of Heaven's own grace,  
As through the dance she smiling led  
Her youthful guests, with airy tread.

" Ah, would she smile on *me* like this  
 And would she give *me* kiss for kiss  
 If I could stand there at her side ? "   
 The wistful watcher softly cried.  
 Even as she spoke she closer crept,  
 Upon the broad low terrace stept,  
 And nearer leaned. — Just then, just there,  
 A street light sent a sudden flare

Across her face. — One startled glance,  
 And from the changes of the dance,  
 With beating heart and eyes dilate,  
 The girlish mistress of the fête  
 Sprang swiftly forth. — A moment more  
 And through the window's opened door  
 Another guest was ushered in.  
 Her lip was pale, her cheek was thin,

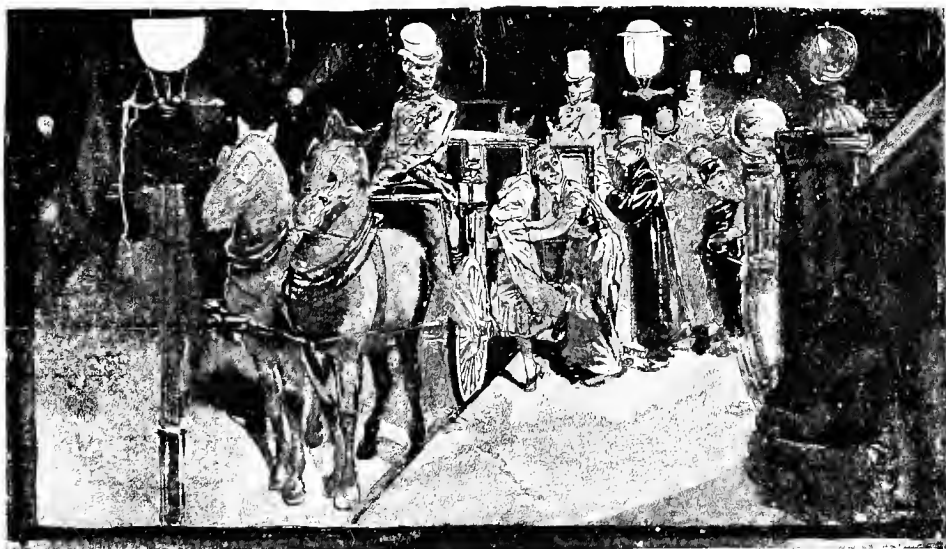
No costly robe of silk and lace  
 Apparelled her, and on her face  
 And in her dark bewildered eyes  
 A shock of fear and shamed surprise

Did wildly, desperately gleam  
 While here and there, as in a dream,  
 She vaguely heard, yet did not hear,  
 The sound of voices far and near.

She tried to speak : some word she said  
 Of all her troubled doubt and dread,  
 Some childish word — " what would they  
 do ? "

Then all at once a voice rang through  
 Her troubled doubt, her troubled fear,   
 " What will they do, why, this — and this ! "   
 And on her cold lips dropped a kiss,

And round her frozen figure crept  
 A tender clasp. — She laughed and wept  
 And laughed again, for this and this,  
 This tender clasp, this tender kiss,  
 Was more than all her dream come true :  
 Was earth with Heaven's light shining through,  
 Was Christ's own promise kept aright —  
 His word fulfilled on Christ-day night !



AFTER THE FÊTE.

## THE STORY OF NOBODY'S CAT.

*(Told by himself.)*

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.



"SEE, HOW SHE CUDDLES HIM  
CLOSE TO HER SILKEN WAIST!"

I WAS crouching here in the shed  
An hour or more ago,  
Trying to dry my drabbed feet —  
We pussy-cats hate the snow —

When through an open door  
I saw that kitten stray,  
Tip-toeing out on the icy walk  
In a sort of wayward way.

I could see within the door  
Behind him left ajar,  
How cheery a fire is in the grate,  
How cosy carpets are.

But his mistress saw him flee,  
And followed in loving haste.  
He is caught — see, how she cuddles him  
Close to her silken waist!

I can hear her seem to chide,  
Yet pet him — "poor Mow-mow!"  
Her mantle is round him, soft with fur;  
He must be purring now.

But I am Nobody' cat!  
Think what such life must be!  
There's never a saucer of warm new milk,  
Nor a bit of meat for me.

I wonder if I could sing —  
'Tis long since I have tried.  
Yet when I was little girl Gold-Locks' cat  
My music was her pride.

She would lay her pretty cheek  
Close to my throat, and say:  
"Sing, little old pussy-tea-kettle!  
Keep singing, Kitty-gray!"

Somehow, I was lost from her;  
And I grew large and wild  
And fierce, because I am given no more  
Kind words by any child.

But I know if I once could hear  
 Her call me by my name,  
 And could feel her hand on my tired back,  
 I should grow good and tame.

Oh, I would purr so sweet  
 That she would laugh, and say :  
 " Sing, little old pussy-tea-kettle !  
 Keep singing, Kitty-gray ! "

But the snow is deep on the roof !  
 I must try to find a rat,  
 Or I shall be supperless all night —  
 I am Nobody's — Nobody's cat !

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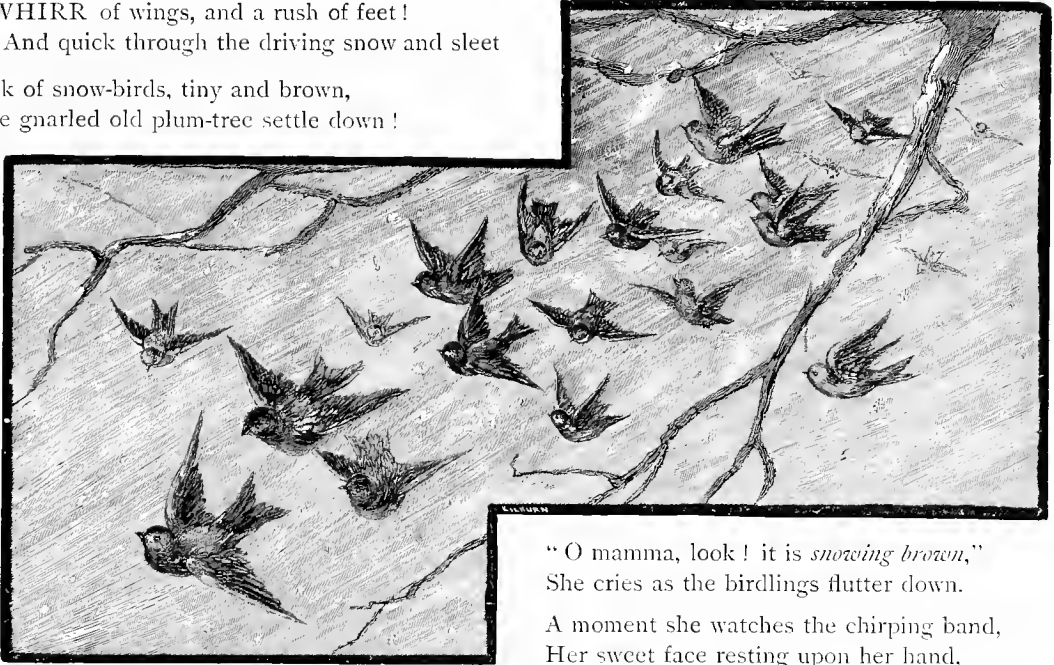
## GRACIE'S FANCIES.

BY BRENDA AUBERT.

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A WHIRR of wings, and a rush of feet !  
 And quick through the driving snow and sleet

A flock of snow-birds, tiny and brown,  
 On the gnarled old plum-tree settle down !



Grace, at the window, with wondering eyes  
 Watches their coming in shy surprise :

" O mamma, look ! it is *snowing brown*,"  
 She cries as the birdlings flutter down.

A moment she watches the chirping band,  
 Her sweet face resting upon her hand,

Then cries — and a laugh slips out with the words —  
 " Why, mamma, the snow-flakes have turned to birds ! "

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## THE PEACOCK THAT SAILED AWAY.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

A PEACOCK one day was spreading his tail,  
 And he said, "What *very* fine feathers are mine!  
 I think, if to cities abroad I could sail,  
 Among foreign birds I should shine;  
 So I'll take a short cruise up the Rhine."

So he took off the handle, a rudder to make,  
 And said, "Perhaps by some fortunate turn,  
 A wheel from the car of Old Time I can take,  
 And I'll have it put in at the stern;  
 And for sails I will take the sweet-fern."

He said to the stars, that were hidden all day,  
 "I'll borrow the dipper, of which you're so proud,  
 And I'll launch it at once, and go sailing away,  
 And I'll see if the world is round,  
 And if China is under the ground."

So he got out his charts as he went down the bay,  
 With his feathers and sails outspread to the sun,  
 And he said, "I'll come back in a year and a day  
 For my voyage by then will be done —"  
 But he didn't, and that is the fun!

## THE ROMAN BOY'S TROPHIES.—A. D. 61.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I HAVE witnessed the great Ovation,  
 I have watched as they slew the sheep;  
 As they marched from the Campus Martius  
 To the Capitol's sacred steep:  
 I was proud, as I saw my father  
 From the fiery East come home;  
 I was proud, as I looked on the captives  
 And the spoils he had brought to Rome!

Ah, Rome is a grand old city!  
 And it flushes my soul with joy  
 That my father has won a Triumph —  
 That I am a Roman boy!  
 I am glad of the lordly conquests  
 He gained on that far-off shore,  
 That have given the State a splendor  
 It seldom hath known before.

It was noble to see the captives  
 (— Poor fellows! I think they wept!)  
 Go chained, as the victor's chariot  
 Behind them in triumph swept:

Have *they* any boys, I wonder,  
 Like Marcus and me, at home?  
 — Who cares? They are bold plebeians,  
 They have dared to fight with Rome!

But now that the march is over,  
 Ho! *comites*, come and see  
 What spoils from that Eastern country  
 My father hath brought for me!  
 Here—lean from the wide *fenestra*,  
 And look at this branching bough:  
 Did ever you see together  
 Such birds as I show you now?

How wise they are looking at me!  
 Ha, Claudius? — didst thou say  
 That some of Minerva's nestlings  
 From Athens are caught away?  
 They are angry that they are fettered;  
 See! each of them frowns and scowls  
 I think thou hast hit it, Claudius —  
 I think they're Minerva's owls!



THE ROMAN BOY'S SPOILS.







INTO the silent waiting East  
 There cometh a shining light —  
 Far, far,  
 Through a dull gray bar  
 Closing over a dying star  
 That watched away the night —  
 Rise, rise, shine and glow,  
 Over a wide white world of snow,  
 Sun of the Christmas-tide!

Out of the Northland bleak and bare,  
 O wind with a royal roar,  
 Fly, fly,  
 Through the broad arched sky,  
 Flutter the snow, and rattle and cry  
 At every silent door —  
 Loud, loud, till the children hear,  
 And meet the day with a ringing cheer:  
 "Hail to the Christmas-tide!"

Out of the four great gates of day  
 A tremulous music swells;  
 Hear, hear,  
 Now sweet and clear,  
 Over and under and far and near,  
 A thousand happy bells:  
 Joy, joy, and jubilee!  
 Good-will to men from sea to sea,  
 This merry Christmas-tide!

Lo! in the homes of every land  
 The children reign to-day;  
 They alone,  
 With our hearts their throne,  
 And never a sceptre but their own  
 Small hands to rule and sway!  
 Peace, peace — the Christ-child's love —  
 Flies over the world, a white, white dove,  
 This happy Christmas-tide!

## WILLIE WEE.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

TWO lads were conversing as happy as kings,  
 Of the coming of Christmas and all that it  
 brings,  
 Of the Christmas-tree and its many delights,  
 Of the city shop-windows and other fine sights,  
 When out spake wee Will, sometimes called "Willie  
 wee,"

Though often "sweet William," or "little Willee,"  
 — Four years and a half or three-quarters was he —  
 "Say! What kind of a tree is a Chrissermus-tree?"  
 And the while they discoursed, as his wonder grew,  
 With questions like these he followed them through:  
 "Does it have big branches that spread all around?  
 Do its roots stay deep down in the dark ground?"

Does it grow, grow, grow, way up very high?  
 If you climb to the top will your head bump the sky?  
 Do any plumbs grow on it, or apples, or cherries?  
 Or any good nuts, or pretty red berries?  
 Does it bloom out all over with flowers white as snow,  
 As that tree does down there in our garden below?  
 Do robins and king-birds build nests in that tree?  
 And other birdies too?" asked little Willie.

"No flowers bloom there, snowy white,  
 Yet with these fruits — a curious sight —  
 Are oft seen flowers both red and white!  
 Should you climb to the top without a fall,  
 Your head might bump against the wall,  
 But not against the sky, you see,  
 For *indoors* stands the Christmas-tree!"  
 "You tell very big stories," quoth little Willie.



"YOU TELL VERY BIG STORIES!" QUOTH LITTLE WILLIE.

Thus answered Ned, wise, school-boy Ned:  
 "A Christmas-tree, young curly-head,  
 Has branches, sure, but has no roots,  
 And on its branches grow no fruits;  
 Yet bright red apples there you'll see,  
 And oranges of high degree —  
 Apples and oranges on one tree!"  
 "That sounds very strange," quoth little Willie.

"No birdie there doth build its nest,  
 No king-bird, blue-bird, robin redbreast,  
 Yet eggs thereon are often seen,  
 Of beautiful colors, pink, and green,  
 And purple, and lavender, fit for a queen.  
 Even eggs with pictures on them are found,  
 And with golden bands which circle around.  
 But from all these eggs so fair to see,

Are hatched no birds in that Christmas-tree ;  
Instead, are hatched candy and gumdrops ! " said he.  
" Are you telling the truth ? " asked little Willie.

" I've not told half, I do declare,  
Of all those wondrous branches bear.  
Bear ? They bear dolls and whips and drums,  
Tops, whistles, taffy, sugar-plums,  
And candy sheep, and candy cats,  
And candy birds, and candy rats,  
And India-rubber girls and boys,  
Bear trumpets and all kinds of toys,  
Bear books, and jumping-jacks, and mittens,  
And little cotton-flannel kittens ;  
And over the whole of this Christmas-tree  
Candles are burning right merrily !  
What think you of this ? my sweet Willie-wee ? "  
" I think you are fooling ! " said little Willie.

Next morning young Willie, with serious air,  
Put earth in a flower-pot, and buried up there  
A seed of an apple with very great care.  
" Pray, what are you doing, you rogue Willie-wee ? "  
" I am planting a seed for a *Chrissermas*-tree !  
Is not that good to do ? " asked little Willie.  
— There came from that seed a green little shoot  
Which put out its leaves and firmly took root,  
And so finely did thrive that at last it was found  
Too large for the house and was set in the ground,  
Where it grew up, a tree, one scarcely knew how.  
Look down by the wall ; it is standing there now.  
It blossoms in springtime, and many a nest  
Has been built there by king-bird and robin redbreast ;  
And *other birdies* too oft come to the tree  
And sing there and swing there, oh, so merrily ;

They make it all summer our joy and delight ;  
And in fall of the year 'tis a beautiful sight  
When the clustering wealth of its apples is seen —  
Its ruby red apples all set in their green !

— And Willie ? Yes, he grew up, too, young Willie-wee,  
And went as a sailor-boy over the sea.  
He sailed in a ship to some far distant shore ;  
A storm came — and — and — we saw him no more.  
It was long, long ago that deep sorrow we bore !  
The lads who were talking, as happy as kings,  
Of the coming of Christmas and all that it brings,  
Are fathers now, so stately and tall.  
Their children play by the garden wall,  
And swing on the boughs of the apple tree,  
Or climb to the top, the world to see ;  
(Some have gone from the home the world to see !)  
And when autumn comes, and leaves turn brown,  
And the ripened fruits are shaken down,  
And here and there, on the orchard ground,  
The red and the golden are heaped around —  
'Tis the children who gather that tree by the wall,  
And the apples from off its boughs that fall,  
With kindly care are stored away,  
Sure to appear on Christmas Day  
In platter or basket for all to admire,  
Or hung on strings before the fire,  
There to swing and sputter and roast,  
While many an one of the merry host  
Gives a tender thought to that first Willie-wee  
Who went as a sailor-boy over the sea.  
The youngest of all ; a new Willie-wee,  
— A curly-haired rogue, and our darling is he ! —  
Now claims for his own uncle Will's *Christmas-tree*,  
" Because," says the child, " *he* was named for *me* ! "



## MOTHER GOOSE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



DEAR Mother Goose ! most motherly and dear  
 Of all good mothers who have laps wherein  
 We children nestle safest from all sin —  
 I cuddle to thy bosom, with no fear  
 To there confess that, though thy cap is queer,  
 And thy curls gimblety, and thy cheeks thin,  
 And though the winkered mole upon thy chin  
 Tickles thy very nose-tip — still to hear  
 The jolly jingles of mine infancy  
 Crooned by thee, makes my eager arms, as now,  
 To twine about thy neck all tenderly,  
 Drawing thy dear old face down, that thy brow  
 May dip into my purest kiss, and be  
 Crowned ever with the baby-love of me.

## THE BABY'S PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

LORD b'ess papa, mamma, Daisy,"  
 The baby prayed to-day,  
 "Kitty, Bose, and ole brack Thomas  
 — What else s'all I say?  
 I can't fink of nuffin' mo-ah,  
 (Stoopid work to p'ay !)  
 'Hush' for what I'd like to know, now,  
 You old Mamma Gray?  
 Ain't I p'ayed, an' p'ayed, and p'ay-ed  
 Time 'n time again?  
 I've fergut the way to end it —  
 Why don't you tell me ven?  
 For whose sake, mamma — say?  
 I'm — so — s'eeppy — oh, I 'member —  
 For *Pity's sake, Amen!*"

Who chides the child? I kiss and hush.  
 Silent I join the group down-stairs

That rest and linger by the fire  
 To laugh at Baby's prayers.

"And what did Baby say to-night?"  
 But low I answer, with grave brow:  
 "She prayed for Bose, and you and me —"  
 I cannot tell them now

How full the mood the child has drawn  
 And pressed upon a musing heart!  
 Amid the happy household chat  
 I sit like one apart.

My thoughts like prayers move solemnly;  
 "Oh, Lord," I say, "the great, the wise,  
 The weak, the miserable, are  
 All children in Thine eyes.



"FOR WHOSE SAKE, MAMMA?"

"We take the name of Thy dear Son  
Daring, upon a trembling lip ;  
The cup Thou givest us, we lift,  
And shrink, and taste, and sip,

"And try to say, 'For Jesus' sake ;'  
Dear Lord, the babe is wisest when,

Fearless and clear, she pleads with Thee  
'For Pity's sake, Amen.'

"Oh, truer than the sacred phrase  
That time from Christian years has spun,  
Is he who prays, nor questions if  
Pity and Christ are one !"

## A BABY SHOW.

By H. H.

A DROLL conversation I once overheard —  
 Two children, a cat, a cow, and a bird.  
 The names of the children were Eddie and Jane;  
 The names of the others I did not hear plain.  
 How came I to hear them? I think I won't tell:  
 You may guess, if you please; and if you guess well  
 You'll guess that I heard it as many a man hears —  
 With his fancy alone, and not with his ears.

The children were drawing, with caution and care,  
 Their sweet baby-sister, to give her the air,  
 In a dainty straw wagon with wheels of bright red,  
 And a top of white muslin which shaded her head.  
 She was only one year and a few months old;  
 Her eyes were bright blue and her hair was like gold;  
 She laughed all the time from morning till night,  
 Till Eddie and Jane were quite wild with delight.

Such a wonderful plaything never was known!  
 Like a real live dolly, and all for their own!  
 Two happier children could nowhere be found,  
 No, not if you travelled the whole world around.  
 They had drawn her this morning where daisies grew —  
 White daisies, all shining and dripping with dew,  
 Long wreaths of the daisies, and chains, they had  
 made;  
 In the baby's lap these wreaths they had laid,

And were laughing to watch her fat little hands  
 Untwisting and twisting the stems and the strands.  
 Just then, of a sudden, a lark flew by  
 And sang at the top of his voice in the sky;  
 "Ho! ho! Mr. Lark," shouted Jane, "come down  
 here!  
 We're not cruel children. You may come without fear.  
 We've something to show you. In all your life maybe  
 You'll never see anything sweet as our baby!"

'Twas an odd thing, now, for a lark to do —  
 I hope you won't think my story's untrue —  
 But this is the thing that I saw and I heard:  
 That lark flew right down, like a sociable bird,  
 As soon as they called him, and perched on a tree,  
 And winked with his eye at the children and me,  
 And laughed out, as much as a bird ever can,  
 As he cried, "Ha! ha! Little woman and man!"

"You'll be quite surprised and astonished, maybe,  
 To hear that I do not think much of your baby.  
 Why, out in the field here I've got in my nest,  
 All cuddled up snug 'neath my wife's warm breast,  
 Four little babies — two sisters, two brothers —  
 And all with bright eyes, as bright as their mother's;  
 Your baby's at least ten times older than they,  
 But they are all ready to fly to-day;

"They'll take care of themselves in another week,  
 Before your poor baby can walk or can speak.  
 It has often surprised me to see what poor things  
 All babies are that are born without wings;  
 And but one at a time! Dear me, my wife  
 Would be quite ashamed of so idle a life!"  
 And the lark looked as scornful as a lark knows  
 how,  
 As he swung up and down on a slender bough.

A cat had been eying him there for a while,  
 And sprang at him now from top of a stile.  
 But she missed her aim — he was quite too high;  
 And oh, how he laughed as he soared in the sky!  
 Then the cat scrambled up, disappointed and cross;  
 She looked all about her, and felt at a loss  
 What next she should do. So she took up the  
 thread  
 Of the lark's discourse, and ill-naturedly said:

"Yes, indeed, little master and miss, I declare,  
It's enough to make any mother-cat stare,  
To see what a time you do make, to be sure,  
Over one small creature, so helpless and poor  
As your babies are! Why, I've six of my own:  
When they were two weeks old they could run alone;  
They're never afraid of dogs or of rats—  
In a few weeks more they'll be full-grown cats;



"Their fur is as fine and as soft as silk —  
Two gray, and three black, and one white as new  
milk.

A fair fight for a mouse in my family  
Is as pretty a sight as you'll ever see.  
It is all very well to brag of your baby—  
One of these years it will be something, maybe!"  
And without even looking at the baby's face,  
The cat walked away at a sleepy pace.

"Moo, Moo!" said a cow, coming up. "Moo, Moo!  
Young people, you're making a great to-do  
About your baby. And the lark and the cat,  
They're nothing but braggers—I wouldn't give that,"  
(And the cow snapped her tail as you'd snap your  
thumb)

"For all the babies, and kittens, and birds, that come  
In the course of a year! It does make me laugh  
To look at them all, by the side of a calf!

"Why, my little Brindle as soon as 'twas born  
 Stood up on its legs, and sniffed at the corn;  
 Before it had been in the world an hour  
 It began to gambol, and canter, and scour  
 All over the fields. See its great shining eyes,  
 And its comely red hair that so glossy lies  
 And thick! he has never felt cold in his life;  
 But the wind cuts your baby's skin like a knife.

"Poor shivering things! I have pitied them oft,  
 All muffled and smothered in flannel soft.  
 Ha! ha! I am sure the stupidest gaby  
 Can see that a calf's ahead of a baby!"  
 And the cow called her calf, and tossed up her head,  
 Like a person quite sure of all she has said.  
 Then Jane looked at Eddy, and Eddy at Jane;  
 Said Eddy, "How mean! I declare, they're too vain

"To live — preposterous things! They don't know  
 What they're talking about! I'd like them to show  
 A bird, or a kitten, or a learned calf,  
 That can kiss like our baby, or smile, or laugh!"

"Yes, indeed, so should I!" said Jane in a rage;  
 "The poor little thing! She's advanced for her  
 age,  
 For the minister said so the other day —  
 She's worth a hundred kittens or calves to play.

"And as for young birds — they're pitiful things!  
 I saw a whole nest once, all mouths and bare wings,  
 And they looked as if they'd been picked by the  
 cook

To broil for breakfast. I'm sure that they shook  
 With cold if their mother got off for a minute —  
 I'm glad we have flannel, and wrap babies in it!"  
 So the children went grumbling one to the other,  
 And when they reached home they told their mother.

The dear baby, asleep, in its crib she laid,  
 And laughed as she kissed the children, and said:  
 "Do you think I believe that the sun can shine  
 On a boy or a girl half so sweet as mine?  
 The lark, and the cat, and the cow were all right —  
 Each baby seems best in its own mother's sight!"



## A TRULY CHURCH.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

IS this a truly church, do you ask?  
 I should think so! Yes'm, I'm preacher here,  
 Sexton, and anything else you please —  
 The choir will have to come more near.

They have promised not to whisper or laugh;  
 Johnny McDougal, what's that? who spoke?

Katie, this sexton will put you out,  
 If you make eyes at him. You do provoke!

Seats for two ladies! Aunt Lucy, please,  
 You and mamma keep out of sight!  
 I never shall get my sermon read,  
 I cannot always read what I write.



My text is, *Children, you must forgive*  
*When you'd rather not.* It is pretty tough  
 When you know you are right and the other  
 one's wrong,  
 But probably there is reason enough :

Will the choir give us a Sankey tune ?  
 (Those books are the only ones I could  
 find.)  
 And then the sexton will pass the plate —  
 I need some salary, if you don't mind !



"JOHNNY MCDOUGAL, WHAT'S THAT?"

The Bible says it : that book is true,  
 Or I never should preach a sermon again.  
 And you have to say you are sorry, besides —  
 Quarrels are worse than a spell of pain !

Some one whispers, " A truly church !  
 Where text and sermon are short and sweet,  
 And we pay the clergyman on the spot !  
 I am coming again, wherever they meet."

## OUT OF TUNE.

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 BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.
 

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SOMEONE has told you that the moon is old ?      Some things *are* pretty, but they will not stay ?  
 (Do you not see to-night that it is new ?)      Out on the cliff you saw the reddest rose,  
 It just pretends that it is made of gold ;      The wind or something blew it right away —  
 It's made of — matter ? (Matter means what's true.)      That black rock lasts forever where it grows ?

A rainbow is not sure enough at all ?      The butterflies are only worms with wings ?  
 The sky is nothing, only it looks blue ?      Without them they would not know how to fly ?  
 Some night, you guess, the stars will have to fall      And we are sinners ? Girls should not wear  
 Down in the grass when everything breaks      rings  
 through ?      And gloves and sashes — for they have to die ?

The sun shines sometimes, but it always rains  
 Forever, so you can't play in the sand ?  
 Walnuts and berries spoil your hands with stains ?  
 And — no one knows the way to fairy land ?

## A LITTLE SHOPPER.

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 BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
 

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I WAS sent to buy purple silk ;      And here I am in the store,  
 I was sent to buy a gold crown ;      And no one says me nay ;  
 I was sent to buy a gown of green      They do not ask for silver or gold —  
 And a pillowful of down.      They keep their goods for play.

Here are asters for purple silk ;  
 Here is golden-rod for a crown ;  
 Here is plenty of down in the milkweed pods ;  
 And the sea brings green for a gown.



"AND HERE I AM IN THE STORE."





SUMMER SPEAKING TO SPRING.

## COURTESY.

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 BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.
 

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SUMMER said to the Spring, "What a wonderful thing

It is to bring in so much sweetness and grace —  
 I am sure that to you my blossoms are due,  
 And I feel I am taking your place.

"I never can blush, but I think of your flush ;  
 And the eyes of the flowers at evening are wet ;  
 There was something so fair in your innocent air  
 That your going we can but regret."

"You beautiful Comer," said Spring to the Summer,

"I lived out my life but to brighten your way ;  
 I heard the buds swelling, and could not help telling,  
 For I knew you would see them some day.

"It was only my duty to bring you the beauty,  
 And to help one another is lesson for all ;  
 And perhaps you'll be willing, your mission fulfilling,  
 To leave something to brighten the Fall.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY—A. D. 1622.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

AND now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store  
 Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered the meadows o'er,  
 "'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain ;  
 'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.



"HAIL! PIE OF THE PUMPKIN! I DUB THEE PRINCE  
 OF THANKSGIVING DAY!"

"And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,  
 And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say  
 Thro' virtue of vested power — ye shall gather with one accord,  
 And hold, in the month November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long ;  
 He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong ;  
 And unto our Feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know  
 We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

“ So shoulder your matchlocks, masters : there is hunting of all degrees ;  
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas ;  
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ  
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a Feast of joy !

“ We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon ;  
— Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven !  
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie ;  
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the Pumpkin-Pie ! ”

So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn Feast ;  
The deer and the bear were slaughtered ; wild game from the greatest to least  
Was heaped in the Colony cabins : brown home-brew served for wine,  
And the plum and the grape\*of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

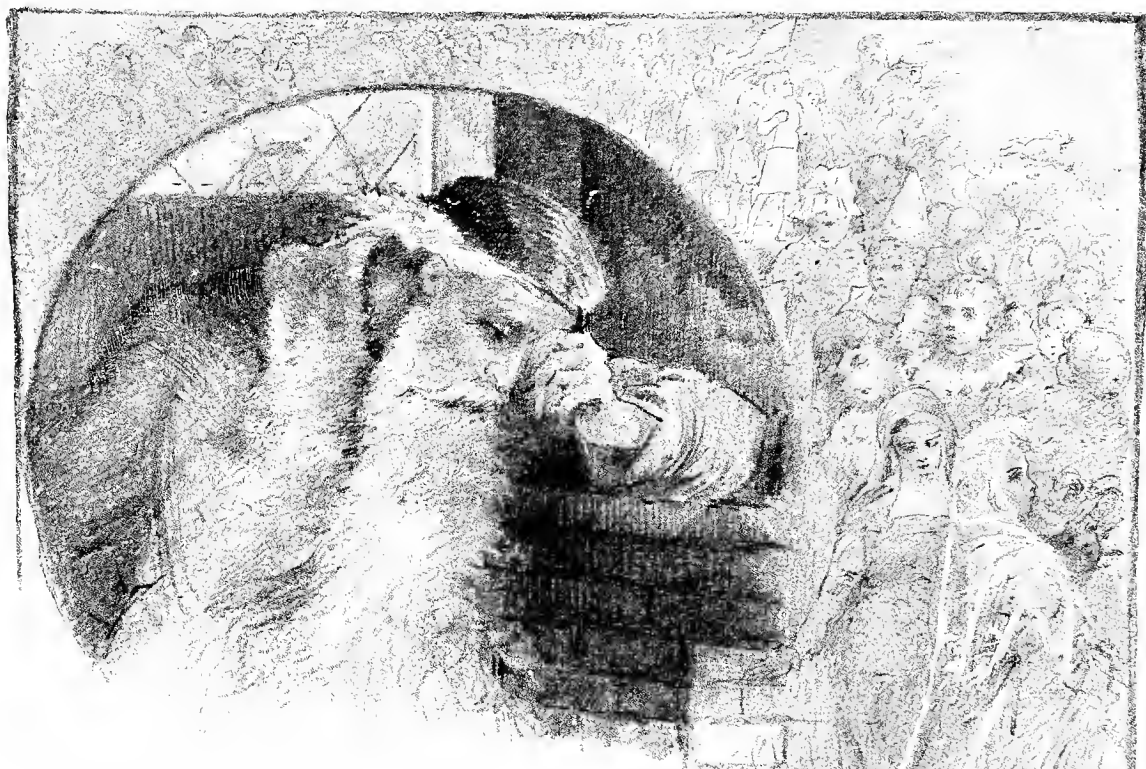
At length came the day appointed : the snow had begun to fall,  
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily out for all,  
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord  
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford ; men, matrons and maidens fair ;  
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there ;  
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,  
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o’ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasöit, the Sachem, sate down with his hundred braves,  
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,  
And looked on the granaried harvest — with a blow on his brawny chest,  
He muttered, “ The good Great Spirit loves His white children best ! ”

And then, as the Feast was ended, with gravely official air,  
The Governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there,  
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,  
“ Hail ! Pie of the Pumpkin ! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day ! ”

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SANTA KLAUS, HIGH LORD AND MASTER OF ALL FAIRIES.

## WAITING A WINTER'S TALE.

BY MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

SOME sweet things go just to make room for others :  
 The blue field-blossom hurries from the dew  
 (My little maiden, hush your noisy brothers)  
 And see, the wild-rose reddens where it grew !

The green leaf fades that you may see the yellow ;  
 We have the honey when we miss the bee ;  
 Who wants the apples, scarlet-stained and mellow,  
 Must give the buds upon his orchard-tree ;

Then, for those finely painted birds that follow  
 The sun about and scent their songs with flowers,  
 We have, when frosts are sharp and rains beat hollow,  
 These pretty, gray crumb-gathering pets of ours ;

The butterflies (you could not catch) were brighter  
 Than anything that we have left in air ;  
 But these still-flying shapes of snow are whiter,  
 I fancy, than the very lilies were.



Then, is the glimmer of fire-flies, cold and eerie,  
Far in the dusk, so pleasant after all  
As is this home-lamp playing warm and cheery,  
Among your shadow-pictures on the wall?

But I forget. There ought to be a story,  
A lovely story! Who shall tell it, then?  
The boys want war—plumes, helmets, shields and  
glory—  
They'd like a grand review of Homer's men.

Their jealous sisters say it's tiresome hearing  
(A girl is not as patient as a boy.)  
Of that old beauty—yes, the much-recurring,  
About-three-thousand-years-old, Helen of Troy.

They'd rather hear some love-tale faintly murmured  
Through music of the sleigh-bells: something true,  
Such as their young grandmothers, shy and saintly,  
Heard under stars of winter—told anew!

The little children, one and all, are crying  
For just a few more fairies—but, you know  
They go to sleep when golden-rod is dying,  
And do not wake till there is no more snow.

They sleep who kept your Jersey cow from straying,  
My boy, while you were deep in books and grass:  
Who tended flowers, my girl, while you were playing  
Some double game, or wearing out your grass.

They sleep—but what sweet things they have been  
making,  
By golden moons, to give you a surprise—  
Beat slower, little hearts with wonder aching,  
Keep in the dark yet, all you eager eyes!

The fairies sleep. But their high lord and master  
Keeps wide-awake, and watches every hearth;  
Great waters freeze that he may travel faster—  
He puts a girdle round about the earth!

Just now in the dim North, as he remembers  
His birthday back through centuries, he appears  
A trifle sad, and looks into the embers—  
Then shakes down from his cheek a shower of  
tears.

He thinks of little hands, that reached out lightly  
To catch his beard and pull it with a will,  
Now round their buried rosebuds folded whitely,  
Forever and forever, oh, how still!

"Ah, where are *all* the children? How I miss them!  
So many worlds-full are gone since I came!  
I long to take them to my heart and kiss them,  
And hear those still small voices laugh my name.

"Some over whom no violet yet is growing;  
Some under broken marble, ages old;  
Some lie full fathom five where seas are flowing;  
Some, among cliffs and chasms, died a-cold;

"Some through the long Wars of the Roses faded;  
Some did walk barefoot to the Holy Land;  
Some show young faces with the bride's-veil shaded;  
Some touch me with the nun's all-gracious hand;

"Some in the purple with crown-jewels burning,  
Some in the peasant's hodden-gray go by,  
Some in forlornest prisons darkly yearning  
For earth and grass, the dove's wing and the sky.

"One sails to wake a world that has been lying,  
Hid in its leaves, far in the lonesome West,  
In an enchanted sleep, with strange winds sighing,  
Among the strange flowers in her dreaming breast.

"And One—I held Him first—the immortal Stranger!  
I smell, to-night, the frankincense and myrrh;  
I see the star-led wise men and the manger;  
And his own Mother—I remember her!

"But—where's my cloak? Is this a time for sorrow?"

. . . And where's the story, do ask of me?

To-morrow and to-mor ow and to-morrow!

And shall you have it then? Why—we shall see!



## BLUE AND GOLD.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE warm June day was full  
Of color as it could hold ;  
" Now, which is the sweetest blue,  
And which is the brightest gold,  
In all that your little eyes can see,  
In cloud-land, earth, or the water-world ? "  
I said to the children three.

We were on the fresh new grass,  
And the pretty hammock hung  
Like a web between the trees,  
And in it the baby swung.  
'Twas as if a spider, busy and sly,  
Had spun its meshes there, white and light,  
And caught a butterfly.

A moment's silence fell  
On all, till Teddy guessed —  
He had eyes for every bird,  
And eyes, too, for its nest —

And he cried — the eager little soul —  
" The bluest blue is the bluebird,  
And gold is the oriole. "

Then Flora, who loved flowers,  
But had not spoken yet,  
Whispered that gold was a crocus,  
And blue a violet.  
And Edith, the more emphatic one,  
Said : " No ; the bluest blue is the sky,  
And the goldenest gold the sun ! "

I pointed to the web  
That swung so white and light,  
In which the baby cooed  
As a nestling pigeon might ;  
" I can answer best of all, " I said,  
" For there is in water-world, earth or skies,  
No blue so sweet as that baby's eyes,  
No gold so bright as his head ! "

HOW BIRDS KEEP COOL.

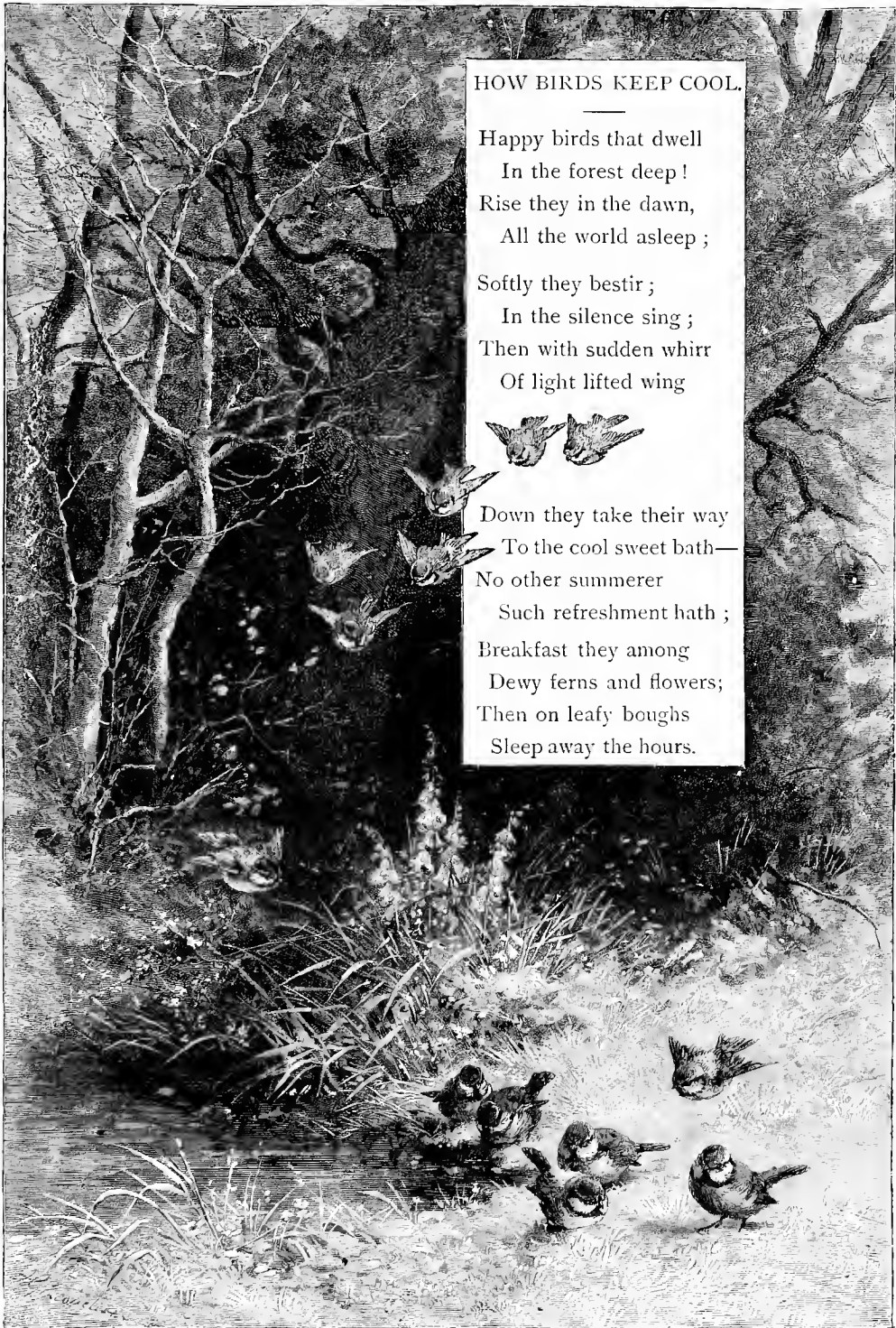
Happy birds that dwell  
In the forest deep !  
Rise they in the dawn,  
All the world asleep ;

Softly they bestir ;  
In the silence sing ;  
Then with sudden whirr  
Of light lifted wing



Down they take their way  
To the cool sweet bath—  
No other summerer

Such refreshment hath ;  
Breakfast they among  
Dewy ferns and flowers;  
Then on leafy boughs  
Sleep away the hours.



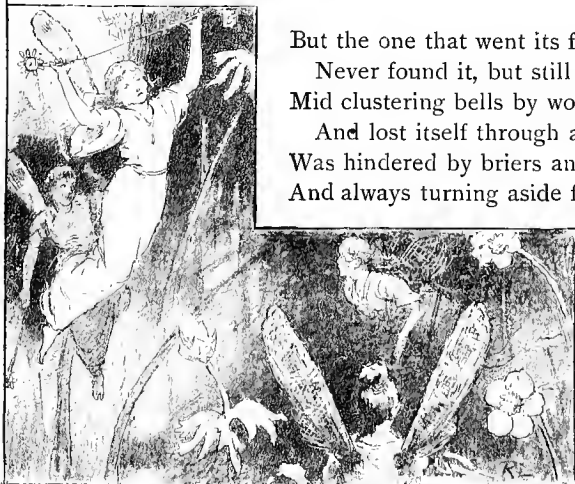
# TWO LITTLE PATHS

BY SOPHIE SWETT



"I," said the other, "my fortune will seek,  
And find the fairies that somewhere cluster.  
Daisies are bright, but common as light,  
And sunbeams, with all their merry lustre,  
Dull enough when one sees them forever, —  
What flowers, I wonder, live by the river?"

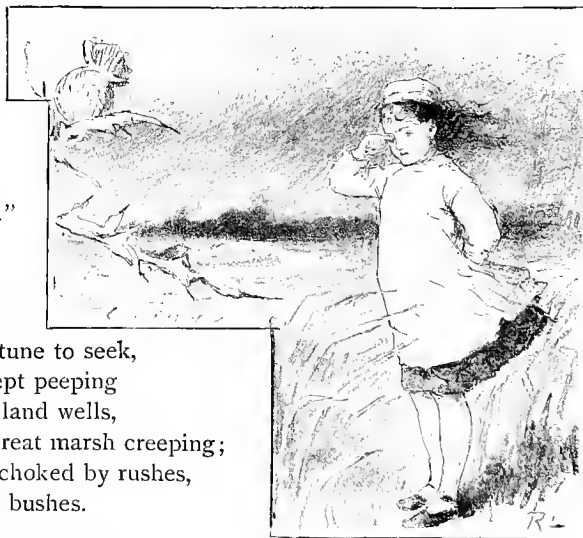
And where in the woods do red-caps hide?  
Here there is never one, I am certain,  
For I've chased the brook into every nook,  
And pushed back the tall fern's green lace curtain."  
Then they said good-by, each one to follow  
Its own sweet way over hill and hollow.



But the one that went its fortune to seek,  
Never found it, but still kept peeping  
Mid clustering bells by woodland wells,  
And lost itself through a great marsh creeping;  
Was hindered by briers and choked by rushes,  
And always turning aside for bushes.

TWO little paths met by a sparrow's nest,  
Down in the meadow green and sunny,  
And, sitting there 'neath a rose-tree rare,  
Where a yellow bee was sipping honey,  
Made plans for the merry summer weather,  
With their dewy faces close together.

"Oh, I," said one, "I shall stay in the field,  
And hither and thither through the clover  
Will trip away through the long bright day,  
But never stray to the woodland's cover.  
Here brooks and sunbeams laugh in the grasses,  
And I find bluebells for pretty lasses."



And the one who took for itself no thought,  
But sought for weary feet cool sweet places,  
Mid dewdrops bright, in midsummer night,  
Met troops of fairies with all their graces;  
And often felt through its velvet mazes  
The touch of light feet as soft as daisies!

## THE CHILD AND THE GENTIAN.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



"SEE, I PUT MY EAR DOWN CLOSE."

GENTIAN, I have found you out :  
 Now you must tell me true —  
 See, I put my ear down close —  
 Where did you get your blue ?

"I found it, little one, here and there ;  
 It was ready made for me ;  
 Some in your eyes, some in the sky,  
 Some in the shining sea."

How did you make the lovely fringe,  
 Gentian, that you wear ?  
 "I caught a hint from your dark eyelash,  
 And a hint from your curly hair."

How do you stand so straight and still,  
 When they say that you are wild ?  
 "Ah, *that* I learned in a different way,  
 And not from any child !"

## NOBODY.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

N**OBODY** b'oke it ! It cracked itself,  
 It was clear 'way up on the toppest shelf.  
 I — p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows !"  
 Says poor little Ned,  
 With his ears as red  
 As the heart of a damask rose.

"*Nobody* lost it ! I carefully  
 Put my cap just where it ought to be,  
 (No, 't isn't ahind the door,)  
 And it went and hid,  
 Why, of course it did,  
 For I've hunted an hour or more.

"*Nobody* tore it ! You know things will  
 Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still !  
 I was just jumping over the fence —  
 There's some spikes on top,  
 And you have to drop  
 Before you can half commence."

Nobody ! wicked Sir Nobody !  
 Playing such tricks on my children three !  
 If I but set eyes on you,  
 You should find what you've lost !  
 But that, to my cost,  
 I never am like to do !

## THE CENTIPEDE'S DILEMMA.

BY E. F. L. C.

A CENTIPEDE wept as he sat on a stone,  
 For he found himself poor and despised and  
 alone,  
 Besides other causes for sorrow.  
 He sighed at the memory of friends he had lost,  
 He groaned at the prospect he saw of a frost,  
 He bitterly thought of the morrow.

But a pain that was keener than any of these,  
 Wrung his heart as he straightened a few of his  
 knees;  
 It contracted his queer little phiz;  
 And he thoughtfully looked at his numerous pegs —  
 "I have got the rheumatics in *one* of my legs,  
 But I'm blest if I know *which it is!*"

## A JOYOUS LITTLE MAID.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

I AM so happy," she said,  
 Lifting her bright young head :  
 "Here are the golden-hued buttercups growing ;  
 Shy little snowdrops timidly blowing ;  
 Nodding white daisies silver dew throwing ;  
 And, on the branches of maple trees glowing,  
 Birds to the sunshine sing, as with knowing  
 Spring has come back," she said,  
 "Gliding with noiseless tread."

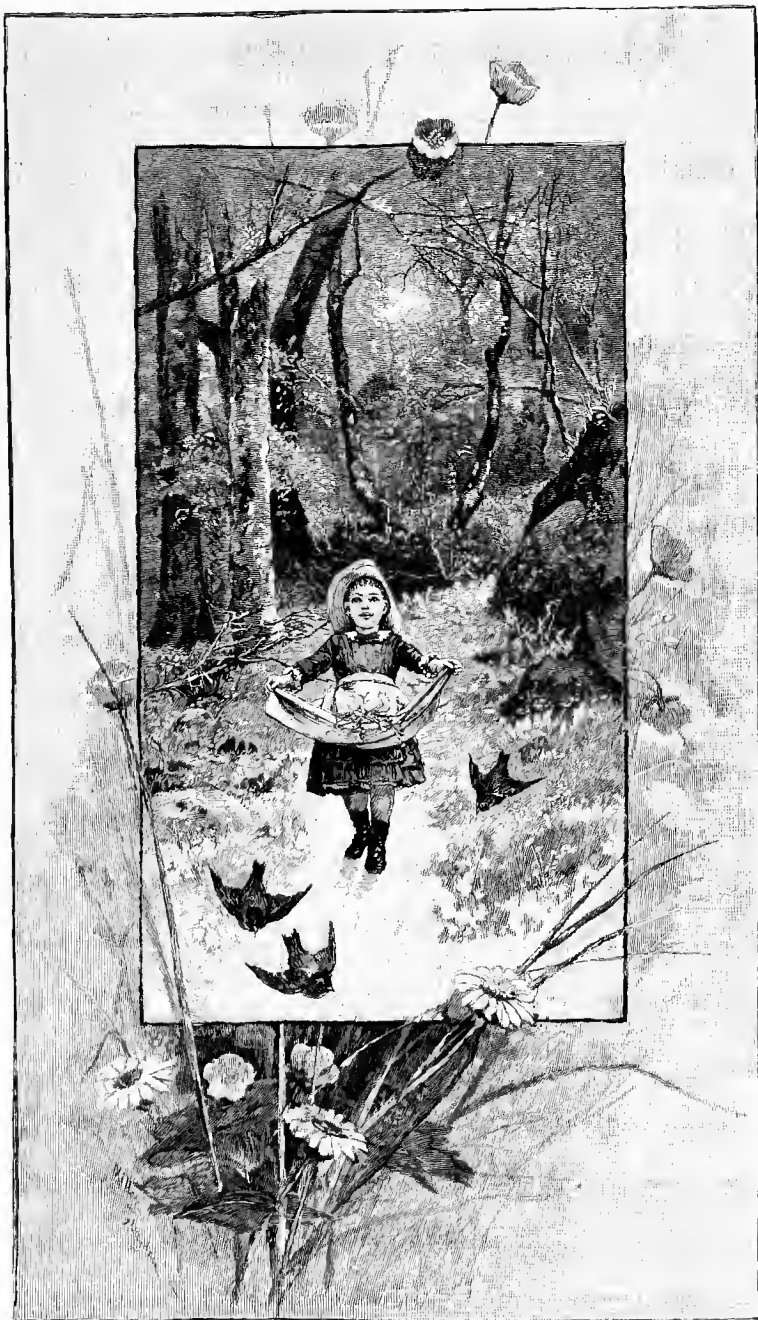
"Spring has come back," she said ;  
 "Sky-colored birds overhead  
 Sing of faint-scented violets blowing,  
 Mist-blooming willows and soft blossoms snowing,  
 Pale yellow butterflies coming and going,  
 And in the meadows the sparkling brooks flowing —  
 Sing, little birds ! and sing as with knowing  
 I am so happy," she said,  
 Lifting her bright young head.

## AN APPEAL.

BY JESSIE SCOTT.

I PRAY you to say what a mother can do  
 With a boy she loves so well,  
 Who always has been so tender and true,  
 As every one will tell ;  
 But who, now that he's come into his teens,  
 A sailor-boy would be,  
 And though he don't know half what it means,  
 Is wild "to go to sea."

All his talk is now of fore and aft,  
 Of bark and of sloop and brig ;  
 And well he knows every sort of craft,  
 And just what makes her rig ;  
 And he has learned how to splice and tie  
 No end of hard, queer knots ;  
 And you could not help but laugh, on the sly,  
 At all that he knows of yachts.



A JOYOUS LITTLE MAID.





"Land-lubbers," I think, he calls us now :  
 Sailors alone are brave ;  
 And there's no life, I have heard him vow,  
 Like life on the salt sea wave ;  
 Yet, hark you, none of your steamers for him,  
 With landmen dull for a crew,  
 But ships, with their sails all staunch and trim,  
 And sailor boys in blue.

And if our boy strives still to be good,  
 Always the best to do and be,  
 His honors will come, as honors should,  
 Whether on land or sea ;

Now this, good friends, is the sort of young man,  
 An expert at whittling ribs,  
 Who would keep his mother, if but he can,  
 Forever a-hemming jibs ;  
 Moody and grave his father has grown  
 With these restless sailor ways,  
 And I, with my arm about him thrown,  
 Sigh for his baby days.

At last we've about made up our mind,  
 This is the thing we'll do :  
 Some snug little craft we will try to find,  
 With a captain kind and true,  
 And our dreaming boy we'll trust to him,  
 To learn for himself the sea,  
 While at home we pray, with eyes all dim,  
 That the waves will gentle be.

Perhaps, 'twixt bunk, and storm, and hard tack,  
 And the rolling seasick wave,  
 He'll long to turn on the homeward track,  
 The billows no more to brave ;  
 But if, as I suspect sometimes,  
 A sailor still he would be,  
 I am sure it is not the worst of crimes  
 To love the glorious sea !



AND WELL HE KNOWS EVERY SORT OF CRAFT.

But still, pray tell us, candid and true,  
 And please make haste to speak :  
 Is this the thing that *you* would do ?  
 (He is going to sail next week.)

## SUPPOSING.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.



F I should write a valentine  
And send it to my lady,  
And you should be the messenger,  
My darling little Maidie,

You think you'd tie your bonnet on,  
And pulling up your mittens,  
Go running with my sonnet, on  
Two feet as fleet as kittens?

Oh, no: your pardon I must beg,  
For you'd untie your bonnet  
And hang your mittens on a peg,  
And sit down with my sonnet;

And in it you'd find lots of love,  
And, written on the cover:  
"A Valentine for Madie — from  
Her most devoted lover."

## "TATTS."

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"I WONDER," says little Hope, with a tear in her bright dark eye,  
"If horses have any heaven to go to when 'they die?'"  
And the child's thought, it haunts me somehow, I think of it more and more,  
And wonder if "Tatts" has found a heaven upon some unknown shore.

For it happened only yesterday when Ben took the girls to school —  
He's a trusty hand is my Ben, steady and brave and cool,  
And when he speaks to the horses, if only he just says, whoa!  
They stop quite still and gentle, though he speaks so calm and low —

But yesterday, as I was telling, the clouds a storm  
did bode,  
The thermometer stood at zero, as they gained the  
river road —  
Our bonnie, bonnie river, our pride through the long  
years past,  
And to think on its frozen bosom our "Tatts" should  
breathe her last !

"Tatts" surely stumbled, I'm thinking, for quick as  
a flash, her head  
Went under the ice with a twist, and our trusty mare  
was dead.  
Ben says her neck was broken — but the girls jumped  
out of the sleigh  
And hammered the treacherous ice with their feet  
and fists to get it away.



"THEY SAW IT WAS NO USE THEN."

There had been a thaw, and then there had followed  
a nipping frost,  
As the girls beneath the buffalo robes were finding  
to their cost,  
And the ice was thin and treacherous. as is often an  
"upper crust" —  
I don't like, dears, to tell it, but if I must, I  
must !

But when they had got her out, they saw it was no  
use then,  
She would never have other master than my kind-  
hearted Ben ;  
And the girls walked home with their dresses all  
frozen about their knees,  
And their stockings inside their boots were just be-  
ginning to freeze.

I call them both little heroines—they didn't stand and cry  
And let their brother work and wait till another team went by,  
But their willing hands were helping in the icy water and snow—  
And like Hope, I wonder if there's a heaven where dear old "Tatts" can go !



## THE WEED'S MISSION

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

**T**ALL grew a weed outside a garden gate,  
 Inside a gladiolus in splendor grew.  
 "Why do *you* with the autumn blossoms wait?"  
 The flower asked. "There is no need of you.  
 In truth, I know not why you live at all —  
 Only a few, pale, yellow blooms you bore  
 And worthless are your seeds. Pray, droop and fall.  
 I should not grieve at seeing you no more.  
 I grace the world, for evening's brightest skies  
 Are not more rich in gold and red than I,  
 And every day the ling'ring butterflies  
 Beg *me* to stay till *they* must say 'good-by.'"

"Yes, you *are* beautiful," the weed replied.  
 In patient voice, "and I am plain indeed.  
 But God knows why." Just then a bird, bright-eyed  
 And scarlet-beaked, saw the clust'ring seed,  
 And lighting on a slender branch he ate  
 With many a little chirp of thankful glee,  
 Then spread his wings and perched upon the gate,  
 And blessed his wayside friend in melody.  
 "Ah! said the weed, when he had flown, "proud flower,  
 A hungry, south-bound bird *you* could not feed  
 Though you rejoice in Beauty's gracious dow'r —  
 That boon was granted to an humble weed!"



## ALL-HALLOWE'EN.

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 BY MARY E. WILKINS.
 

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THREE gentle little maids there were  
 I never can forget;  
 Three sisters: little Rosalind,  
 And Ruth, and Margaret.

And Rosalind was a pretty bird,  
 With winsome lady ways;  
 And Ruth was one who, rich or poor,  
 Would frolic all her days.

But Margaret had grave blue eyes,  
 And was not like the rest;  
 And Margaret had when she was born,  
 A sweet thought in her breast.

Three children, merely, still they were,  
 And innocent as doves:  
 Their pretty dreams they'd not begun  
 To dream of their true-loves.

Yet, ne'ertheless, they thought to try,  
 On one All-Hallow E'en,  
 A little charm they'd learned whereby  
 Their true-loves might be seen.

Merrily down the field they ran,  
 Their hearts were all astir:  
 They prattled gayly of true-loves,  
 Nor knew what true-loves were.

The birds were all asleep or fled;  
 There scarce was left a flower  
 Save, on the borders of the fields,  
 The feathery virgin's-bower.

The grass was silver-white with dew,  
 The night was wondrous still;  
 They heard no fairy bridles ring,  
 Nor fairy trumpets shrill.

Yet still the three sped o'er the field  
 Like robins on the wing;  
 And Rosalind a mirror held  
 Slung on a silken string.

"And here 's the place; and here 's the spot;  
 And here 's the willow-lane;  
 And do you know the charm?" said she,  
 "Best say it o'er again:

*"A four-leaved clover in the field,  
 And a red star in the sea:  
 Wither, clover! vanish star!  
 My true-love come to me!"*

"Walk slowly backward down the lane  
 And say the charm, you know,  
 The while you hold before your face  
 The little mirror, so;

"And you will see your true-love's face  
 Beside yours in the glass;  
 And if you laugh not out, nor speak,  
 'T will surely come to pass.

"Since I am oldest, I 'll go first."  
 Trembling, the little maid  
 Paced slowly backward down the lane,  
 Nor owned she was afraid.

"And whom saw you, dear Rosalind?  
 Who may your true-love be?  
 Oh, tell us quick, dear Rosalind,  
 If you did any see?"

The garden had not held that year  
 A little flower so pale:  
 "I saw," she faltered fearfully,  
 "Will — Willie Nightingale."

Ruth's laugh rang out like silver bells,  
 But Margaret chided her:  
 "Be quiet: other things than we,  
 Adown the woodland stir."

"And not a fairy of them all  
 Could stop the laugh in me!  
 But I 'll go next." Then down the lane  
 Merrily trotted she.

"I saw," she panted, running back,  
 Her round cheeks all abloom,  
 "I saw our neighbor's brindle calf,  
 With a jockey hat and plume!"

"Now fie upon you, Ruth, for shame!"  
 Her serious sisters cried;  
 "You jest upon All-Hallow E'en,  
 You 'll never be a bride."

"I 'll dance at both your weddings, dears,  
 A merry single lass,  
 And I 'll bring along the brindle calf  
 I saw within the glass!"

"Now mind her not," said Rosalind,  
 "If she will vex us so,  
 And take the mirror, Margaret,  
 For 't is your turn to go."

She said the charm o'er soberly,  
 And backward 'gan to pace,  
 Upon the mirror keeping fixed  
 Her earnest little face.

"And, Margaret, what have you seen  
 That makes your eyes so bright?"  
 "A little boy with golden hair,  
 In a long, straight gown of white.

"Oh, sisters dear, the sweetest mine  
 Of every one's true-loves —  
 His hair was gold, and in his hand  
 He held a leash of doves.

"And I will love my true-love true  
 Forever till I die,  
 And I will love him after that,  
 Up yonder in the sky!"

And if the gold-haired boy and doves  
 Those solemn eyes of blue  
 Had really seen — how can I tell? —  
 The darling thought 't was true.

There was a slim young maple near  
 With gold leaves round his head,  
 And clematis caught on his boughs —  
 And was it that instead?

If 't was or no it matters not,  
 It was a pretty dream;  
 And we are gladder all our lives  
 Sometimes for things that seem.

Before the sisters went to sleep  
 On that All-Hallow E'en,  
 They told their gentle mother all  
 The wondrous things they'd seen.

She laughed a little tenderly:  
 "Oh hush, my foolish dears,  
 Your true-loves come not yet, I hope,  
 For many merry years."

But when the three were all asleep  
 She came beside their beds,  
 And kissed them all, and softly stroked  
 Their little silken heads.

## A FASHIONABLE LADY.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

### I.—OPENING DAY.

SCARCELY waked up in the morning,  
 Is the Lady Dandelion,  
 When a little yellow bonnet,  
 Gaily she begins to try on.

Such a coronet of fringes  
 Is it — such a glow of color —  
 Even the gold upon the plumage  
 Of the oriole is duller.

All she cares for is the fashion;  
 For she waits not to see whether  
 It is timely as to season,  
 Or is proper as to weather.

She was born to lead and dazzle,  
 And her followers will be plenty,  
 And because of that one little  
 Yellow bonnet, there'll be twenty.

### II.—THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Scarce a week has scattered sunshine  
 On the Lady Dandelion,  
 When a little snowy head-dress  
 Gravely she begins to tie on.

It looks quite as if a fairy  
 In a frolic had begun it;  
 Or as if a nimble spider  
 In a busy mood had spun it.

Ah, I see old Time is busy  
 With this stylish little lady;  
 Ruffled white-cap is a night-cap!  
 She is past her beauty's hey-day.

Nothing now she cares for fashion;  
 All she asks a bed to die on!  
 Blows a gust! and in a moment  
 Gone is Lady Dandelion!

## NED'S WONDERINGS.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

LITTLE brook, laughing brook, how do you know,  
Through meadows, through woodlands, just  
where to go,  
To find, by and by, the broad river below?

And you, robin red-breast, do tell me, right now,  
Before you fly off to your little birds, how  
You built that round nest in the old apple-bough?

And, beautiful flower, how was it you sprung  
From the hard little seed I carelessly flung,  
One morning, the weeds and the rubbish among?

The brook rippled on, the mother-bird fled,  
The dainty white blossom — not one word she  
said.

I wonder — could *anyone* tell little Ned!

## BOYS AND BANTIES.

BY J. K. NUTTING.

BOYS twain,  
Banties twain,  
Think of it again;  
Meditate,  
Cogitate:  
“Nothing made in vain!”

Boys, what are Banties for?  
Banties, what are boys for?

“*Kra-a-ow!*  
*Kra-a-ow!*”

Quoth the dainty Bantie madam;  
“Oh, you bothering son of Adam,  
Do n't you know that nest is mine  
By the best of right divine?

*Kra-ow! Kra-ow!*

“‘What are boys for?’ I opine  
That at least ten out of nine  
Are for — *bother*, and for — worry!  
O me! I'm in *such* a flurry,  
*Kra-a-a-ow!*”

“Fudge!” says bothering son of Adam;  
“What's *such* eggs worth? If I *had* 'em,  
They're too small to eat, or sell.  
‘What are Banties for?’ Oh, well,  
They're to look at. Hear her scold!  
See that rooster! My! *he's* bold —  
S'pose, Phil, if you were small as he,  
*You'd* dare bristle up to me?”

“*K'dirkut!* '*Dirkut!* Have you know  
That's my wife! Be careful now!  
Yesterday, I smote a rat!  
Day before, I drove a cat!  
*K'dirkut!* see these spurs? This beak?  
S'pose I could n't make *you* squeak?  
Savage beasts or monster men  
Cower beneath my valiant ken!  
*K'dirkut!* '*Dirkut!*  
*'Dirk!*”

“Tom,” says quiet Phil, “see here,  
I've been thinking: Ain't it queer  
What small bits of things can — love?  
Do n't it kind of seem to *prove*  
*Something?*”



"Course it does," says Tom, (his eyes  
Looking sort of twinkle-wise,)  
"PROVES — do you know we boys, *all*, sir,  
Call you Old Phil-osopher?"

"Well, Tom, I *have* to think — you know  
Some boys are constituted so!  
And, yes — I think I've got it now:  
It's plain that spunk, and love, and  
things,  
Do n't all belong to queens and kings,  
And elephants, and big grown men,  
By no means — why, as like as not  
This little saucy Touch-me-not  
Is just as brave as General Grant,  
If he could show it — course he can't."

"Perhaps," says Tom; — "but, then, Old  
Sober,  
It's past the middle of October;  
If you were me, now, would you let  
This little Fuss-and-feathers 'set'?"

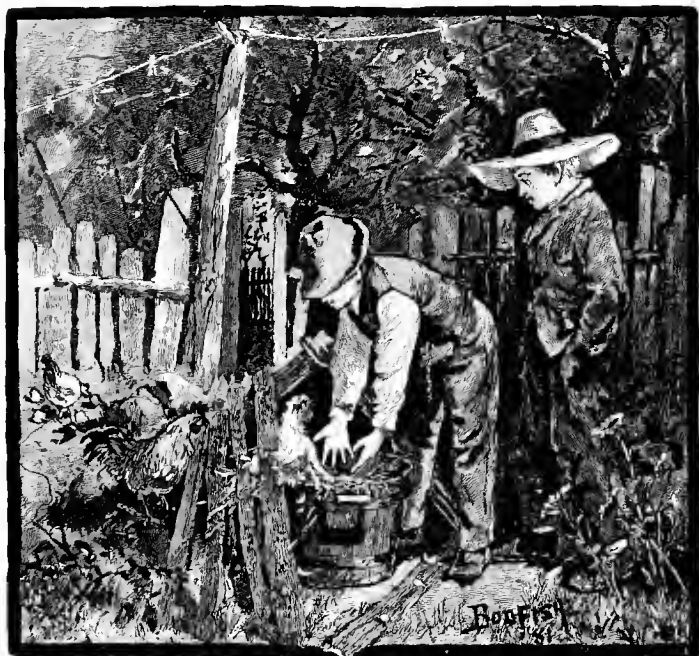
"Why not? Really, I s'pose they know  
Exactly what they ought to do,  
For they've got *instinct*."

"Yes — that's so —  
But pshaw! the chicks 'll freeze their toes!"

"Not if we make 'em shoes and clothes —  
That's where our reason goes ahead  
Of instinct, after all. I've read —"

"Phil-osopher! You're Number One!  
If you ha'n't laid out lots of fun

For me, and you, and Madge, and all —  
Why, it 'll last us all the fall!  
Red coats — blue stockings — hats and boots!  
We'll rig 'em out in soldier suits!  
Ha! ha! I think I see 'em now,  
All marching reg'lar, in a row!  
Hoorah for Reason! Bantie, now  
What say you?"



"Kra-ow! Kra-ow!  
Kur-r-r! Kur-r-r! Good fellow, Tom,  
*Please* now! oh, please to let me come!  
For while you talk (all Greek to me),  
My eggs are getting cold, you see."

"All right, my Bantie! But you 'll see,  
If all goes well, what fun there 'll be —  
Still, I'd advise you to remember  
That next month is *that cold November!*"

# "WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET."

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BY EMMA E. BROWN.

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## I.

A SNOW-WREATH, a sunbeam — the birth of the stream ;  
 A flashing, a dashing, a ripple, a gleam  
 Now cresting the hillside, now kissing the heath  
 And sweet flower lips in the meadows beneath ;  
 O brook-life ! O child-life ! What other can be  
 So fresh and so fearless, so joyous, so free ?

## II.

But deeper and stronger and calmer the flow,  
 And fairer the scenes that are mirrored below,  
 As down the dim distance the blue waters glide,  
 And thrill with the swell of the incoming tide.  
 O river-life ! maiden-life ! dread not the sea,  
 The Past is as naught to the boundless "*To Be !*"

# PEGGY'S DOUBT.

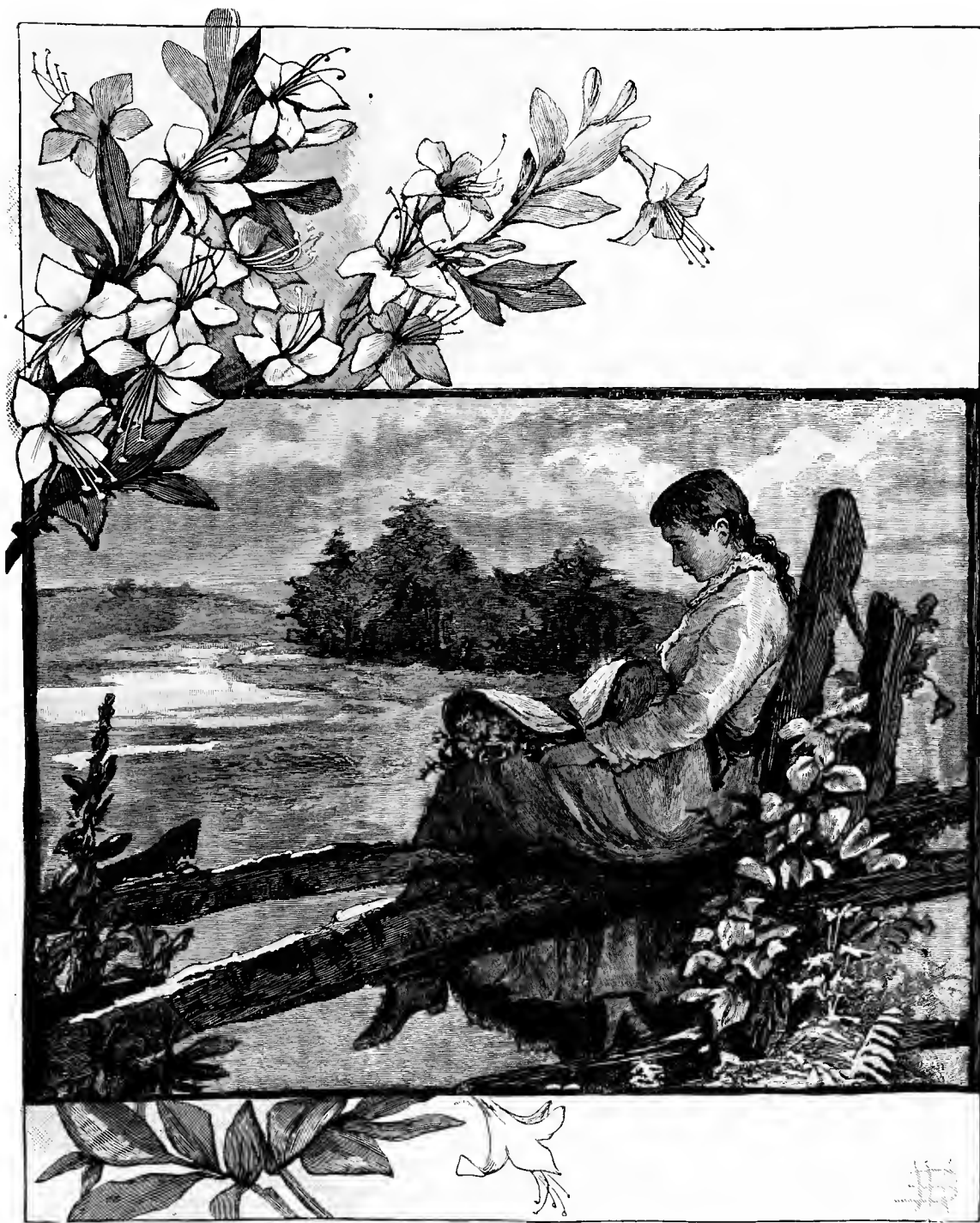
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BY ROSA GRAHAM.

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BEFORE the big shop window stood  
 A little girl with humble hood  
 And coat and boots worn old and thin :  
 Poor little Peggy gazing in —  
     " If there were only fairies,  
     Just for Christmas ! fairies  
 To give me that sweet angel there,  
 With the blue eyes and curly hair ;  
 But, no, there isn't fairies now — "  
 " You think there isn't, Peggy Dow ? "  
 A merry voice speaks suddenly  
 Beside her ; and she turns to see  
 Rich little Nan, with flying feet,  
 Go gayly laughing down the street.

Tap, tap, tap, upon the door ;  
 Within sat Peggy weeping, more  
 Than ever vexed with little Nan ;  
 Tap, tap — weeping still, she ran,  
     Opened, and, big-eyed, " Fairies ! "  
     Cried : " there's surely fairies ! "  
 For, lo ! she sees a bundle there —  
 The angel with the curly hair  
 And eyes of blue. " Yes, fairies now  
 For Christmas ! " — " Think so, Peggy Dow ? "  
 A merry voice speaks suddenly ;  
 And, just in time, she turned to see,  
 As down the street, mamma and Nan,  
 The laughing Christmas fairies, ran.



"WHERE THE EROOK AND RIVER MEET."



THE FERNS AND THE FLAKES.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

“O H! what shall we do  
The long winter through?”  
The baby-ferns cried  
When the mother-fern died.

The wind whistled bleak,  
The woodland was drear;  
On each baby cheek  
There glistened a tear.

Then down from the cloud,  
Like a flutter of wings,

There came a whole crowd  
Of tiny white things

That trooped in a heap  
Where the baby-ferns lay,  
And put them to sleep  
That bleak bitter day.

Tucked under the snow  
In their little brown hoods,  
Not a thing will they know —  
These “babes in the woods” —

Till some day in spring,  
When the bobolinks sing,  
They will open their eyes  
To the bluest of skies!

LITTLE TITIAN'S PALETTE.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HIGH up in the Vale of Cadore,  
Encompassed by mountains as wild  
As the wildness of gloom and of glory  
Could make them, dwelt Titian, the child.

The snow-covered ridges and ranges,  
The gorges as dusky as night,  
The cloud-wracks, the shadows, the changes,  
All filled him with dreams of delight.

The flush of the summer, the duller  
White sheen of the winter abroad,

Would move him to ecstasy: color,  
To him, was a vision of God.

Enraptured his mother would hold him  
With legends that never sufficed  
To tire him out, as she told him  
Of Mary, the Mother of Christ.

“How blue are her eyes?” he would ask her;  
“As blue as the harebells I know;  
And her cheek” (it was so he would task her) —  
“Is her cheek like a rose under snow?”

So, stirred with the spell of the story,  
One day as he wandered alone



Deep into the Vale of Cadoré,  
Where blossoms by thousands were strown,

He suddenly cried : " I will paint her !  
The darling Madonna ! — for, see,  
These anemone buds are not fainter  
Than the tint of her temples must be !

" Who ever saw violets bluer ?  
Their stain is the stain of the skies ;  
So what could be sweeter or truer  
For tinging the blue of her eyes ?

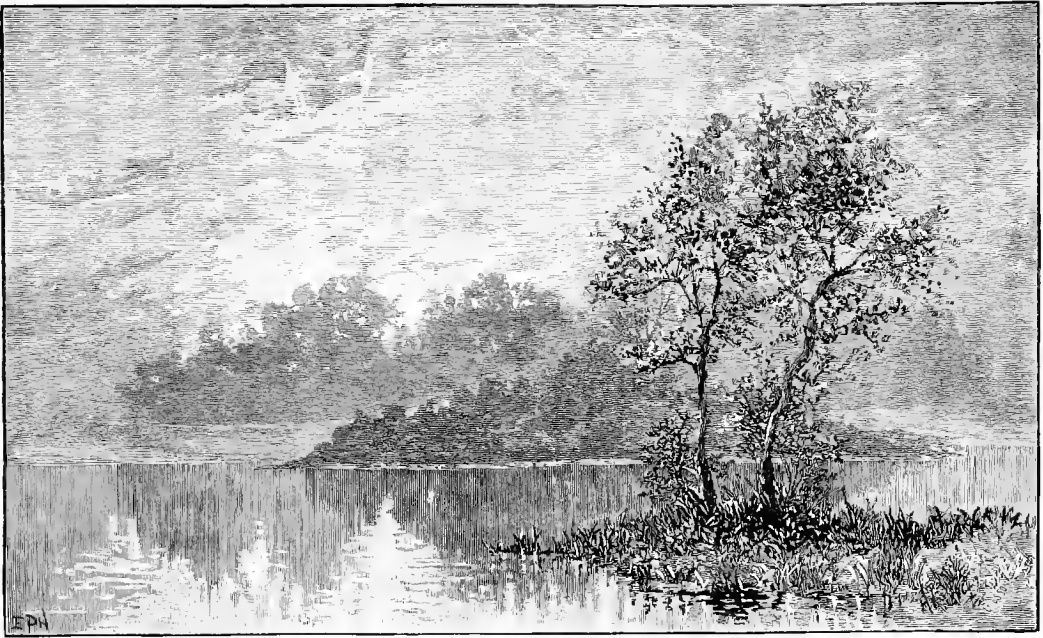
" This rose — why, the sunsets have fed her  
Till she looks like a rose of the South ;  
I never saw one that was redder ;  
O, that, I will keep for her mouth !

" Yon blood-root, as brown as October,  
Is just what I want for her hair ;  
And the juice of this gentian shall robe her  
In garments an angel might wear ! "

Thus the picture was painted. Long after,  
In Venice, the Bride of the Sea,  
When he sat amid feasting and laughter,  
With guests of the noblest degree —

When his name, and his fame, and his glory,  
To the height of the highest arose,  
And Titian, the child of Cadoré,  
Was Titian, the Master — who knows

If ever his world-widened powers  
Were touched with so tender a grace  
As when, from his palette of flowers,  
He painted that marvellous face !



THE SILENCE OF THE MORNING'S SPLENDOR.

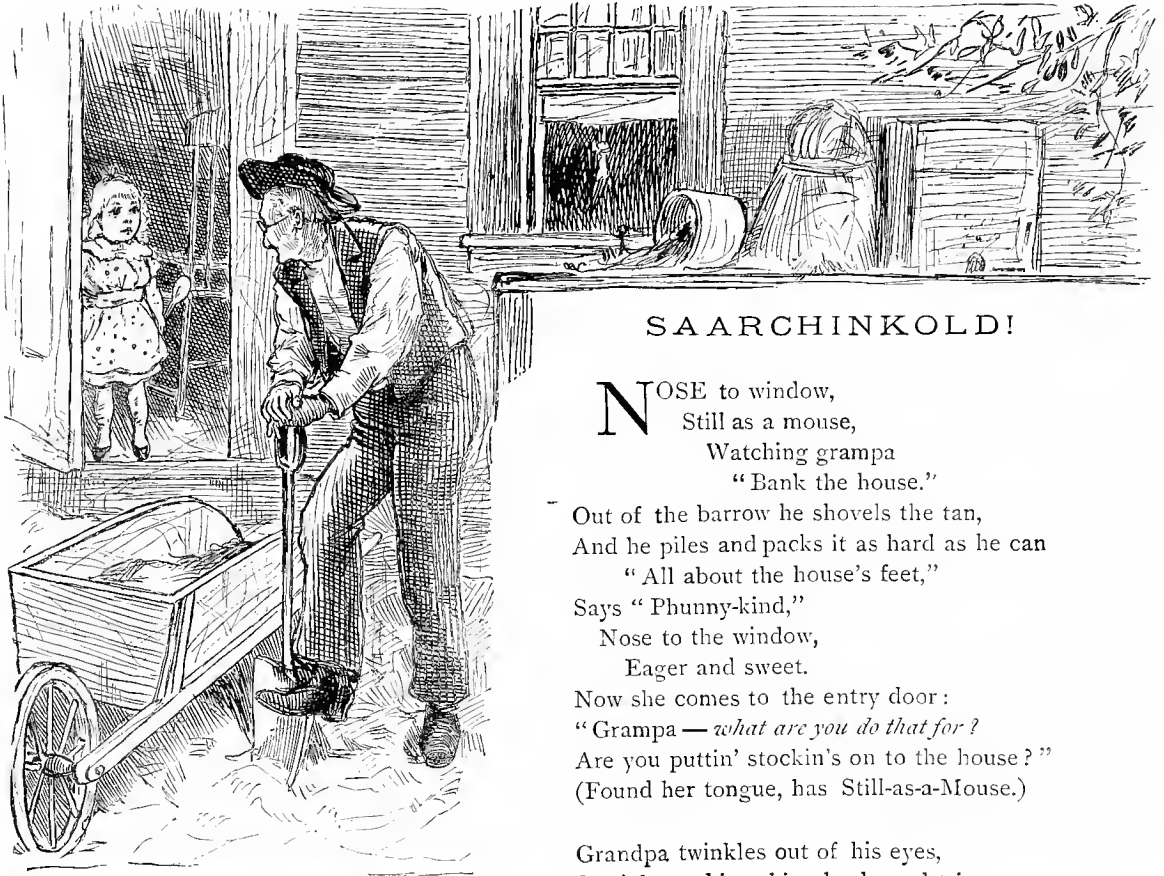
## IN MIDSUMMER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

**I**NTO silence of the morning's splendor  
 There is shak'n a golden robin's dream ;  
 Kissed by sunshine to divine surrender,  
 Bloom the snowy lilies in the stream ;  
 Soft south winds the hidden wild flowers woo ;  
 And between the tangled leaves in view —  
 Hush ! I see the Summer,  
     Summer,  
         Summer floating through.

Bees in rose-leaf cradles softly shaken,  
 . Rocked throughout the moonlight by the breeze,  
 Loitering on their perfumed pillows, waken  
 To the murmured transport of the trees ;  
 Night's lament is told in tears of dew ;  
 Willow bloom is bathed to crystal hue —  
 Hush ! I see the Summer,  
     Summer,  
         Summer flashing through.

Climbs the sun, with ecstasy of shining,  
 From the blush of rising into gold ;  
 And the river's heart, with close defining,  
 Tells the same sweet story it is told ;  
 Hills are veiled in tender mists anew ;  
 From the liquid skies' unshadowed blue —  
 Hush ! I see the Summer,  
     Summer,  
         Summer flooding through.



## SAARCHINKOLD!

N<sup>O</sup>SE to window,  
Still as a mouse,  
Watching grampa  
"Bank the house."

Out of the barrow he shovels the tan,  
And he piles and packs it as hard as he can  
"All about the house's feet,"  
Says "Phunny-kind,"

Nose to the window,  
Eager and sweet.

Now she comes to the entry door:  
"Grampa — *what are you do that for?*  
Are you puttin' stockin's on to the house?"  
(Found her tongue, has Still-as-a-Mouse.)

Grandpa twinkles out of his eyes,  
Straightens his aching back, and tries  
To look as solemn as Phunny-kind.  
But the child says:

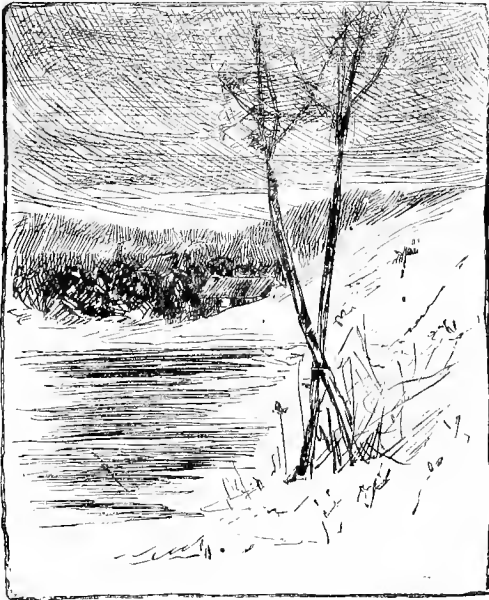
"Grampa, is it the wind  
That keeps you a-shakin' an' shakin' so?"  
Then the old man, shaking the more, says: "No!  
But I'm bankin' the house, Miss Locks-o-gold,  
To keep out the dreadful —

*Sa-archin' Cold!*"

And away he chuckles, barrow and all:  
"Mazin' thing," he says, "*to be small!*  
Folks says the best things 't ever they do  
Afore they git old 'nough to know!"

Phunny-kind puzzles her queer, wee brain  
As slowly she toddles in again:  
— "Is she a nawful, ugly, old  
Giant — or what — this

'Sa-archinkold?'"







She stands by the clock in the corner, now :  
 "I wonder," she says, "does the old clock know?  
 But the great clock

Ticks !

And the grim clock

Tocks !

Away at the top of his ghostly box ;  
 The round Full Moon (in his forehead) smiles ;  
 But with all his wisdom, or all his wiles,  
 Though he knows very well,  
 He never will tell  
 Should he tick and tock till a century old  
 What they mean by  
 The Sa-archinkold !

In the great, square room, by a cheerful flame  
 In the fire-place, beuding above her frame,  
 Is grandma, snapping her chalky string  
 Across and across a broad, bright thing.  
 "Gramma, what you are a-doin' here?"  
 "I'm a-makin' a 'comfort,' my little dear ;  
 For grandpa and I are a-gittin' old,  
 And we're afeared o' the Sa-archin' Cold."

When the daylight fades, and the shadows fall  
 Flickering down from the fire-dogs tall,  
 Comes Uncle Phil, from his school and his books.  
 "Uncle Phil, I know by your smile-y looks —  
 You'll let me — get on your knee — jus' so—  
 An' you'll tell me somefing I want to know :  
 'Cos, you see, Uncle Phil, I've got to be told  
 Who she is — they call her

'The Sa-archinkold.'"

Uncle Phil looks up ;

Uncle Phil looks down ;

And he wags his head ;

And he tries to frown ;

But at last he cries

In a great surprise :

"Why, yes ! to be sure ! to be sure, I'll tell  
 For I know the old dame, of old, right well :





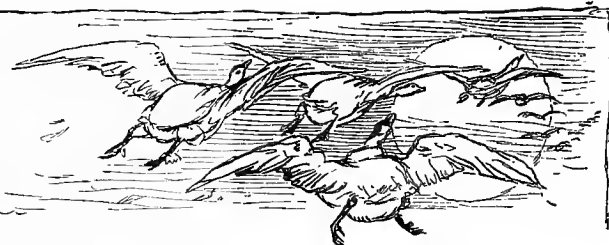
“Now Jack is a fine old fellow, you see ;  
 Spicy, and full of his pranks, is he :  
 Snipping off noses, just for fun,  
 And sticking 'em on again when he is done ;  
 A-pinching at pretty, soft ears and cheeks ;  
 A-wakin' folks up with his jolly freaks ;  
     But a—h ! for your life  
     Look sharp for his wife !

“For she comes after, and comes to stay —  
 Welcome or not — for a month and a day !  
 She plots, and she plans, she sneaks, and she  
     crawls  
 Till she finds a way through the thickest of walls !”

“ZH——ZH !  
 Did you ever meet a  
 More dreadful creatur !  
     She's Jack Frost's wife !  
     And the plague of his life !

“ZH !—ZH !  
 I'm all of a shiver,  
 Heart, lungs and liver !  
 When I think of that old  
     SAARCHINKOLD !





"Oh—oo!" cries Phunny-kind, "how does she look?"  
 "To be sure! I'll picture her just like a book.  
 — Her nose — is an icicle, sharp and strong,  
 To poke in at every hole and crack;  
 Her eyes gleam frostily all night long —  
 But who knows whether they're blue or black?"

"She brings on her back  
 An astonishing pack,  
 Like a blacksmith's bellows, marvellous big;  
 And while she dances a horrible jig,  
 Out of this bellows a doleful tune  
 She skre—eels away, in the dark o' the Moon!"

"But if ever she works with a wicked will,  
 'Tis when she is quiet, and sly, and still.  
 She pretends that old Jack leaves his work but half  
 done,  
 She '*wishes for once he'd be quit of his fun!*'  
 So she follows him up with her sour, ugly phiz,  
 And wherever she goes, you may know she means 'biz.

"Look sharp when she peeps through the crack o'  
 the door!  
 Look sharp when she hides away under the floor!  
 She'll crack the bare ground with a terrible bang!  
 And out from the clap-boards the nails will go, spang!"



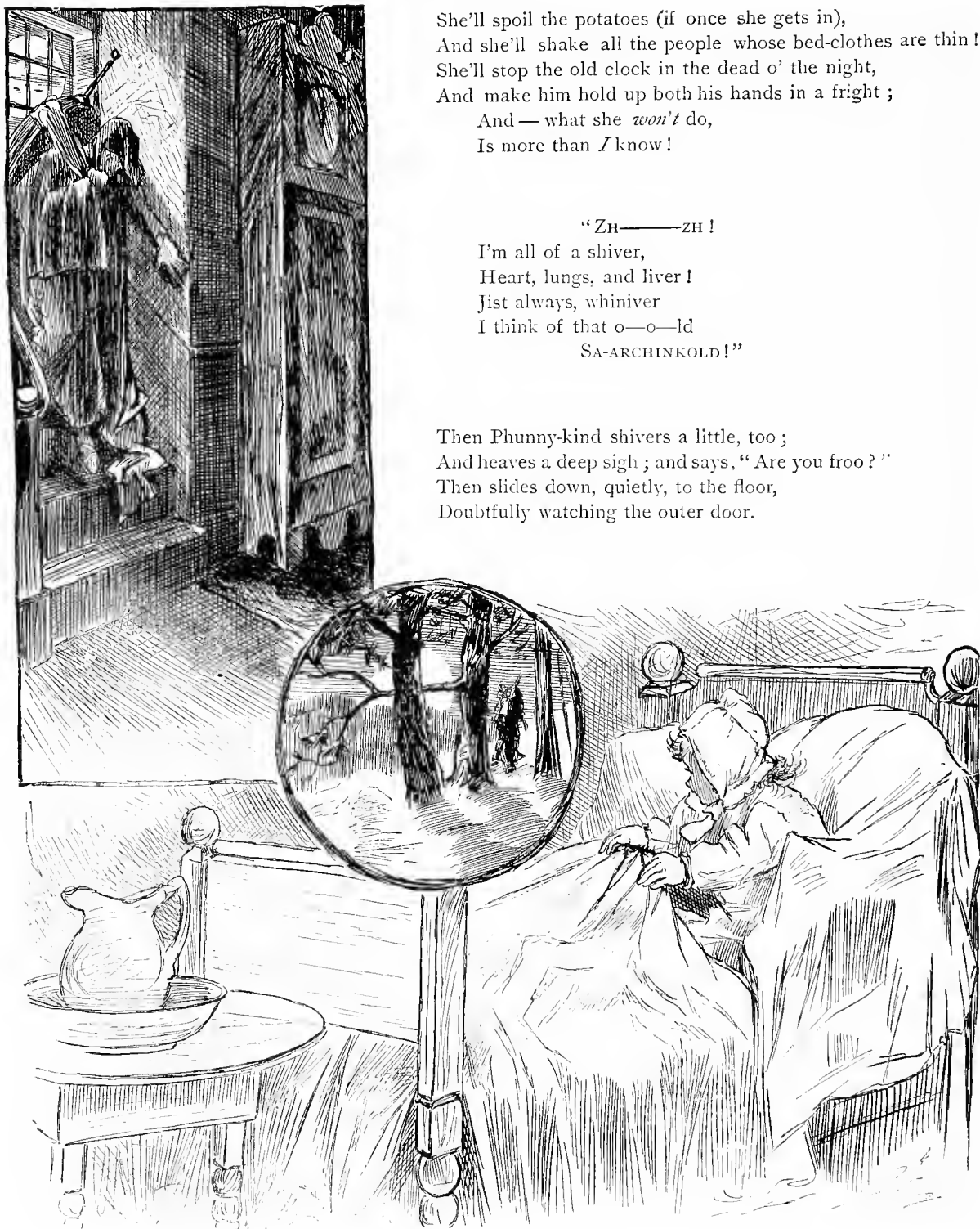
SAARCHINKOLD:

She'll spoil the potatoes (if once she gets in),  
 And she'll shake all the people whose bed-clothes are thin !  
 She'll stop the old clock in the dead o' the night,  
 And make him hold up both his hands in a fright ;  
 And — what she *won't* do,  
 Is more than *I* know !

“ZH——ZH !

I'm all of a shiver,  
 Heart, lungs, and liver !  
 Jist always, whiniver  
 I think of that o—o—I'd  
 SA-ARCHINKOLD !”

Then Phunny-kind shivers a little, too ;  
 And heaves a deep sigh ; and says, “ Are you froo ? ”  
 Then slides down, quietly, to the floor,  
 Doubtfully watching the outer door.





She says, "Is my bed got a fing like you said —  
A 'comfut' — vat I can put over my head?"  
" (Oh, Phil! naughty boy!) says grandma; — "yes, dear  
Your bed's got a 'comfut,' so never you fear —  
And you should be in it, for see, the old clock  
Points just to your bed-time, and says 'tick-tock!'"

"Well, grampa, I'm goin' as quick as I can,  
If you'll only give me a handful of 'tan.'  
"What for?" "Oh, I'm jus' goin' to take it to bed,  
'Cos, I recollec' every word that you said,  
And gramma, and Phil; for *all of you told*  
How 'comfuts,' and 'tan'll' keep out  
SA-ARCHINKOLD!"



DO you know you are two years old to-day,  
 You fairest blossom that ever grew?  
 Come, deepen your dimples, sir, I pray,  
 And say what you think of the world at two!

Is the earth a rose-garden under your feet,  
 And the sky a deep blue-bell hung above?  
 Is morning a play-time merry and sweet,  
 And night a great lap of rest and love?

Such is the world at two, my dear.  
 Such are the earth and sky to you.  
 — But life is strange, and there comes a year  
 When into the rose-garden creeps the rue!

## A LETTER AND A CROWN.

BY JENNIE M. BURR.

MECKLENBERG and Strelitz. Find them,  
 Will you, on the map? Behind them  
 Rolls the Baltic sea; the river  
 Elbe's waters flash and quiver  
 Just beside them. There in Strelitz,  
 ('Tis no secret, so I tell its  
 Name) was born the Princess Charlotte,  
 Under such a lucky star, but  
 Happier — But that is telling.

Even princesses their spelling,  
 Reading, writing, must attend to,  
 And sometimes their stockings mend, too.  
 Little Princess Charlotte had her  
 Daily tasks which made her sadder  
 Sometimes, maybe, but far wiser;  
 For the silly child who tries her  
 Lessons to avoid will never  
 Know much if she lives forever.

Charlotte learned to play the spinet,  
 Singing with it like a linnet,  
 Also. Even Haydn praised her;  
 And you'd think it would have raised her  
 Greatly when that grand musician  
 Gave her such a fine position.

One day Charlotte wrote a letter  
 To a noble prince. She set her-  
 Self to write it beautifully,  
 Giving her attention wholly,

Every i precisely dotting,  
 Crossing all her t's, nor blotting  
 Any part; for she'd been taught to,  
 And she did just as she ought to.  
 "War to me is oh! how dreadful!  
 Of its horrors I've a head full;  
 Peace I think is *such* a blessing;  
 Happy are we when possessing."  
 Thus the princess wrote, then sent it,  
 And the winds their favor lent it.

Some time after, in a Strelitz  
 Garden, where the fountains fell, its  
 Fine old lindens music making  
 In the breezes, flowers shaking  
 Odors from their bells, was playing  
 Princess Charlotte. With her straying  
 There, were others, chatting gaily  
 While their voices musically  
 Laughing echoed through the fairy  
 Spot: "Whom, think you, shall we marry?"  
 Then cried Charlotte: "'Tis no sin; guess  
 Who'll take such a little princess  
 As I am!"

When just that minute  
 Came the English mail, and in it  
 Was one letter for the maiden  
 Princess. Wondrously 'twas laden  
 Such a letter she had never  
 Yet received, nor could you ever





IN THE STRELITZ GARDEN.





Think who wrote, or what was in it.  
 So I may as well begin it.  
 "I, the princely George of Britain,  
 Want a wife ; (what if the mitten  
 I should get ! ) that lovely letter  
 Quite decided me. 'Twas better  
 Far than most write ; and the writer  
 Must be lovely too. Much lighter  
 Will my cares be, if you'll marry  
 Me. So leave your ordinary  
 Life, to share my crown and splendor.  
 Jewels rich and rare I'll lend her  
 Who my queen becomes."

What wonder  
 If the maid went singing under  
 The old Strelitz roof. To marry  
 Such a prince extraordinary  
 As the noble George the Third of  
 England (whom you all have heard of)

Was it not strange and romantic ?  
 Did Dame Fortune queerer antic  
 Ever play before ? For homely  
 Too, she was, though not uncomely,  
 Altogether, and a trimmer  
 Form few maidens have, or slimmer.

So the bells rung for the marriage ;  
 And a splendid royal carriage  
 Bore her to St. James's palace,  
 Where in London, with no malice,  
 Reigned Queen Charlotte, long and wisely.  
 And if you would know precisely  
 What she said and did, how many  
 Court balls gave she ; if any  
 Games she played, or any journey  
 Took — read all in *Fanny Burney*.\*  
 Nor forget that one short letter  
 Crown and kingdom both did get her.

\* Burney Diary and Letters.

## ANNIS VANE.—A. D. 1558.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

FROM every spire in London  
 The merry bells rang mad ;  
 For every face was smiling,  
 And every brow was glad ;  
 And Annis Vane had listened,  
 As to her ear they said,  
 " *We're happy — happy — happy —*  
*The bloody Queen is dead !*"

Quick in her dainty fingers  
 She took a blackened coal  
 Up from the hearth, while round her  
 She heard their riot roll,  
 And on the chamber panel  
 She deeply scored the date :  
 " *A. D.*" — 'twas in the autumn  
 Of "*Fifteen Fifty-Eight.*"

"Oh, mother, make me ready,"  
 She cried, "and prank me gay ;  
 I want to see Westminster  
 On Coronation Day ;  
 I want to hear *Te Deum*  
 Sung o'er the royal death ;  
 And swell the shout, ' *God save her !*  
*The Queen Elizabeth !*'

"For now the fires of Smithfield,  
 Thank Heaven ! are quenched amain,  
 And every soul in England  
 Is free to breathe again.  
 And when they come to crown her —  
 Our Protestant Queen Bess —  
 Why, every heart in London  
 Will break for happiness !

“ So prank my hat with velvet,  
 The best the mercer sells,  
 And round it string a garland  
 Of tiny, tinkling bells ;  
 And bind a clasping circlet  
 Of chains on either side ;  
 And let my ruff of laces  
 Stand full and rich and wide.

“ 'Tis right we should be merry  
 And banish all our dread,  
 And worship God with gladness,  
 Now that the Queen is dead :  
 Who dares to mourn for Mary ?  
 Who cares what Philip saith ?  
 Long live our royal Princess !  
 God save Elizabeth ! ”



ANNIS VANE.

“ I crave some silk of Venice  
 To grace my stomacher ;  
 My fardingale of satin  
 Must have an edge of fur ;  
 And for my waist, good mother,  
 The kirtle close to hold,  
 I fain would have a belting  
 Of fine-wrought Florence gold.

So when within the Abbey,  
 They met with grand array  
 Of trumpets, plumes and banners,  
 To crown Queen Bess that day —  
 Bedight in hat of velvet,  
 And ruff and kirtle fair,  
 No sweeter English maiden  
 Than Annis Vane was there.



## THE FROST-ELF.

BY F. S. SALTUS.

I AM a cunning little elf,  
 I live in Norway all alone ;  
 And really I do think myself  
 The smallest mortal ever known !

I hide all summer in a cave :  
 When winter comes I always know,  
 And then I'm very glad and brave,  
 And gambol gaily in the snow !

A lovely little cloak I wear,  
 Made out of clear and crystal ice ;  
 And a wee frost-cap for my hair,  
 Which in the moonlight looks so nice.

My shoes of purest sleet are made,  
 All fringed with snow and dainty rime,  
 And when in this way I'm arrayed,  
 I really think myself sublime !

I eat all kinds of winter roots,  
 Acorns my palate always please :  
 And nothing more my fancy suits  
 Than frozen snow-drops from the trees !

In my right hand I always hold  
 A great sharp icicle to slay  
 The polar bears when they are bold,  
 And dare to growl and cross my way !

Right often have I had to fight :  
 And once I killed a giant crow —  
 You should have seen me dance that night,  
 And gambol gayly in the snow !

And I, the little elf of frost,  
 Protect from harm the other elves,  
 Poor summer things that oft get lost,  
 And cannot take care of themselves !



*"When the cat's away, the mice will play."*

## A CATASTROPHE.

JAMS, and jellies, and juices,  
 Ready for all sweet uses,  
 Peaches and pears and quinces, she put in a hiding-place,  
 Spices, preserves, and pickles,  
 And everything nice that tickles  
 Little sweet mouths of little sweethearts, till they smile all over their face !  
 But the door — she forgot to lock it  
 Though she put the key in her pocket !

Then she went out to take the air and make a call on the street ;  
 And in less than a half a minute  
 That closet had *other* things in it,  
 Which, though they were not put up in glass, were just too awfully sweet !  
 Dear ! but she did look flustered !  
 She raved, and raged, and blustered !  
 She scolded and blamed, and loudly exclaimed, when she found what had happened that day,  
 'Till twas certainly fun to behold her !  
 Still, nobody ever told her,  
 And she never found out to the end of her life who carried the jam away !  
 But I'll whisper who did that :  
 Silence all !! *It was the CAT!!*

## IF WISHES WERE HORSES!

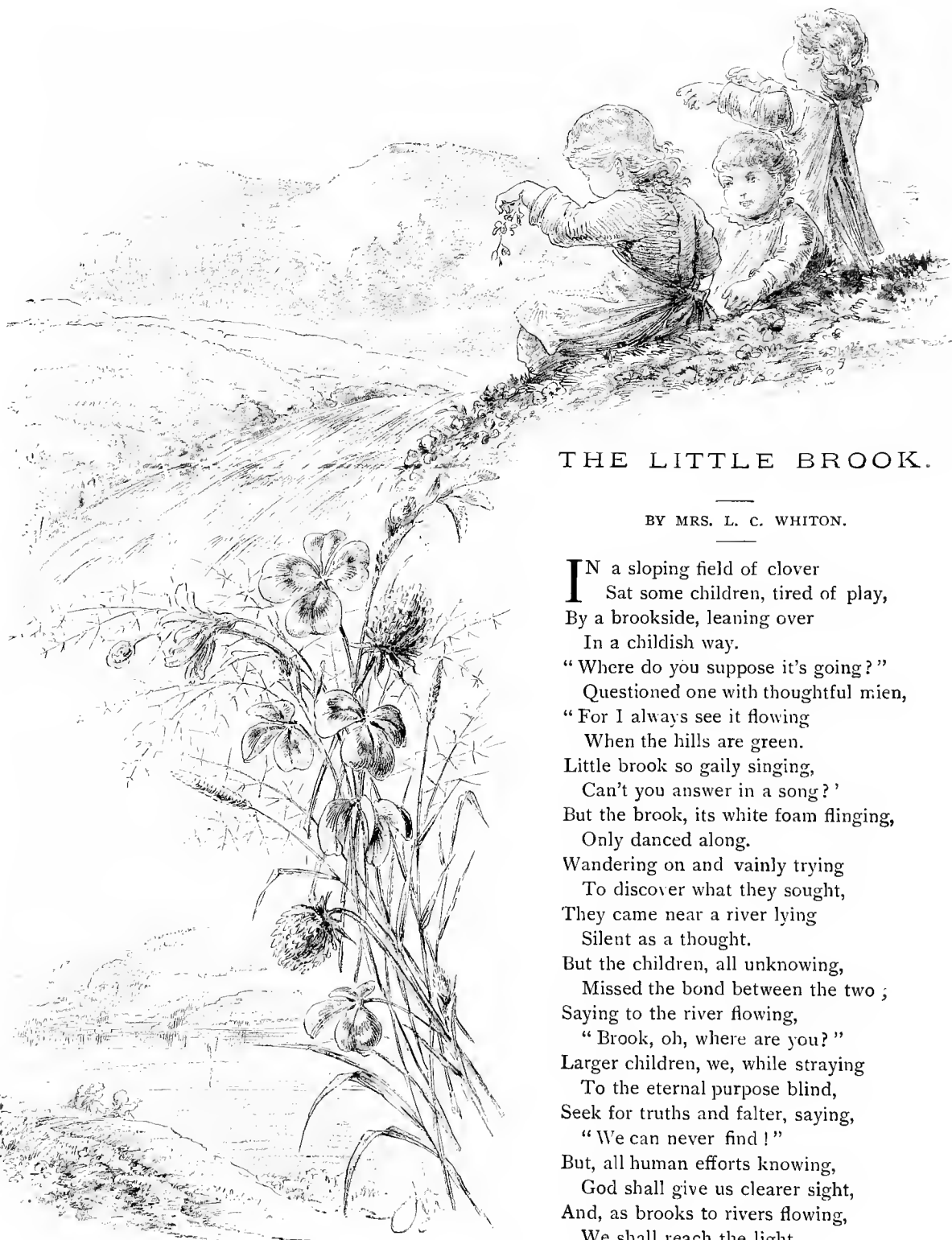
BY M. E. B.

“ **I**F wishes were horses,” dearie,  
 How fast and how far we’d ride  
 On our beautiful snow-white chargers,  
 Bounding with life and pride ;  
 Straight as the flight of an arrow,  
 Swift as the flash of a spear,  
 We’d travel forever and ever,  
 — “ If wishes were horses,” dear !

To the tops of the sunset mountains  
 E’er they flicker and fade away,  
 To the dusky halls of the twilight,  
 To the flush of the new-born day,  
 To the silent stars of midnight  
 As they shine in the darkness clear,  
 We’d ride like the flight of a fancy,  
 — “ If wishes were horses,” dear !

Through billows of western prairies,  
 And dazzle of arctic plains,  
 Through perfume of southern roses,  
 And mists of the sweet spring rains ;  
 Abreast of the echoing thunder,  
 With the quiver of lightning near,  
 We’d ride in the van of the tempest,  
 — “ If wishes were horses,” dear !

And into the lives we cherish,  
 To brighten their clouded skies,  
 Bring smiles to the sweet, pale faces,  
 And light to the saddened eyes ;  
 To bring them a message of comfort,  
 And whisper a word of cheer,  
 Oh, how we would gallop and gallop,  
 — “ If wishes were horses,” dear !



## THE LITTLE BROOK.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

**I**N a sloping field of clover  
 Sat some children, tired of play,  
 By a brookside, leaning over  
 In a childish way.  
 "Where do you suppose it's going?"  
 Questioned one with thoughtful mien,  
 "For I always see it flowing  
 When the hills are green.  
 Little brook so gaily singing,  
 Can't you answer in a song?"  
 But the brook, its white foam flinging,  
 Only danced along.  
 Wandering on and vainly trying  
 To discover what they sought,  
 They came near a river lying  
 Silent as a thought.  
 But the children, all unknowing,  
 Missed the bond between the two ;  
 Saying to the river flowing,  
 "Brook, oh, where are you?"  
 Larger children, we, while straying  
 To the eternal purpose blind,  
 Seek for truths and falter, saying,  
 "We can never find!"  
 But, all human efforts knowing,  
 God shall give us clearer sight,  
 And, as brooks to rivers flowing,  
 We shall reach the light.

## MAY MIRACLES.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

IF I had a bit of the rainbow,  
 If I had a dash of snow,  
 If I had the rarest fragrance  
 That blossoms ever know,  
 If I had an emerald jewel,  
 And all were put together —  
 It would not be an apple-bough  
 Blooming in May weather.

If I had a flake of the sunset  
 From a tropic zone,  
 If I had a sapphire richer  
 Than man has ever known,  
 If I had a strain of music  
 Tuned to the May weather —  
 It would not be a bird and his mate  
 Singing sweet together.

## A SPRING SONG.



“INTO each life must fall —  
 A little of everything :”  
 So sang pretty Cicely,  
 A morning in spring.

Birds to her music were whirring outside,  
 The earth was decked like a blooming bride ;  
 Cicely sang, “ It’s House-cleaning Day !

“ House-cleaning, mother ! You promised —  
 Ah ! *what* jolly fun —  
 That I should be in it as much as I like,  
 Till everything’s done !  
 The baby and Bridget may go out to tea,  
 I don’t care for the school-girls, not one will I see,”  
 Cicely sang, “ it is House-cleaning Day !”

A gay little figure in a work-a-day gown,  
 Merry and sweet,  
 Started at earliest peep o’ the day,  
 Busily fleet ;  
 With broom and with dust-pan, with mop and with  
 brush,  
 With a moiling and toiling, with a bustle and rush,  
 Cicely sang, “ It is House-cleaning Day !”

“ Cheep ! cheep !” overhead in the branches,  
 The birds call “ Good night !”  
 What cometh heavily up the back stairs ?  
 Oh dear ! what a sight !  
 Tattered and torn like the man in the fable,  
 Blistered and grimed till she needed a label,  
 Cicely groaned, “ It’s been House-cleaning Day !”



## A SPRING SNOW STORM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THERE'S a flutter of wings in the cherry trees,  
 And a merrier sound than the hum of bees —  
 The winds are awake — the winds of May —  
 And this is the hour and this is the way  
 The four winds play :

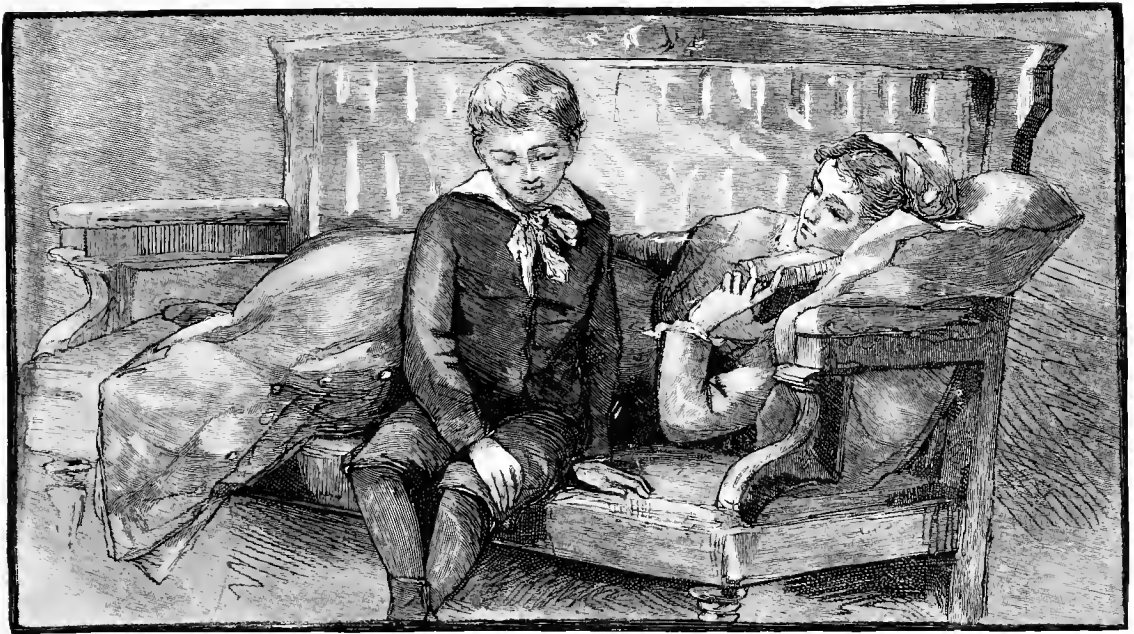
They toss the blossomy boughs in air ;  
 They sift the snow of the petals fair  
 Into the sunshine ; and then away  
 On the topmost branches they perch and say,  
*" Isn't this gay ? "*



## SONG OF SPRING.

**I**NVISIBLE hands from summer lands  
 Have plucked the icicles one by one ;  
 And shy little lifters, away from the sun,  
 Lain hold on the roots of the grass in the sands ;  
 And O, and O,  
 Where is the snow !  
 For the crow is calling,  
 And showers are falling.

Ho, willow and weed ! Each secret seed  
 Is up, and out of its garments gray ;  
 The music of waters is heard in the mead ;  
 And limping old winter is whither away ?  
 And O, and O,  
 Where is the snow !  
 For the snake is crawling,  
 And showers are falling.



"I WISH LOUIS HAD TOLD."

## THE TRUE STORY OF A STORM.

*(Told by a Little Boy who had heard "Stories from Homer.")*

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

**"T**HINGS floated away and the day turned dark,  
 And papa wasn't at home, you know ;  
 And we didn't have any dove and ark,  
 Or mountain where we could go,  
 Like they used to have, some other year —  
 That time when the other flood was here.

"Then the wind kept blowing the oak-tree down,  
 (The Lord didn't know about the nest,)  
 And I thought this world was going to drown.  
 —Did Louis tell you the rest?  
 Well, if he didn't — well, then — well,  
 I guess — Somebody will have to tell.

"Now, this was the way : One other night  
 ( I wish that Louis had told you then,)  
 When the moon was red — why, we had a fight  
 About one of Homer's men —  
 ( That is the reason we didn't speak.)  
 He said that Hector wasn't a Greek !

" But I thought it wouldn't do to die  
 And not say even one single word  
 To Louis before I went to the sky !

So I told him about the bird,  
 And the other birds out there in the nest  
 That their mother hadn't even dressed !

" If it hadn't been for the rain, you see,  
 We never could have been friends again.  
 And, who would I have to play with me —  
 If it hadn't been for the rain ?  
 And Louis said he was glad to speak,  
 But he *thought* that Hector wasn't a Greek ! "

## IN OCTOBER.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

THERE are lingering south-winds softly blowing  
 That to billowy waving the ripe grain bear ;  
 There are dark-winged butterflies languidly going  
 Floating through golden air ;  
 There are mists like vapor of incense burning,  
 That are rolling away under skies that are fair ;  
 There are brown-faced sun-flowers dreamily turn-  
 ing,  
 Shaking their yellow hair.

There are noisy bees that are tired of winging  
 That are holding a court in some wild rose's heart ;  
 There are sudden thrills of the late sweet singing  
 Of birds that are loth to depart ;

There are sunsets watching their own hot blushes  
 On the breast of the ocean burning away ;  
 There are wind-swept pines in the infinite hushes  
 Whispering as they sway.

There are changing ferns in the shadows lying,  
 Where the undried dew in the noontides stay ;  
 There are gorgeous-hued leaves where, rustling and  
 sighing,  
 Quivering sunbeams play ;  
 There are tangled vines in the hollows trailing ;  
 There are short sweet days that will not delay ;  
 There are nights that come with a moonlight veiling ;  
 And Autumn going away.

## A BIRD'S HOUSE.

I FOUND a little bird's house to-day,  
 Round and brown and as soft as silk ;  
 It was built in the prettiest, cunningest way,  
 When the trees were as white as milk  
 With apple-blossoms — do you remember,  
 Or have you forgotten in chill December ?

This was the way : there were straws and sticks,  
 And the father-bird found them one by one ;  
 And his wise little wife knew the way to fix  
 The cosiest little home under the sun,  
 Out of straws and sticks and mud and clay ;  
 And she built the whole on a summer's day.



IN OCTOBER.



Then four tiny eggs filled the soft-lined nest;  
 And, patiently brooding in sun and storm,  
 She cuddled them close neath her loving breast  
 And her wings so downy and soft and warm;  
 Then four little birds, with a "*chip, chip, chee!*"  
 Stepped out of their ivory house to see

What this wonderful sunny old world was about  
 With its wind-rocked cradles, and leaves and song —  
 It was quite a big world, too, they had no doubt,  
 And once they could fly, they would not be long  
 In finding out just what its size might be. —  
 This was the story the nest told me.

## ST. BOTOLPH'S BELLS.—A. D. 1640.

(*A Puritan and his little daughter speak, on their churchward way.*)

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

**O** FATHER, I wish I could go to church  
 As we did in the dear old times,  
 When we waited to hear the Sunday cheer  
 Of St. Botolph's morning chimes!

"'Twas lovely to walk thro' leafy lanes  
 In the beautiful English May;  
 And I marvel now, as I think of it, how  
 You ever could come away.

"I want to go back to my oaken seat,  
 Where the great round oriel shed  
 Its crimsons and blues and golden hues  
 All over my hands and head.

"As I watched their glory, the service seemed  
 So holy and rich and bright! —  
 How tender the glow beside this snow,  
 All sheeted and dead and white!

"And the carbines, father—they only hung,  
 At home, in the great oak hall:  
*Here*, we take them abroad to the house of God,  
 Yet shiver with fear, for all!

"Oh to mix with the crowd in the dear old street,  
 In safety and warmth and ease!

Oh to wait for the swells of St. Botolph's bells,  
 In Boston beyond the seas!"

"— Nay, daughter! it irks my heart to hear  
 Thee hanker, as those of old,  
 With tears on thy cheeks, for Egyptian leeks,  
 Because thou art scared and cold.

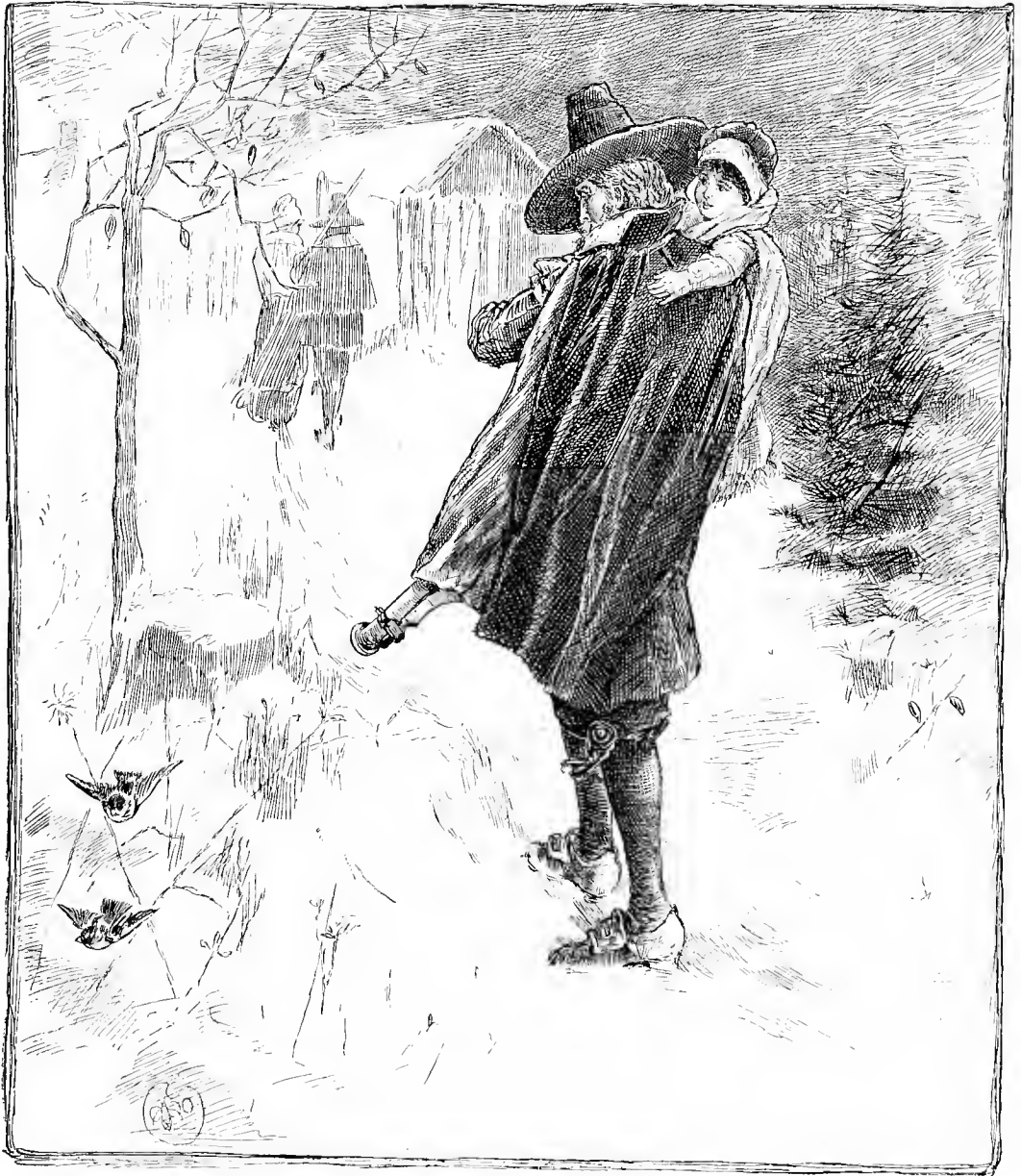
"Why, where is the hero-spirit, child? —  
 Thy mother forsook her Devon  
 For an exile here, with a trust as clear  
 As if she were going to Heaven!

"Yea, over *thy* face the oriel's glint  
 Might shimmer with warming glow:  
 But for *me*, the touch of the priestly clutch  
 Was chiller than Shawmut's\* snow!

"I'm willing to fight for let to pray,  
 And wade with my carbine slung  
 On my shoulder, and so all chimes forego  
 St. Botolph hath ever rung —

"To carry thee thus to the church to-day,  
 As stoutly my strong arm can,  
 And order my faith as my conscience saith,  
 A free and a fearless man!

\*The Indian name of the peninsula on which Boston is built.



"WILLING TO FIGHT FOR LET TO PRAY."

"But, sweetheart! patiently thou must wait,  
For I dream of an end of pains,  
In which thou shalt walk in tender talk,  
Thro' better than English lanes,

"With comrades as kind as ever strayed  
Beside thee o'er Lincoln leas,  
Or listened betimes to St. Botolph's chimes,  
In Boston beyond the seas!"

## SOME MORNING ORDERS.

BY MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

**I** SAY, mamma, are you awake?  
 The stars keep shining and the moon —  
 I can't help that. I want the cake  
 I didn't have last night, right soon.  
 The sun will make the river red  
 In just a few more hours!" he said.

"I dreamed the prettiest dream, about  
 Some crows with wings up in a tree!  
 I threw a stone and they flew out,  
 And so I caught me two or three  
 And tied them with your bonnet-strings!  
 — Please go and get me all my things.

"Put on your shawl — you'll have to go  
 Out by the well. The knife is there.  
 My wagon's in the garden, though.  
 The nails are — almost everywhere!  
 My blue balloon sailed to the sky,  
 You can't get it. You needn't try.

"The rock I left my hammer on  
 Is — where I left three walnuts too.  
 You'll find it, for it can't be gone.

We saw a bird there that was blue  
 One time, just years and years ago —  
 Before I was so old, you know.

"My ball rolled down the cliff that day  
 When I was good. But I'm afraid  
 It's in the river. Let it stay.  
 (I wish that cliff was never made.)  
 My fishhook's in the arbor, though,  
 Caught on that vine where grapes don't grow.

"My sled is — somewhere. You just look  
 Till you can find it, for, you see,  
 I'll want it — sometime. And my book  
 Is — all torn up — down by the tree  
 Where all the apple-blossoms grow —  
 Last summer, but not now, you know!

"Mamma, you're gone to sleep again!  
 I hear the clock keep striking four.  
 Somebody'll miss the morning train,  
 Don't make me call you any more.  
 I'm getting sleepy. Please to wake  
 And get me, first of all, the cake."

## MAID CICELY'S STEEPLE-CAP.—A. D., 1480.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

*(She Speaks.)*

**I**, CONNING my missal, o'erheard to-day,  
 At matins, the Lady-Abbess say  
 That Thomas the friar, who hath an eye  
 For matters that go in the realm awry,  
 Like Peter-the-Hermit, comes to aid  
 King Edward by preaching a new Crusade:

And findeth the secret of all mishaps  
 Bound up in the women's steeple caps!

She said that he preached in London town,  
 And took as his text, "*Top not come down*:"  
 — Plain language as ever the dear Lord spake —

And he vouched if the women failed to take  
 These spires from off their heads, and tear  
 The kerchiefs away that dangle there,  
 Saint Peter, who keepeth the golden keys  
 Of Heaven, on seeing such caps as these,  
 Would shut of a surety the door and cry,  
*"The gateway is low, and the coif is high :  
 Begone with the beetling badge of sin,  
 Or not one woman shall enter in !"*

He frightened them so that straight they tore  
 Their caps right off on the abbey floor,  
 And fired them there : (I dare suppose  
 The fume was sweet to the friar's nose !)

"Maid Cicely : " — Quick as quick could be,  
 I turned when the abbess spake to me —  
*"Thou wearest a steeple-cap, I ween,*  
 As high as the highest that I have seen ;  
 And the silken veil about it wound  
 Trails over thy kirtle to the ground.  
 Such towers, my daughter, proud and tall,  
 May tumble as did Siloam's wall :  
 Take heed ! Thou knowest Saint Luke doth  
 tell,  
 How on the eighteen that tower fell  
 And slew them — "

"Gra'mercy," quoth I then,  
 "But good my Mother — they all were *men*.  
 And none had been slain, I trow, at all,  
 Had only the tower refused to fall ! "

"Yet had it been meant that thou shouldst be  
 An ell-breadth higher — dost thou not see  
 That God would have made thee so ? " "Nay,  
 nay,  
 Whatever we can — 'tis, certes, true —  
 Accomplish, He leaveth for us to do.

"He meant that the monk be shaven bare ?  
 Then why did He clothe his head with hair ?  
 — He meant that thy nuns should shear away  
 Their beautiful locks ? — Then, wherefore, pray,

Did he make them grow ? — So, Mother mine,  
 Unless thou provest by word and line  
 Of missal, or even Evangelist,  
 That Scripture hath banned it, I will twist



MAID CICELY.

The kerchief about my steeple-cap ;  
 And the monk shall know that it takes a rap  
 Of something more than a Shaven-crown  
 To tumble a maiden's top-knot down ! "



PUSSY WILLOW AND THE SOUTH WIND.

**F**IE! moping still by the sleepy brook?  
Little Miss Pussy, how dull you look!

Prithee, throw off that cloak of brown,  
And give me a glimpse of your gray silken gown!

My gray silken gown, Sir Wind, is done,  
But its golden fringes are not quite spun.

What a slow little spinner! pray, pardon me,  
But I have had time to cross the sea.

Haste forth, dear Miss Pussy! the sky is blue,  
And I've a secret to whisper to you.

Nay, nay, they say Winds are changeful things,  
I'll wait, if you please, till the Bluebird sings.

THE SILENT CHILDREN.

**T**HE light was low in the school-room;  
The day before Christmas day  
Had ended. It was darkening in the garden  
Where the Silent Children play.

Throughout that House of Pity,  
The soundless lessons said,  
The noiseless sport suspended,  
The voiceless tasks all read,

The little deaf-mute children,  
As still as still could be,  
Gathered about the master,  
Sensitive, swift to see,

With their fine attentive fingers  
And their wonderful, watchful eyes—  
What dumb joy he would bring them  
For the Christmas eve's surprise!

The lights blazed out in the school-room;  
The play-ground went dark as death;  
The master moved in a halo;  
The children held their breath:

"I show you now a wonder—  
The audiphone," he said.  
He spoke in their silent language,  
Like the language of the dead.

And answering spake the children,  
As the dead might answer too:  
"But what for us, O master?  
This may be good for you;

"But how is our Christmas coming  
Out of a wise machine?  
For not like other children's  
Have our happy hours been;

"And not like other children's  
Can they now or ever be!"  
But the master smiled through the halo:  
"Just trust a mystery,

"O my children, for a little,  
As those who suffer must!  
Great 'tis to bear denial,  
But grand it is to trust."



## BEFORE THE SHOWER.

THOU merry, scarlet-breasted bird,  
 Low on the elm-bough swinging,  
 A sweeter song I ne'er have heard  
 Than that which thou art singing.  
 O, Robin, ere thou take thy flight,  
 Wilt tell me wherefore thy delight?  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!*" so full of glee,  
 Sang out the joyous robin.

Loud, clear, and high, each liquid note  
 Some wondrous joy seems telling;  
 Sweet to my listening ear they float,  
 From thy full bosom welling.  
 O, robin, tell me ere thou go,  
 What is it that delights thee so?  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!* the rain is slow!"  
 Soft sang the cheery robin.

Rain! Nay, the skies are clear and bright,  
 And sunny is the weather;  
 We shall not have the rain to-night,  
 Thou bird of scarlet feather.  
 Swift hie thee to thy home again,  
 Nor longer watch and wait for rain;  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!* I know, trust me!"  
 Loud sang the joyous robin.

But if perchance, should come the rain  
 Thou, robin, blithe and cheery,  
 Thou couldst not then thy nest regain,  
 Full soon thy wing would weary.

Go, hie thee home before it come,  
 Nor farther from thy nestlings roam.  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!* it harms not me!"  
 Still sang the bold young robin.

Up rolled a gray and gloomy cloud;  
 The blazing sun went under;  
 The skies were veiled as in a shroud;  
 Low growled the distant thunder;  
 The long grass bent beneath the breeze  
 That sighed among the swaying trees;  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!*" exultantly  
 Sang on the joyous robin.

Fly home, thou bird with scarlet breast,  
 For fast the rain is falling!  
 Fly home, for from their secret nest  
 Thy little ones are calling.  
 Fly home, but tell me, ere thou go,  
 Thou bonny bird, how could'st thou know?  
 "*Chee-wee, chee-wee!* said I not so?"  
 Loud sang the raptured robin.

Then from the bending bough he sped;  
 Afar I saw him flying;  
 And as through mist and rain he fled  
 I heard him still replying:  
 "When robins sing a joyous strain,  
*Chee-wee, chee-wee!* then cometh rain!  
*Chee-wee, chee-wee!*" in ecstasy  
 Still sang the distant robin.

## MICHAEL'S MALLET.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## I.

LONG, long ago in the olden day,  
 On a slope of the Tuscan hills there lay  
 A village with quarries all around  
 And blocks of marble that piled the ground;  
 And scattered among them, everywhere,

With wedge and hammer, rule and square,  
 With the dust of the marble powdered white,  
 Sat masons who chiselled from morn till night.

## II.

The earliest sound that the baby heard  
 Was neither the whistle nor song of bird,

Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of breeze  
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,  
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout



BABY MICHAEL.

Of the school at the convent just let out,  
Nor the tinkle of water plashing sweet  
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

## III.

But foremost and first, that sharp and clear  
Arrested the little Michael's ear  
When he waked from sleep, was the mallet's knock  
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block ;  
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,  
The click of the tools was still the same ;  
And constant as fell the fountain's drip,  
Was the *tap-tap-tap* ! and the *chip-chip-chip* !

## IV.

And when he could crawl beyond the door  
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,  
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,  
What toys do you think were the first he had ?  
— Why, splinters of marble white and pure,  
And a mallet to break them with, be sure ;  
And a chisel to shape them should he choose,  
Just such as he saw the masons use.

## V.

So Michael, the baby, had his way,  
And hammered and chipped, and would not play  
With the simple and senseless sort of toys  
That pleased the rest of the village boys.  
*They* laughed at the little churches he  
Would daily build at his nurse's knee ;  
They scouted the pictures that he drew  
On the smooth, white slabs with a coal or two ;  
They taunted and teased him when he tried  
To mould from the rubbish cast aside  
Rude figures, and screamed "*Scultori* !" when  
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

## VI.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound  
Would ever be heard the earth around ?  
Or his mimic churches in time become  
The mightiest temple of Christendom ?  
Or the pictures he painted fill the dome  
Of the Sistine — grandest of sights in Rome ?  
Or the village baby that chiselled so  
Be the marvelous Michael Angelo !

THE CHILD ANGEL.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.



With joy he sang a song so pure and clear  
It broke my heart to hear.

The birds, gay plumaged, carolled silvery sweet,  
The summer dew on leaf and blossom dried ;  
And yet he trod the flowers with eager feet —  
The angel in his heart unsatisfied ;  
Untired of earth and yet for earth too high,  
Lonely, he wandered by.

A LITTLE child with  
sunny, floating hair,  
(A happy child but glad in  
angel's way)

Went wandering mid the flowers  
with dreamy air,

Restless, through glory that with-  
in him lay :

He turned and smiled, a smile so  
so soft and bright

The world seemed bathed in light.

Beneath the full bare splendor of  
the sky

Under his feet the tangled clover lay,  
And in the sunshine bees went droning by  
Bearing, in honey, roses' hearts away :

The hills dropt dusky shadows on the grass,

And Day, dethroned, left solemn Night as king ;  
But in the dark I felt a presence pass

And heard, divinely sweet, an angel sing ;  
Yet could not pierce where transport rent the sky,  
Because — God's Heaven is high.



## BIRDS OF NO FEATHER.

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 BY MRS. MAGGIE B. PEEKE.
 

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FOUR little birds in a nest too small,  
 Only one mamma to care for all ;  
 'Twas twitter and chirp the livelong day,  
 No wonder the mamma soon grew gray.

Papa-bird was a dashing fellow,  
 Coat of black with a flash of yellow ;  
 Never a bird in the early spring  
 Could rival him when he chose to sing.

Sorry day for the wretched fellow,  
 Dressed so gay with a scarf of yellow !  
 Shut in the house from morning till night,  
 Was ever a bird in such a plight ?

He helped the mamma-bird hang the nest  
 Where the winds would rock it the very best ;  
 And while she sat on her eggs all day,  
 He'd cheer her up with a roundelay.

Tie on a hood, or fasten a shoe,  
 Or mend a dolly as good as new,  
 Or tell a story over again,  
 Or kiss the finger that had a pain,

But when from each egg in the swinging bed,  
 A little birdie popped its head,  
 He said to his wife, " I've done my share  
 Of household duties ; they're now your care."

Or settle dispute of which and who,  
 Or sew on a button to baby's shoe —  
 These were a part of the calls he had  
 In that single day to drive him mad.

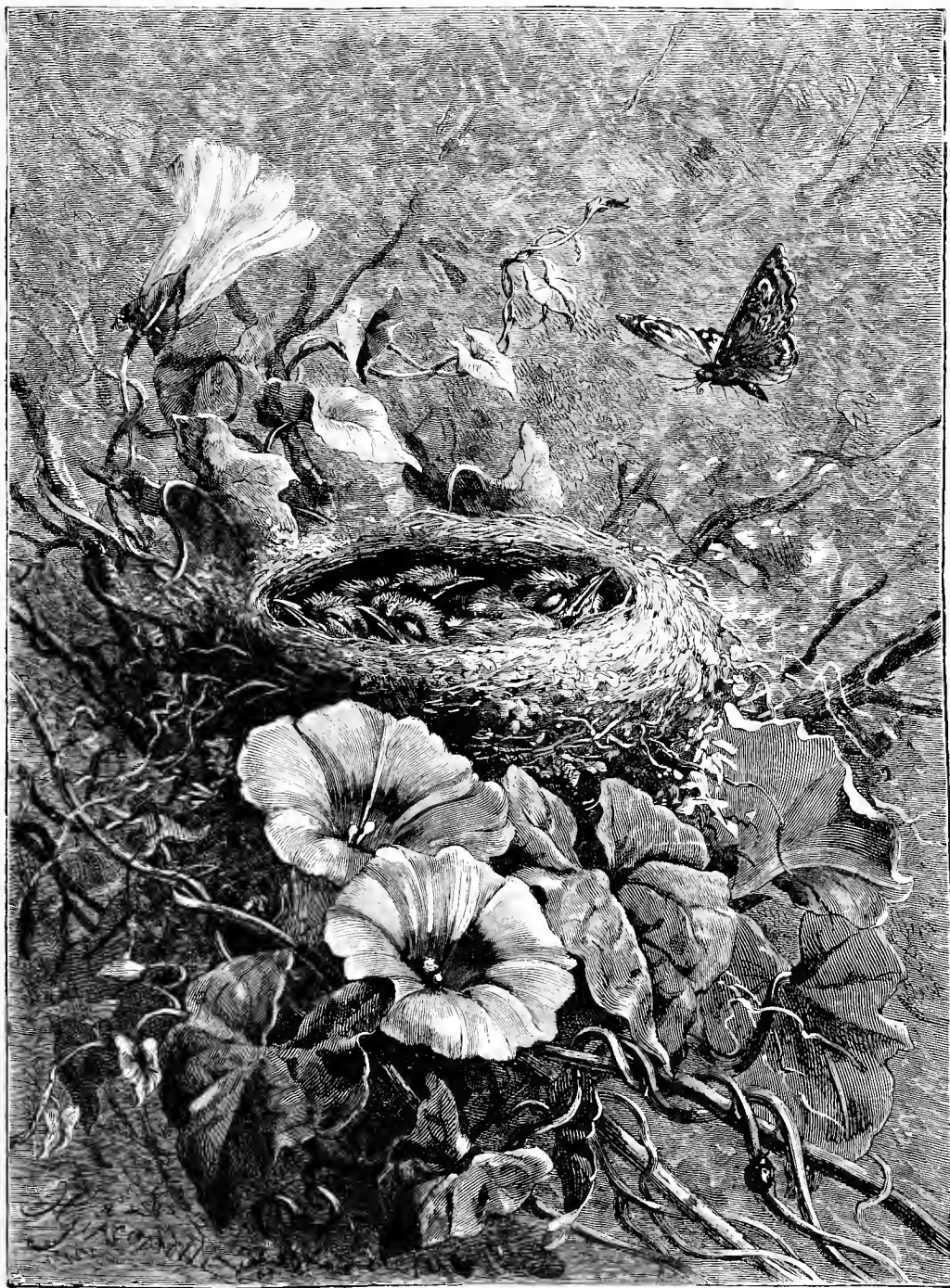
Then off he'd go to a concert fine  
 In the apple-trees and bright sunshine,  
 Without a thought of the stupid way  
 His poor little wife must pass her day.

At even he said, " Another day  
 Would turn my goldenest plume to gray ;  
 Or else, in a fit of grim despair,  
 I'd fling these children into the air !"

At last the mamma-bird fell ill,  
 And the papa forced, against his will,  
 To take her place with the birdies small,  
 Ready to answer their chirp and call.

Have I mixed up birds with human folks ?  
 And homes with nests in the lofty oaks ?  
 The story is true, and I overheard  
 Those very words of the papa-bird ;

But who he was, and where he did dwell,  
 I'll never, *no never*, NO NEVER tell !  
 The truth for once is truth for aye,  
 And this is the reason mammas grow gray.



FOUR LITTLE BIRDS IN A NEST TOO SMALL.





## THE FIRST ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

T WAS a bleak, bitter day in November;  
 The sheep huddled close in the fold,  
 But houseless and friendless, a beggar  
 Crouched down in the rain and the cold  
 By the great brazen gate of the city  
 As Martin, the soldier, came by—  
 Brave Martin whose marvellous weapons  
 Nor demon, nor man, durst defy.

Yet tender his heart as a woman's;  
 And seeing the beggar, he cried:  
 "Poor brother! no gold can I give thee,  
 But look, I will gladly divide  
 My cloak, for the half would be better  
 Than none, on this pitiless day!"  
 And seizing his sabre, he cut it  
 In twain—so the legends say—

And wrapping the half of the mantle  
 About the poor shivering form,  
 The beggar forgot he was hungry,  
 Forgot the bleak wind and the storm,  
 For down on the rain-sodded pavements  
 Where only the dead leaves had been,  
 And over the mist-shrouded mountains  
 There came a strange glory just then.

The summer re-tracing her footsteps,  
 Touched all things, below and above,  
 Till the whole gloomy world was transfigured  
 Because of that one deed of love.  
 And now when in dreary November  
 There comes a warm, sunshiny day,  
 The Normandy peasants will tell you,  
 "St. Martin is passing this way!"

## A NOSEGAY.

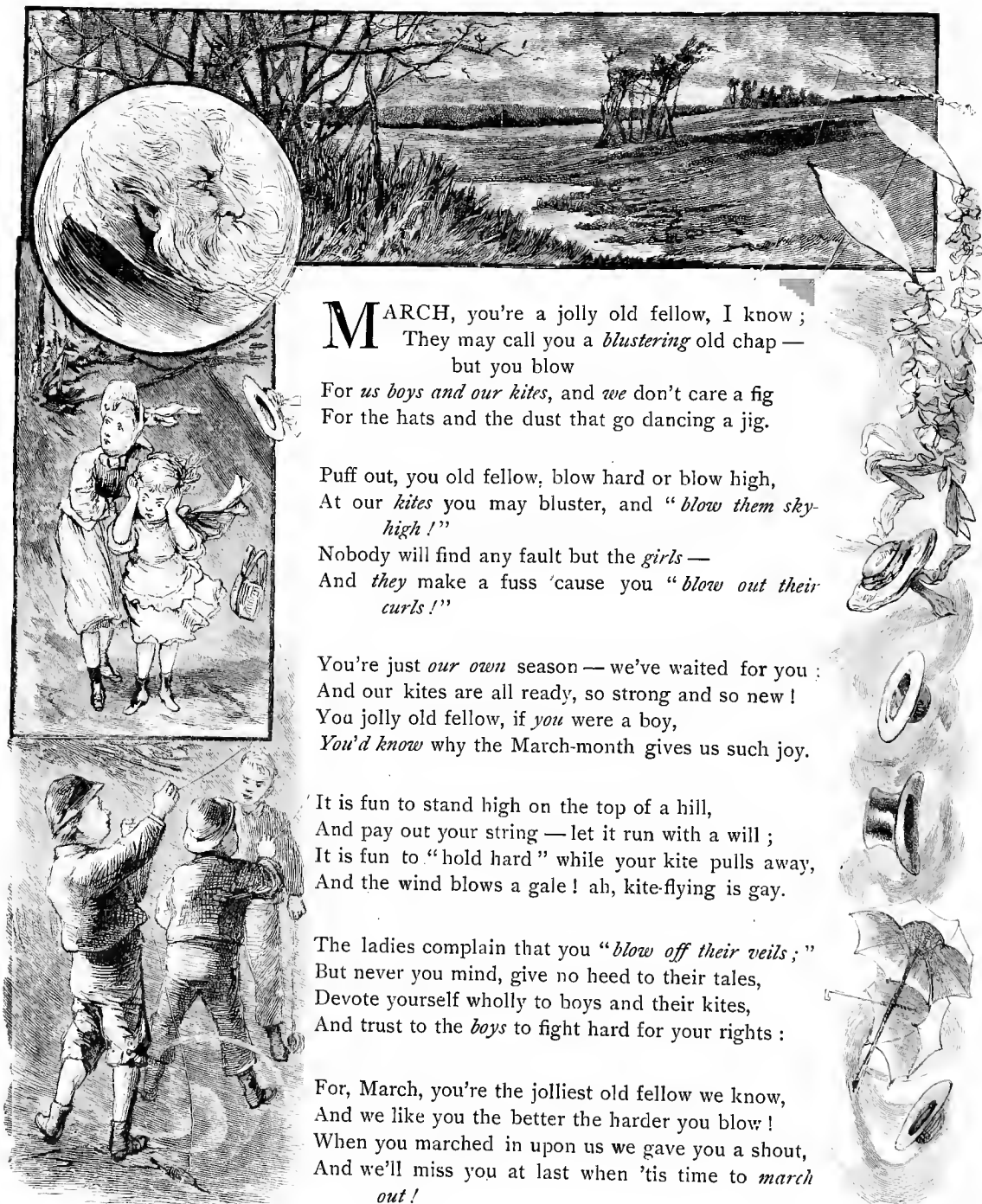
BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

T HE daisy is fine and fair  
 With her golden crown on,  
 And her tangle of lint white hair,  
 And her green spring gown on;  
 And the clover has honey stored  
 Against she may need it;  
 But the bee steals away her hoard,  
 And she doesn't heed it.

The buttercup holds out her disk  
 Above the grasses,  
 To catch, at whatever risk,  
 The sunbeam that passes;  
 But the dandelion's so gay and bright,  
 One might almost fancy  
 He was fashioned out of the light  
 By some necromancy!

## MARCH, AND THE BOYS.

BY MARY D. BRINE.



**M**ARCH, you're a jolly old fellow, I know ;  
They may call you a *blustering* old chap —  
but you blow

For *us boys and our kites*, and *we* don't care a fig  
For the hats and the dust that go dancing a jig.

Puff out, you old fellow, blow hard or blow high,  
At our *kites* you may bluster, and "*blow them sky-high !*"

Nobody will find any fault but the *girls* —  
And *they* make a fuss 'cause you "*blow out their curls !*"

You're just *our own* season — we've waited for you ;  
And our kites are all ready, so strong and so new !  
You jolly old fellow, if *you* were a boy,  
*You'd know* why the March-month gives us such joy.

It is fun to stand high on the top of a hill,  
And pay out your string — let it run with a will ;  
It is fun to "*hold hard*" while your kite pulls away,  
And the wind blows a gale ! ah, kite-flying is gay.

The ladies complain that you "*blow off their veils ;*"  
But never you mind, give no heed to their tales,  
Devote yourself wholly to boys and their kites,  
And trust to the *boys* to fight hard for your rights :

For, March, you're the jolliest old fellow we know,  
And we like you the better the harder you blow !  
When you marched in upon us we gave you a shout,  
And we'll miss you at last when 'tis time to *march out !*

IF I WERE A LITTLE BABY!

IF I were a little baby  
I know what I'd like to do :  
I'd nestle in mamma's arms,  
And dimple, and laugh, and coo ;  
I'd never try to be brilliant,  
I'd never wish to be wise,  
But I'd look at you all so fondly  
With a pair of big brown eyes.

I'd fumble in papa's whiskers  
With a dear little pink-tipped hand,  
And speak to the little sister  
In a way that she'd understand ;  
And whenever a brother came near me  
With anything sweet to say,  
I'd show him how much I loved him  
In my own little baby way.

No matter how dark the weather,  
No matter how rain might fall,  
I'd be like a bit of sunshine  
To brighten and cheer you all ;  
And if mamma should ever be weary,  
Or tired and fretted with pain,  
I'd help to make her forget it,  
And warm her heart again.

I'd be such a perfect darling  
With my innocent, smiling face,  
So dimpled and sweet, and precious,  
So full of delight and grace,  
So near God's beautiful angels  
That I'd bring you near them, too —  
And I think I know a baby  
Who is just like this — don't you ?

JAMIE, THE GENTLEMAN.

BY MABEL C. DOWD.

THERE'S a dear little ten-year-old down the street,  
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet  
I love to stay him whenever we meet ;  
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,  
His mother is old with want and care —  
There's little to eat and little to wear  
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains — though his clothes be old,  
No dismal whinings at hunger or cold ;  
For a cheerful heart that is better than gold  
Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten —  
“For diligent boys make wise, great men,  
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then” —  
Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman,

“My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,  
The finest lady in all the town,  
And wear a velvet and satin gown” —  
Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

“Trust ever in God,” and “Be brave and true” —  
Jamie has chosen these precepts two ;  
Glorious mottoes for me and for you ;  
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman !

## MY BEAUTIFUL "TICK-A-TOCK."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.



THE BEAUTIFUL "TICK-A-TOCK."

AND so my fairy little elf  
 Would like to stand upon the shelf !  
 Thinks all a good clock has to do  
 Is just to "tick" the whole day through !  
 Well, here she goes ; now, one, two, three ;  
 Keep time ? of course ; well, we shall see !

No clock had e'er a brighter face :  
 The numbers now we'll quickly trace :  
 One nose — that surely stands for *one* ;  
 Two eyes — that's *two* ; we're well begun ;  
 Two cheeks, two dimples — oh, dear me,  
 Where shall we find a number *three* !

The pendulum I cannot find —  
 Now it swings two coral lips behind ;  
 The hands are gone — ah ! here they come ;  
 A blue-eyed rogue has brought them home.  
 Now we're all ready ; here we go :  
 " *Tick-tock !* " not fast, " *Tick-tock !* " nor slow.

" *Tick-tock !* " Don't laugh so all the while —  
 Who ever saw a dial smile ?  
 Don't move your eyes, or I shall think  
 That number two has learned to wink ;  
 Be ever grave, and never gay,  
 And just forever " tick " away.

" *Ting-a-ling-ling !* " Now papa'll say,  
 " What a booful clock 'oo bought to-day ! "  
 — Ah ! no, to his out-stretched arms she springs,  
 And I find my new French clock has wings ;  
 And look with regret on the empty space  
 Where stood my clock with the radiant face.

## IN THE EARLY MORNING.

BY ADELAIDE G. WATERS.

THE sea of whispering tasselled corn  
Sways and widens from side to side ;  
Far as a light-house over the wave,  
The farm-house looks on this bending tide ;  
Drenched, and cob-webbed with diamonds, fall  
Blackberry vines across the wall.

Through blur and smoke from the passing train,  
The sleepy passengers hardly see  
The cow-boy stop and wave his cap,

As he shouts right merrily ;  
Nor mark the watching girl let fall  
Her half-filled pail by the blackberry wall.

She lifts her hat from her gypsy eyes,  
A wild rose falling from out her hair ;  
She sends with the train a fleeting wish  
To see for herself if the world is fair —  
To go off now in the morning dew,  
And travel, travel, the whole world through !

## THE NEW SISTER.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

PHIL. Say, Pete, do you like her ?

PETE. Like ! *love* her you mean !

PHIL. . . . Ain't she jolly and red ?

PETE. . . . And hurrah for her ! just think of her  
head !

PHIL. As big as a pippin, and round as a bullet !

PETE. And bald ! oh ! as bald as a newly-plucked  
pullet !

PHIL. Did you look at her eyes, too ?

PETE. Of course ; they are blue.

PHIL. Not a bit of it ! . . . *black !*

PETE. Blue, I tell you—ask Jack !

PHIL. Jack ! I've eyes of my own that see better  
than his !

PETE. Brag on ! but for once they have led you amiss.  
Baby's eyes are blue—*very !*

PHIL. . . . As black as a berry !

PETE. *Blue*, you ninny ! but 'spose we come down  
to her nose !

It's as funny and fat with an end like—

PHIL. . . . Like a rose ?

PETE. No ! a small dab of putty just tinted with  
pink !

PHIL. Now, stoo-pid ! how *can* you ! I'm sure that I  
think

Nothing nicer than noses so dumpy and  
smug—

PETE. Pshaw ! You mean it's a boo-ti-ful, boo-ti-ful  
pug !

PHIL. Well, you naughty old Pete ! you can't laugh  
at her chin !

PETE. Oh, no ! it's the nattiest, sauciest, sweet-  
est—

PHIL. . . . The nicest, completest,  
Of arch little chins, with a dimple put in,  
That winks up like a sunbeam !

PETE. . . . And then her wee throat !

PHIL. Her throat like egg-foam, or a syllabub boat  
On a lake of clear cream !

PETE. And her arms ! *they* are nice now ! there's  
nothing can beat *them* !

PHIL. So plump, round, and soft ! I'm most ready  
to eat them !

PETE. . . . Of course, Phil, you kissed her ?

PHIL. . . . Oh, didn't I !

PETE. . . . Well !

PHIL. Well, I put my mouth down ; I had something  
to tell ;

Ah ! close, whispered close in the shy little  
ear,

## OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

That seemed to turn up, Pete, half coyly to  
 hear,  
 And *again*, as I kissed her —  
 PETE. . . . . You blessed the good Lord  
 for so jolly a sister!

PHIL. . . . . Yes I did!  
 PETE. So did I!  
 PHIL. . . . . And now Pete, 'tis but right  
 We should go in once more and bid "Baby"  
 good night!



## OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

SOME wayward artist has seen fit to paint  
 This picture sweet and quaint,  
 And place a title under which avers  
 These are our grandmothers —  
 But I half-question, as I see them sit,  
 About the truth of it.

For, tell me, pray, where are the silver locks?  
 The chair that gently rocks?  
 Where the dear hands that show in every line  
 The tender, patient sign  
 Of work for others? Where Love's crowning grace  
 Of peace upon the face?

The pretty halo hat with feathered brim ;  
 These figures trim and slim ;  
 The gloves above the elbows ; and the hair  
 Low on the forehead — square —  
 All but the grim calash — might easily  
 Of modern maidens be.

And that snow-white and Quakerish half-kerchief  
 May have in prim relief  
 Set off such dimpled chin, such cheek of rose,  
 Such little piquant nose,  
 As forced some old-time pious youth to look  
 Too often from his book.

Yet there's an antique air about them. Scan  
 That turkey-feather fan !  
 It might have blown, some long-gone Sabbath day,  
 The scent of carraway  
 And rose and fennel on the summer air,  
 In some old house of prayer.

Still, neither of these maidens, though in guise  
 So witching to the eyes,  
 Look half so lovable, and dear, and true,  
 Children, to me and you,  
 As she who sits to day, with silver hair,  
 In the home rocking-chair.

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## THE ARMY OF SPRING.

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BY MARY R. DODGE.

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**T**ENS of thousands, and ten times ten,  
 Clad in yellow, and purple and pink —  
 Little folks marching like stalwart men  
 Up from the dark to the day-time's brink !

(Can it be dark where such robes are made ?  
 Surely the looms in the light must be  
 That colored these uniforms shade by shade,  
 And fashioned the rare embroidery !)

Come they to tell us that down below,  
 There where the baby lies hid in flowers,  
 Down in the hollow, under the snow,  
 Is a better world than this world of ours ?

Wherefore the rising — can any one say —  
 Of hosts that rush from the realm of night,  
 Letting no hindrances bar the way,  
 Bursting upon us with joy bedight ?

*Tens of thousands and ten times ten,*  
 Bright in scarlet and green and white —  
 Little folks marching like stalwart men,  
 Muster before us a princely sight :

*Tens of thousands and ten times ten,*  
 Vested in violet, blue and gold —  
 Little folks marching like stalwart men  
 Up through the winter's rime and mold.

Gonfalons floating and flags out-spread,  
 Lily bells ringing and censers swung,  
 Bonnetted, plumed, and with slippered tread,  
 The sweetest cavalcade ever sung !

What is their mission ? Which of us knows,  
 Save that they bless us, and pass away  
 Destined to scatter the seed that grows  
 And blooms in battalions here to-day ?

## A SUMMER DAY.

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 BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.
 

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TURQUOISE-breasted birds have sung the spring  
 away ;  
 Pink arbutus leaves have blushed farewell to May ;  
 There's a soft, sweet presence hovering on high—  
 There's the whole of summer in the summer sky.  
 When the daylight flutters from their swinging nests,  
 Rise enraptured welcomes from enraptured breasts ;  
 When the clouds of sunset stream like burning lights,  
 There's the faint, low warbling of their soft good-  
 nights.

There are rivers murmuring as they onward go,  
 That the pale spring loosened into fuller flow ;  
 Now a wider glory in their sparkling hides—  
 There's a summer's passion in their throbbing  
 tides  
 Thin wings, sunshine-dusted, thro' the noontides go—  
 Butterflies in silence fluttering to and fro ;  
 There's the whole ripe sweetness of the spring gone  
 by—  
 There's the whole of summer in the summer sky !

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 THE SCARE CROW.

(A True Story.)

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 BY CELIA THAXTER.
 

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THE farmer looked at his cherry tree,  
 With thick buds clustered on every bough ;  
 " I wish I could cheat the robins," said he ;  
 " If somebody only would show me how !

" I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,  
 With threatening arms and with bristling head,  
 And up in the tree I'll fasten him  
 To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—  
 O, 'twas a horrible thing to see !  
 And very early, one summer morn,  
 He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,  
 The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,  
 But the scarecrow stood there so much at home  
 That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins, watching him day after day,  
 With heads on one side and eyes so bright,  
 Surveying the monster, began to say,  
 " Why should this fellow our prospects blight ?

" He never moves round for the roughest weather,  
 He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow ;  
 Let's all go into the tree together,  
 For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow !"

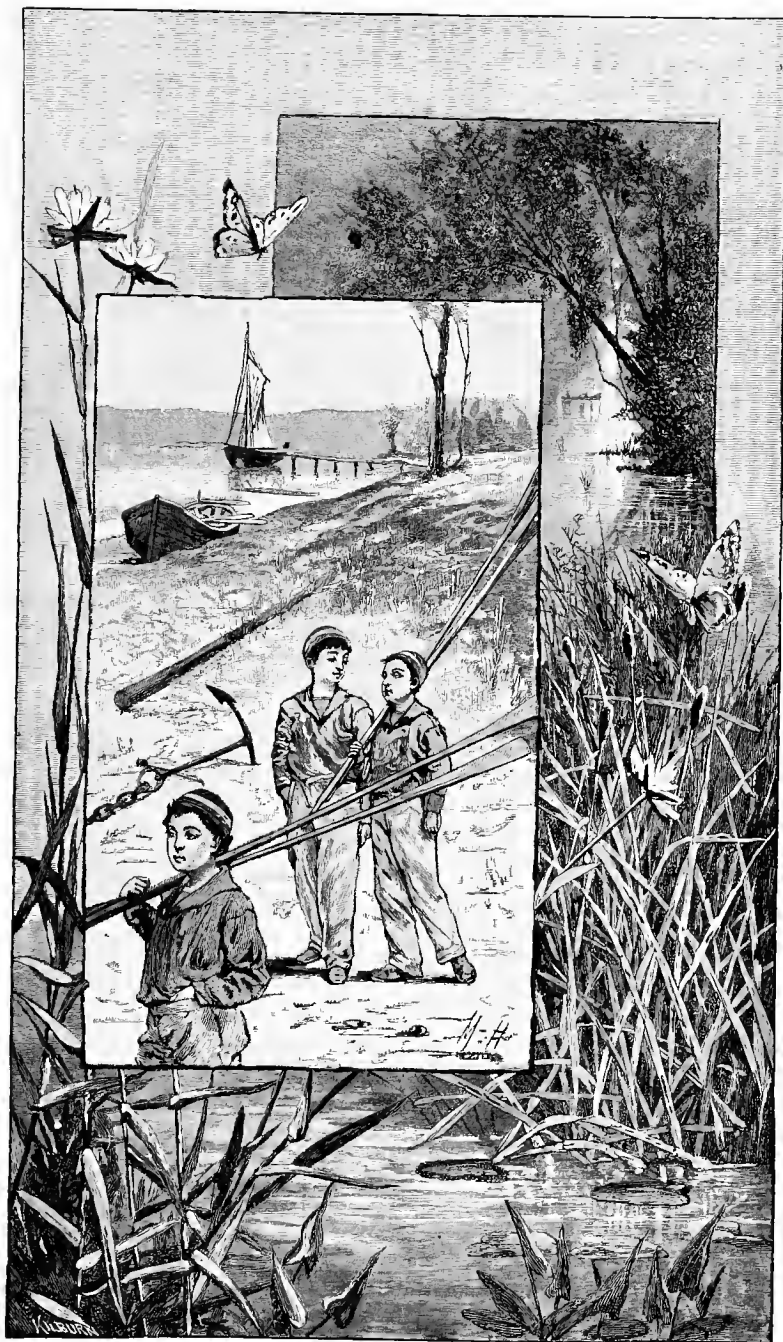
So up they flew ; and the sauciest pair  
 Mid the shady branches peered and perked,  
 Selected a spot with the utmost care,  
 And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest ?  
 In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,  
 That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,  
 Made a charming covert of safety and ease !

By the time the cherries were ruby-red  
 A thriving family, hungry and brisk,  
 The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed ;  
 'Twas so convenient ! they saw no risk !

Until the children were ready to fly  
 All undisturbed they lived in the tree ;  
 For nobody thought to look at the Guy  
 For a robin's flourishing family !





A SUMMER DAY.



# THE CRAB-CATCHERS.

(A Summer-Day Sermon.)

By

MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

LOVELY space of tranquil sea  
Under soft and brooding skies,  
Where the clouds lie peacefully,  
Where the white gull floats and flies.

With what joy on such a day  
Youth's glad pulses lightly beat!  
Sweet the sun's caressing ray,  
And the warm wind's whisper sweet.

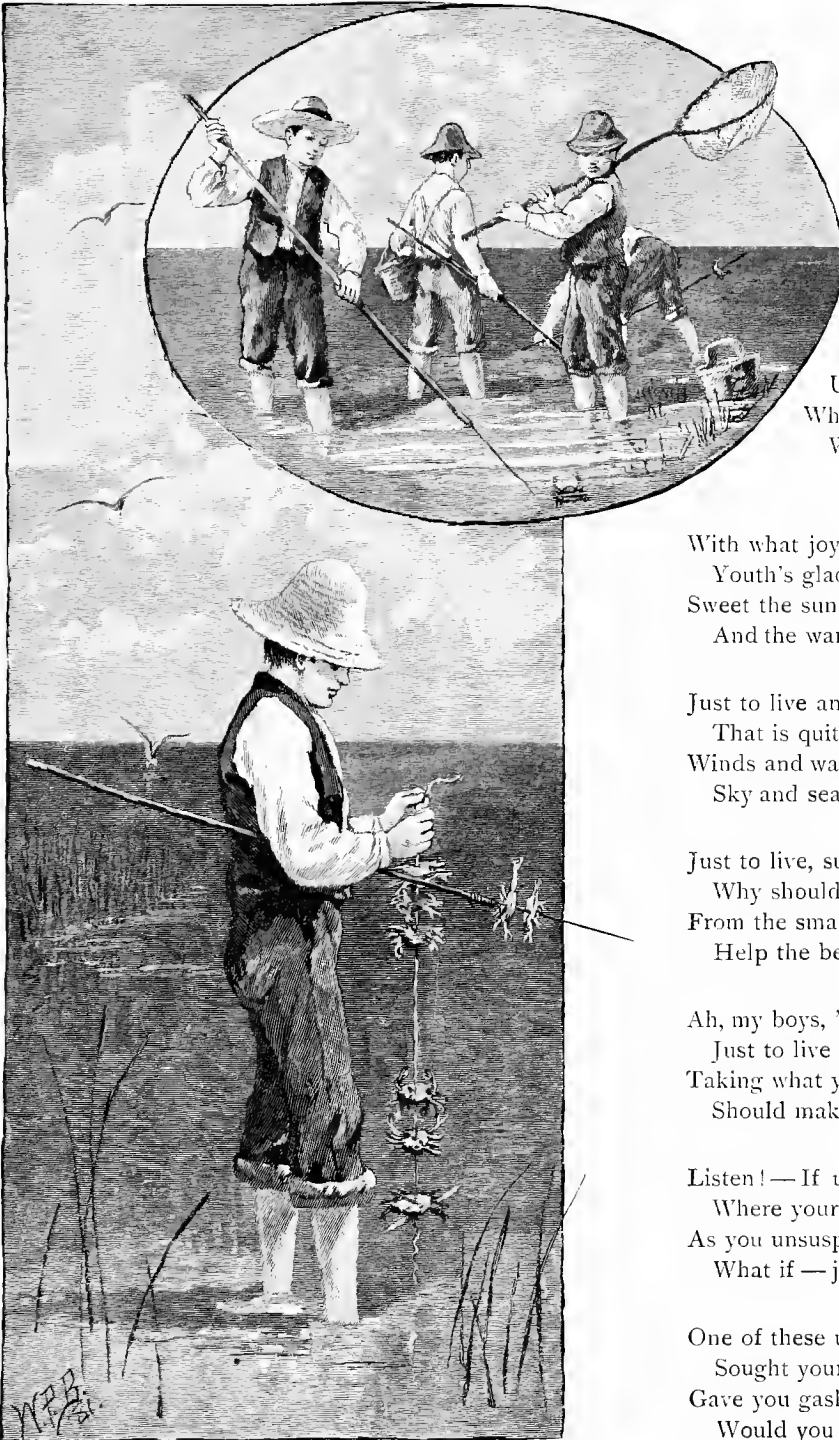
Just to live and see and hear,  
That is quite enough delight,  
Winds and waves to charm the ear,  
Sky and sea to fill the sight.

Just to live, such bliss may bring —  
Why should taking life away  
From the smallest living thing  
Help the beauty of the day?

Ah, my boys, 'tis sweet to live —  
Just to live! I wonder why  
Taking what you may not give  
Should make pleasure's heart beat high!

Listen! — If upon the sand  
Where your naked feet are set,  
As you unsuspecting stand,  
What if — just to pay a debt —

One of these unhappy crabs  
Sought your unprotected feet,  
Gave you gasches, pricks and stabs:  
Would you find such pastime sweet?



Ah, you give so thoughtlessly  
Such unnecessary pain !  
If you cannot let them be,  
Why thus torture them in vain ?

Death at last ends each and all;  
But does even a crab deserve  
That such torment should befall  
Shrinking flesh and outraged nerve ?

Threaded on this barbarous string,  
Quivering claws outstretching wide,

Heavily they drop and swing  
O'er the clear and placid tide.

And for me the picture's charm —  
Floating bird and careless boy,  
Summer's peace, and warmth and balm —  
Does this cruelty destroy.

Thick about you pleasures throng,  
Happy children, everywhere :  
Do no helpless being wrong,  
God's dumb, piteous creatures spare !

## THE VOICE OF THE CHESTNUT TREE.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

**I** REMEMBER an April day ;  
After many pains  
A sunbeam shone on my branches bare,  
And the sap stirred in my veins.

I remember a morning in May ;  
Ah ! then, indeed, I was blest ;  
I had soft green leaves, and a little bird came  
And built on my bough a nest.

I remember a day in June ;  
It was sunshine over and under,  
Four blue eggs changed into baby birds —  
O, wasn't that a wonder !

I fluttered my leaves like fans  
To keep the little ones cool ;  
They had such a pretty cradle-bed,  
Only it was too full.

But they grew so fast — alas !  
Why do little things grow ?  
I wanted to keep them close to me,  
They were so dear, you know.

They fluttered out of the nest —  
Yes, I remember that day ;  
They didn't stop to say "good-bye"  
As they followed their mother away.

The nest looked lonesome enough ;  
But perhaps it was all for the best,  
For, at last, I lost all my pretty leaves  
And I couldn't shelter the nest.

I remember another day ;  
I heard loud ringing words  
And children's laughter, sweeter, I said,  
Than the singing of my birds.

And they praised the chestnut tree,  
Though it was old and bare ;  
My boughs were full, and to ripen fruit  
Is better than to be fair.

The winds are piercing cold ;  
The snow comes out of the west ;  
But I think another spring will come,  
And, perhaps, another nest.

## FAIRIES—OR FIREFLIES?

LET'S see. We believe in wings,  
We believe in the grass and dew,  
We believe in the moon — and other things  
That may be true.

But, are there any? Talk low.  
(Look! What is that eery spark?)  
If there *are* any — why, there they go,  
Out in the dark.



TO BED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

## LITTLE LOTTIE'S GRIEVANCE.

MAMMA'S in Heaven! and so, you see,  
My sister Bet's mamma to me.  
O! yes, I love her! . . . that's to say,  
I love her well the whole bright *day*;

For Sis is kind as kind can be,  
Until, indeed, we've finished tea —  
Then (why *did* God make ugly night?)  
She never, *never* treats me right,

But always says, "Now, Sleepy Head,  
'Tis getting late ! come up to bed !"

Just when the others, Fred and Fay,  
Dolly and Dick, are keen for play —  
Card-houses, puzzles, painted blocks,  
Cat-corner, and pert Jack-in-the-box —  
I must (It's that bad gas, I think,  
That makes me, somehow, *seem* to wink !),  
*Must* leave them all to seek the gloom  
Of sister Bet's close-curtained room,  
Put on that long stiff gown I hate,  
And go to bed — oh, dear ! at eight !

Now, is it fair that I who stand  
Taller than Dolly by a hand,  
(I'll not believe, howe'er 'tis told,  
That Cousin Doll is ten years old !)  
And just because I'm only seven,  
Should be so teased, yes, almost *driven*,  
Soon as I've supped my milk and bread,  
To that old drowsy, frowsy bed ?

I've lain between the dusky posts,  
And shivered when I thought of ghosts ;  
Or else have grown so mad, you know,  
To hear those laughing romps below,  
While there I yawned and stretched (poor me !)  
With one dim lamp for company.  
I've longed for courage just to dare  
Dress softly — then trip down the stair,  
And in the parlor pop my head  
With, " *No, I will not stay a-bed !*"

I'll do it yet, all quick and bold,  
No matter how our Bet may scold ;  
For oh ! I'm sure it can't be right  
To keep me here each dismal night,  
Half scared by shadows grimly tall  
That dance along the cheerless wall,  
Or by the wind, with fingers chill,  
Shaking the worn-out window-sill —  
One might as well be sick, or dead,  
As sent, by eight o'clock, to bed !

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## CORPORAL CLOVER.



**R**OUND cap and red feather  
Bobbing in the summer weather,  
Pretty suit of mottled green —  
A finer fellow was never seen !  
He nods and beckons to the daisies ;  
At the wild rose winks and gazes ;  
Listens to the brown-bee's story  
Of her summer joy and glory ;  
The birds come and sing above him ;  
The little chirping crickets love him ;  
The beetles in their shining armor  
March gravely round the merry charmer —  
What a life for Red-feather,  
Smiling in the summer weather,  
With the blue sky arching over —  
Jolly little Corporal Clover !

# GRANDMOTHER'S CAP.



WHAT has become of grandmother's cap  
She spread with care on the grass one night,  
Close by the blossoming lilac-bush,  
To bleach in the dews and moon-beams white ?

Has human malice or elfin guile  
Plundered the gossamer web in play ?  
Or thoughtless winds from the east or west  
Wafted it far from her sight away ?

No answer comes to her faithful search,  
From the earth-fields green or the sky-fields blue,  
And what has become of her finest cap  
Is grandmother's wonder the summer through.

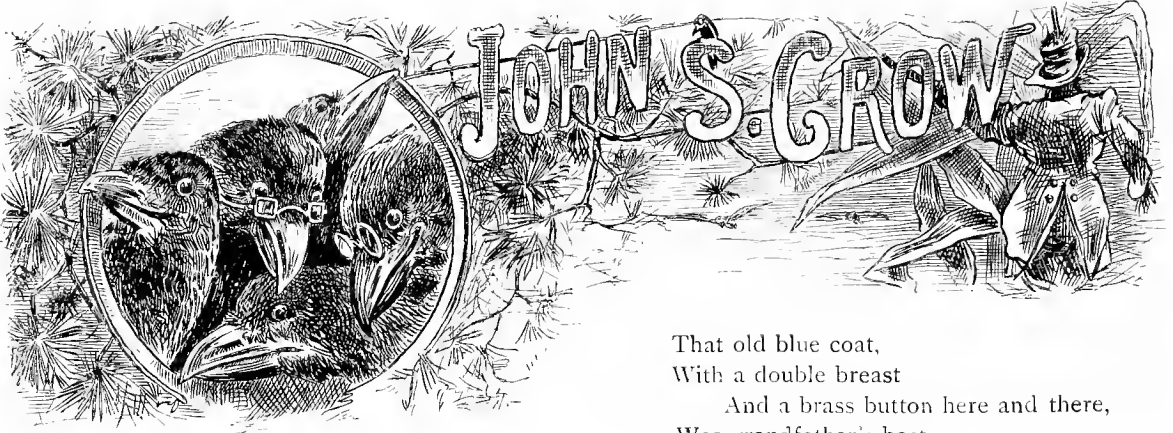
The robins could tell ; Dame Redbreast knows ;  
For at early dawn, one morning in May,  
Seeking her building-stores, she came  
Where the bleaching lace in the dew-drops lay,

She seized it, and flew with her helpful mate  
To the half-made nest on the apple-tree,  
Where they deftly wove it with twigs and straws,  
Chatting and singing in frolicsome glee.

But when the lilac, lily and rose  
Had bloomed and faded in retinue sweet,  
When summer birdlings were fledged and flown,  
And autumn winds round the hill-tops beat,

From the leafless boughs of a gnarled old tree  
A nest was hanging in ruins forlorn ;  
While a fluttering fragment of lace revealed  
Grandmother's head-dress spoiled and torn.





"WAITING FOR JOHN TO BE GONE."

ALL alone in the field  
 Stands John S. Crow ;  
 And a curious sight is he,  
 With his head of tow,  
 And a hat pulled low  
 On a face that you never see.

That old blue coat,  
 With a double breast  
 And a brass button here and there,  
 Was grandfather's best,  
 And matches the vest —  
 The one Uncle Phil used to wear.

The trousers are short ;  
 They belonged to Bob  
 Before he had got his growth ;  
 But John's no snob,  
 And, unlike Bob,  
 Cuts his legs to the length of his cloth.



THE FAITHFUL WATCHMAN, JOHN S. CROW.

His clothes are ragged  
 And horrid and old,  
 The worst that ever were worn ;  
 They're covered with mold,  
 And in each fold  
 A terrible rent is torn.

They once were new  
 And spick and span,  
 As nice as clothes could be ;  
 For though John hardly can  
 Be called a man,  
 They were made for men, you see.

The boots are a mystery :  
 How and where  
 John got such a shabby lot,  
 Such a shocking pair,  
 I do declare,  
 Though he may know, I do not.

But the hat that he wears  
 Is the worst of all ;  
 I wonder that John keeps it on.  
 It once was tall,  
 But now it is small —  
 Like a closed accordeon.



But a steady old chap  
Is John S. Crow,  
And for months has stood at his post ;  
For corn you know  
'Takes time to grow,  
And 'tis long between seed and roast.



GRANDFATHER.

And it had to be watched  
And guarded with care  
From the time it was put in the ground ;  
For over there,  
And everywhere,  
'Sad thieves were waiting around.

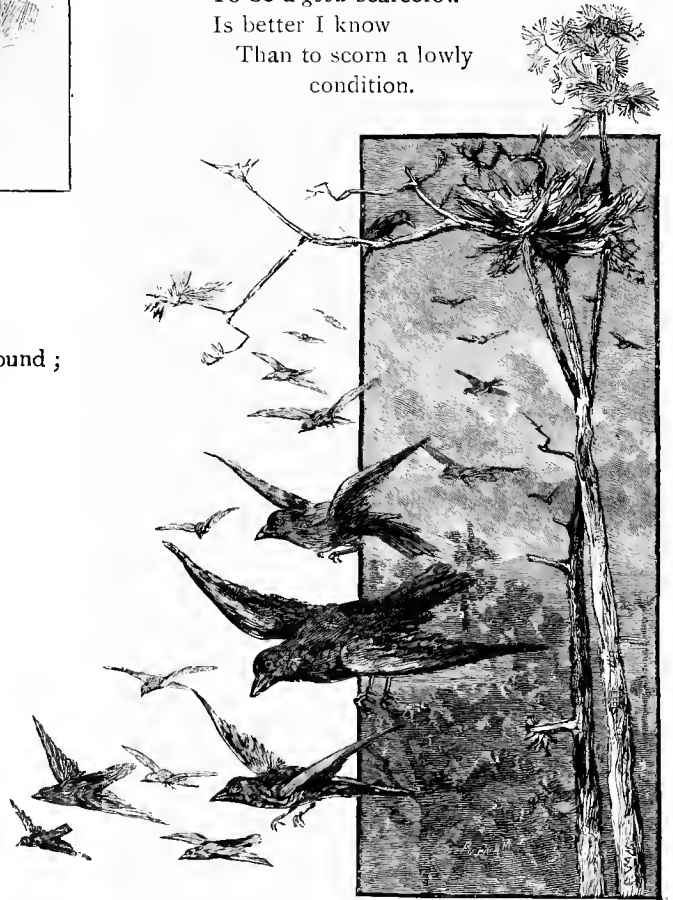
Sad thieves in black,  
A cowardly set,  
Who waited for John to be gone,  
That they might get  
A chance to upset  
The plans of the planter of corn.

They were no kin to John,  
Though they bore his name  
And belonged to the family Crow ;  
He'd scorn to claim  
Any part of the fame  
That is theirs wherever you go.

So he has stuck to the field  
And watched the corn,  
And been watched by the crows from  
the hill ;  
Till at length they're gone,  
And so is the corn —  
They away, and it to the mill.

Now the work is done,  
And it's time for play,  
For which John is glad I know ;  
For though made of hay,  
If he could he would say,  
"It's stupid to be a scarecrow."

But though it is stupid,  
And though it is slow,  
To fill such an humble position ;  
To be a *good* scarecrow  
Is better I know  
Than to scorn a lowly  
condition.



NO KIN TO JOHN.



BRIC-A-BRAC.

## HOW THE LAUREL WENT TO CHURCH.

BY EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

WHEN the pink of the Sabbath morning  
 Began to blush through the gray,  
 "Well is it," said child Reinie,  
 "That I praise the Lord to-day.

"But, in the solemn minster  
 I seem so weak and small,  
 And my voice in the flood of singing  
 Makes scarce a ripple at all.

"Oh, I would praise and praise Him  
 So gladly if I could!"  
 Then a sweet thought came to cheer her,  
 And she started for the wood.

"I'll seek the loveliest blossom  
 Of all the wood," said she,  
 "And set that in the minster,  
 To praise the Lord for me."

On tripped she, past the daisies,  
 And the star-flowers of the grass;  
 The dewy brier-roses  
 Did her little bare feet pass.

They twinkled over the mosses,  
 They crushed the clinging fern;  
 Beside the singing brooklet  
 They did not rest or turn,

Till they reached a deep, dim hollow  
 In the very heart of the wood;  
 And there, all in his beauty,  
 The great King Laurel stood,

His pink-white crown upon him  
 And his robe of glossy green:  
 In the wood was not another  
 So royal to be seen.

Right glad, then, was child Reinie,  
 And she laughed out in her glee:  
 "This Laurel shall go to the minster  
 To praise the Lord for me."

But the little flowers in the grasses  
 Seemed to answer, moaning, "Nay!  
 For the wood will be so lonely  
 When our king has gone away."



CHILD REINIE AND THE LAUREL.



And it seemed as if the Laurel  
Was sad and loth to go ;  
But, to them all, child Reinie  
Talked lovingly and low.

He went to the solemn minster,  
And, by the altar-place,  
All day long to the people  
Smiled in his royal grace.

She told the little blossoms,  
"Oh, glad will be your king,  
To stand in the great minster,  
And hear the people sing !

He heard the happy singing.  
He heard the holy Word ;  
And all who looked upon him  
Did louder praise the Lord.

"And the wind, with many a message,  
Will come to you from him ;  
And theirs he will bring you, dear Laurel,  
From the hollow, deep and dim."

And in her heart, child Reinie  
All day long sang in glee :  
"Oh, glad am I, the great King Laurel  
Will praise the Lord for me !"

Then no more with the moaning  
The wood's heart seemed to stir,  
And the great and grand King Laurel  
Went meekly forth with her.

And in and out, through the window,  
With whispers sweet and low,  
'Tween the wood-flowers and the Laurel  
The wind went to and fro.

## A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

By M. E. B.

HE sat beside a blackboard tall, and slowly drew diameters,  
And cried his many woes meantime in sounding Greek hexameters ;  
He was a pretty little lad who might have seen twelve years or more.  
And down his pallid cheeks did run a goodly quart of tears or more.  
He looked so solemn and so sad, though not the least bit shy at all,  
We could not for the life of us make out what made him cry at all.

So, coming gently to his side, in accents quite mellifluous,  
We asked the reason of his grief if he would kindly give to us :  
"Did some one do a thing unkind? Did supper not agree with you?—  
My pretty boy with eyes of blue, what *can* the matter be with you?"

"Alas!" he said, and raised his head, while bigger tears did flow and fall,  
"I'll tell you all my hapless case—you'll see I have no show at all!  
I'll tell you all my hapless case, the memory which grieves me so,  
And what the causes are which make me melt in tears and leave me so!

"You see I'm such a little chap, I ought to have no care at all,  
Instead of which I'm getting gray, and soon will have no hair at all!  
From morn till night, and night to morn, without the least apology,  
I'm kept on a high-pressure plan of study on some 'ology.

"I come of such a learned race, and such illustrious pedigree,  
That I'm brought up on such strict rules, it almost breaks the head of me;  
And everything I say or do, they fain would make a medium  
For teaching me some truth remote, which has a certain tedium.

"Suppose I try to play Hop-Scotch—they talk of trigonometry,  
And squares on the hypothenuse, and angles in geometry;  
If I attempt to shy a stone, or make a short gyration—then  
They want to point a moral with some fact in gravitation then!  
I roll a hoop or peg a top, and straightway they all look at me,  
And shout out formulas and facts enough to make a book, at me!

"I speak a word—they want it spelled, and all its derivations, Ma'am—  
Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm sick to death of learned innovations, Ma'am,  
Of History, and Algebra, and learned Greek quotations, Ma'am;  
I'm plethoric with Rhetoric—I'd rather change my rations, Ma'am!

"No wonder that I'd rather be a Choctaw, or a Cherokee!  
No wonder that I sometimes wish they'd never found Amerikee!  
No wonder that I wail and weep, and wish of wood this head of me,  
And that I never, *never* came of such a learned pedigree!"

He ceased, and wiped his sweet blue eyes. My! didn't he look pretty so?  
I never saw a little lad that I did truly pity so!  
And then we left him there alone, a-drawing of diameters,  
And crying out his many woes in sounding Greek hexameters!

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## BABY BOBOLINK'S CRADLE.

BY L. G. WARNER.

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WOVEN of grasses dry and brown,  
With a sprig of clover here and there,  
A cosy lining of thistle-down  
And a feather dropped from a bird in air—

Down, deep down in the blossoming grass,  
That rustles dreamily all day long,  
And only the yellow butterflies pass  
And the green-gold bees with their hum-drum song.

This is the cradle, dainty and fine,  
Love hides away in the meadow sweet,  
Down, deep down, and never a sign  
To tempt too near little wayward feet.

Golden butter-cups lean above,  
And daisies white with hearts all gold,  
Golden lily-bells nod their love,  
And the golden sunshine all doth fold.

What wonder young bobolink springs to air  
 With flecks of light in his plumage caught !  
 What wonder his song 's a medley rare  
 Of all things golden and free and fair,  
 And a song with ecstasy fraught !

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## A BIRD STORY.

BY M. E. B.

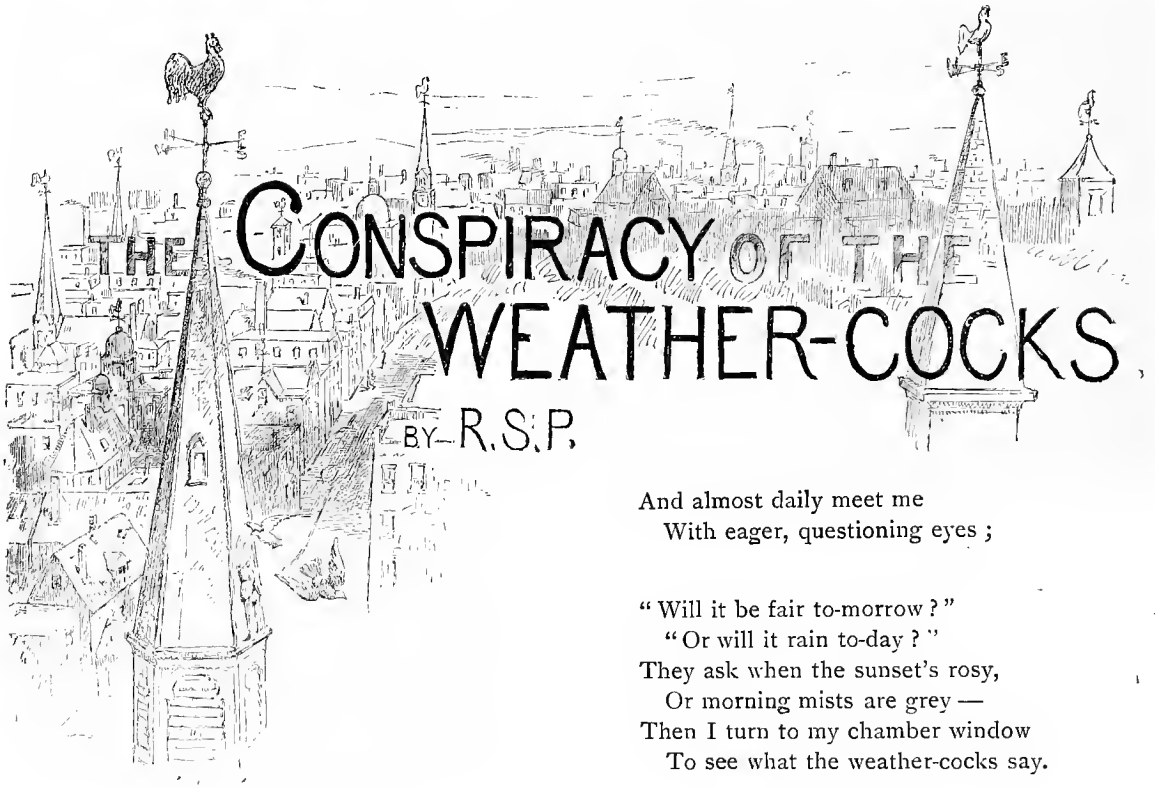
**I**T'S strange how little boys' mothers  
 Can find it all out as they do,  
 If a fellow does anything naughty,  
 Or says anything that's not true !  
 They'll look at you just a moment  
 Till your heart in your bosom swells,  
 And then they know all about it —  
 For a little bird tells !

The moment you think a thing wicked,  
 The moment you do a thing bad,  
 Are angry or sullen or hateful,  
 Get ugly or stupid or mad,  
 Or tease a dear brother or sister —  
 That instant your sentence he knells  
 And the whole to mamma in a minute  
 That little bird tells.

Now where the little bird comes from,  
 Or where the little bird goes,  
 If he's covered with beautiful plumage,  
 Or black as the king of the crows,  
 If his voice is as hoarse as a raven  
 Or clear as the ringing of bells,  
 I know not — but this I am sure of —  
 A little bird tells !

You may be in the depths of a closet  
 Where nobody sees but a mouse,  
 You may be all alone in the cellar,  
 You may be on the top of the house,  
 You may be in the dark and the silence,  
 Or out in the woods and the dells —  
 No matter ! Wherever it happens  
 The little bird tells !

And the only contrivance to stop him,  
 Is just to be sure what you say —  
 Sure of your facts and your fancies,  
 Sure of your work and your play ;  
 Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,  
 Be gentle and loving as well,  
 And then — you can laugh at the stories  
 The little bird tells !



THE HOMES AND CHURCHES.

MY house stands high on the hill-top ;  
 From its windows looking down  
 I see in the distance mountains  
 With slopes of green and brown,  
 And nearer, the homes and churches  
 And busy streets of the town.

And over the pleasant landscape  
 Wherever I cast my eye,  
 From many-storied buildings,  
 And domes and steeples high,  
 Twelve brightly gilded weather-cocks  
 Stand out against the sky !

Good friends they are, and faithful,  
 Whom I most dearly prize ;  
 For the children of the neighbors  
 They count me weather-wise,

And almost daily meet me  
 With eager, questioning eyes ;

"Will it be fair to-morrow ?"  
 "Or will it rain to-day ?"  
 They ask when the sunset's rosy,  
 Or morning mists are grey —  
 Then I turn to my chamber window  
 To see what the weather-cocks say.

One on the tallest steeple  
 Stands proudly at his ease ;  
 Ever alert and watchful  
 He faces the lightest breeze ;  
 And the children and I have named him  
 "Old Probabilities."

One night — 'twas in September,  
 And the moon was shining bright —  
 I rose from my bed at midnight,  
 For I could not sleep aright,  
 To look at the sleeping city  
 And the beauty of the night.

Then the sight I saw was never  
 Witnessed before nor since !  
 There stood Old Probabilities  
 Perched on my garden fence,  
 And many shining weather-cocks  
 From all parts flying thence.



On the ground alighted before him  
 Each strange and glittering bird —  
 I was so full of wonder  
 I neither spoke nor stirred —  
 And the rousing speech he made them  
 I heard it every word.

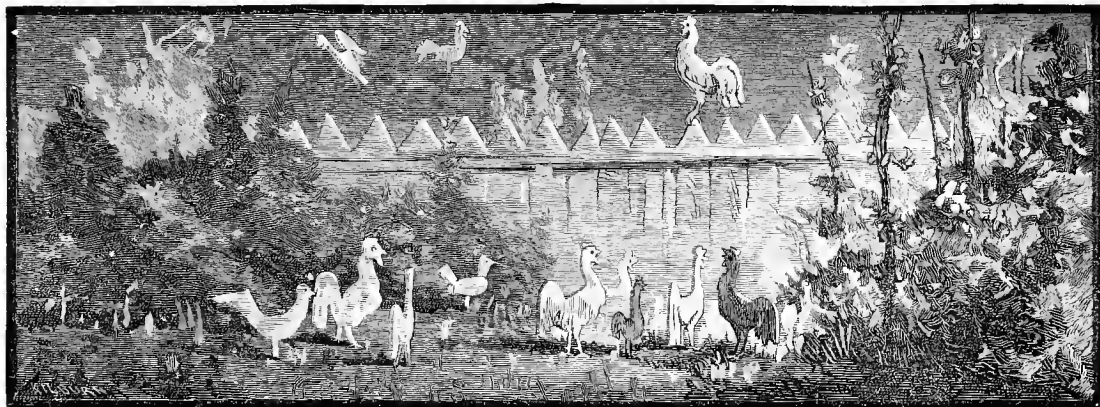
“ Friends,” said the speaker, proudly,  
 “ We are a glorious race !  
 And men do well to give us  
 The most exalted place.  
 Are not their rain and sunshine  
 Dependent on our grace ?

“ We turn to the north — the cold winds  
 Bring us their ice and snow ;  
 To the south — and the warm spring breezes

Who prize your ancient fame !  
 Arise, we yet will show them  
 Deeds worthy of a name !

“ Fly back to your domes and towers,  
 And firmly plant your feet !  
 Set your faces straight to the southward  
 Till the wind comes strong and fleet !  
 Be firm, and the day is ours !  
 Farewell ! Revenge is sweet ! ”

Then I heard their brazen pinions  
 Clash through the silent night ;  
 But a cloud o’er the moon was passing  
 And I did not see their flight.  
 Returning then to my pillow,  
 I slept till morning light.



THE MIDNIGHT MEETING OF THE WEATHER-COCKS.

Make the waters melt and flow ;  
 We bow to the west — the rain clouds  
 Fold up their tents and go.

“ And do men therefore praise us ?  
 O, friends, I speak with pain !  
 They call us weak and worthless,  
 Changeable, fickle, vain ;  
 They make us a scorn and by-word —  
 You have heard it once and again.

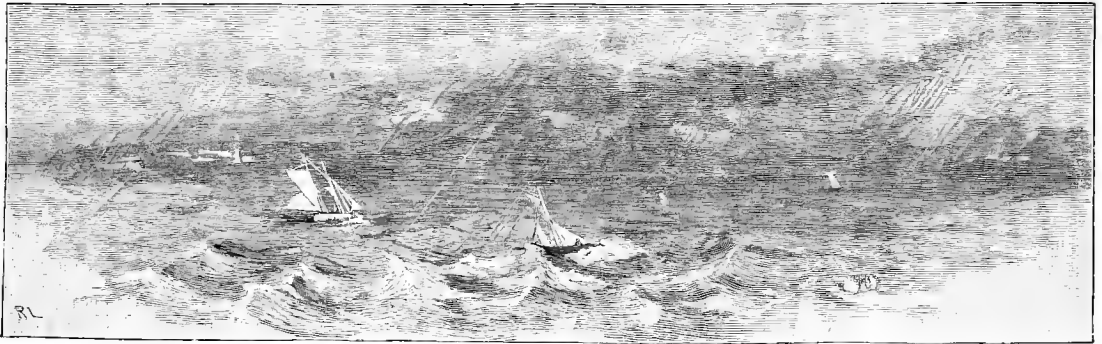
“ Therefore my wrath is kindled  
 Into a mighty flame,  
 Arise ! ye noble weather-cocks,

In the morning the children met me  
 With “ *Now* what do you think ? ”  
 The weather-cocks stood out against  
 A sky as black as ink —  
 I almost thought I could see them  
 Nod to each other, and wink.

And before a word of answer  
 Had time to come from my mouth,  
 The trees were bending and swaying  
 With a sudden gust from the south.  
 Swifter it came, and swifter,  
 Till a strong gale blew from the south.

Then came the clattering rain-drops,  
 Each heavy as a stone ;  
 While the blue floor of the harbor  
 All rough and black had grown ;  
 And the vessels dragged their anchors  
 And towards the beach moved on.

The crowded streets of the city  
 In a moment were empty quite ;  
 From the fields ran the cattle for shelter  
 All huddled together in fright ;  
 And the birds flew into the forest  
 Where it was dark as night.



ON THE BLUE FLOOR OF THE HARBOR.

The children watched from the window  
 As the leaves flew by in flocks ;  
 "How the wind roars and whistles,"  
 They cried, "and the steeple rocks !"  
 But I only heard the shrieking  
 Of those angry weather-cocks.

## AN INCURSION OF THE DANES.

THE children come in with a breeze and a rush,  
 Leaving the windows and doors ajar ;  
 They scatter their treasures as trees in a gust  
 Strow leaves on the winds afar,

"We're a barbarian host ! — we've come  
 Down from the tops of the mountains steep ;  
 We are the Vandals, the Goth and the Hun  
 Out of the Norse forests deep !"

Mamma looked up from her burning cake,  
 And instantly saw through the children's fun ;  
 "Don't come too near me, for pity's sake —  
 My lard is burning, you terrible Hun !"

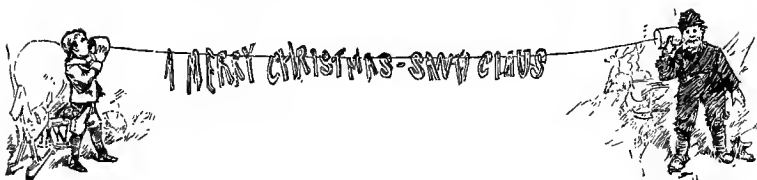
"We are the chiefs of the Danish hordes !"  
 Cried the golden-haired Vandal gruff and bold ;

"Is this the best that your hovel affords —  
 A fried cake, burnt and cold ?"

"He burned it — yon Sleepy-head, idling there !"  
 She laughed (for the fun was too good to lose),  
 With a comical shrug at the corner where  
 Poor papa sat reading the news.

"The oaf !" out-thundered the Danish chief ;  
 "He shall have other business than frying cakes ;  
 We've a steed in the street — he shall find to his grief  
 He is not at your hearth when he wakes !"

Papa laughed "Ha ! ha !" as he sprang to his feet ;  
 They were cunningly caught for their pains —  
 For up his own stairway instead of the street  
 King Alfred ran off with his Danes.



TELEPHONING SANTA.

## "TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND ALL'S WELL!"

*(A Christmas Rhyme of Might-have-been.)*

By M. S. E. P.

### I.

I KNOW of an Owl,  
A story-book Owl,  
And he dwells in a Cloudland tree,  
So way-high-up *you* never see  
A glimpse of the great white fowl.

### II.

And this ancient fowl,  
This story-book Owl,  
Sometimes to himself he speaks,  
—Once in a thousand years or so —  
In a voice that crackles and creaks  
And never is heard by the children below:  
"Tu-whit! tu-whoo!  
I sleep by day,  
Of course I do —  
It's the sensible way."

### III.

For when little children lie fast asleep,  
And darkness enshrouds the world so deep,  
And weary eyes close to gaze only in dreams,  
This story-book bird  
With the big round eyes,  
Whom nothing escapes,  
So knowing and wise,  
Watches and peers, with never a wink,  
Into crannies and nooks when one might think  
No danger would come, so peaceful it seems.

### IV.

And prying about, this story-book bird  
In the snowy thick

Of a Christmas eve  
— If you will believe —  
Just in the nick

Found the strangest thing that ever you heard:  
Santa Klaus asleep,  
All down in a heap,  
On the floor of his sleigh  
Ready packed for the way!

### V.

And think of the stockings swaying  
At 'leven o' the night,  
With the silent firelight  
All over them fitfully playing —  
A dangling host  
From the chimney nails  
As warm as toast —  
But empty, pitiful,  
They promise a million wails  
From just one city-full!

### VI.

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo!  
Here's a to-do!"  
Said the sleepless bird,  
The wise old Owl,  
The watchful fowl.  
He flew and he whirled,  
Soft Cloudland exploring,  
Led up like an arrow  
By the wildest of snoring,  
Till he stopped,  
Then dropped

On the edge of a cloud,  
— Oh, the snoring was loud! —  
Then stalked to that sleigh.  
— Ah, what a fine doze! —  
He flashed out one claw, and  
Tweaked Santa Klaus' nose.

## VII.

Santa woke with a jump,  
Sat up in his sleigh,  
Rubbed his nose,  
— And I don't suppose  
Understands to this day —  
And gazing around, he took in the plight,  
He seized his reins in the funniest fright,  
And down he came in the snowy midnight  
All rosy and bright —

The great merry elf,  
Just like himself,  
Bluster and noise, nonsense and fun,  
With gifts for the children, every one;  
While, soft and far, every bell  
Chimed "*Twelve o' the clock, and all's well!*"  
And the slumbering world might have heard  
The great white wide-winged story-book bird  
A-calling "Merry Christmas!" forth in glee  
As he flew up to his Cloudland tree.

## VIII.

And the Owl never told — I alone knew —  
So don't *you* tell, whatever you do,  
How near the world came to a disaster most shocking,  
Making Christmas morning without one filled stock-  
ing!

## WILLIE'S MISHAP.

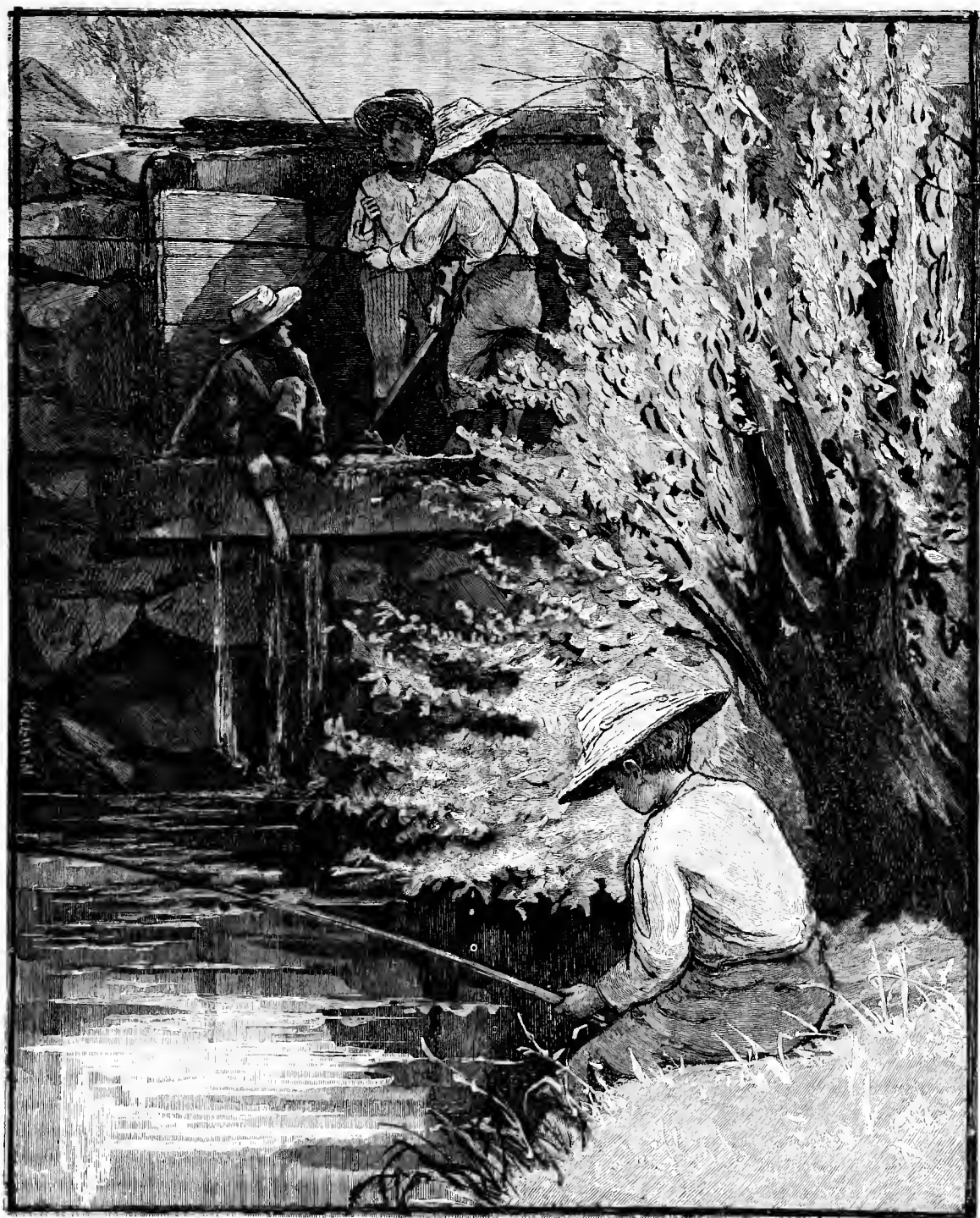
BY ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

**T**WAS a day in July, and the water was low,  
And the top of the mill-dam was dry,  
And three little boys sat all in a row,  
To see if a fish they could spy;  
For one of them had a pole and a line,  
And, at the end, a hook so fine,  
And the poor little wriggling worm on the hook  
Was glad when they dipped him into the brook.

"Now I'll hold the pole, for I know how to fish;  
And here's the new fish-hook I bought,"  
Said Henry to Orlie, "and O, how I wish  
That old trout would swim out and be caught!  
For he lives in a hole by the willow-tree,  
I saw him last night as plain as could be.  
Now watch, little Will, and keep still as a mouse,  
And you'll see him come out of the door of his  
house."

Little Will moved along without saying a word,  
The happiest boy of the three;  
For the sky was blue, and a Phœbe-bird  
Sang sweet in the willow-tree,  
And minnows, and shiners, and baby trout  
Down in the water darted about,  
And the sun shone bright, and, better than that,  
He had on a bran-new palm-leaf hat.

Down over the dam swung a little bare foot,  
And his black eyes opened wide,  
As, out from under a willow root,  
He saw the big trout glide;  
What beautiful speckled sides he had!  
And Willie's heart beat fast and glad,  
When he saw him swim slowly right up to the  
hook,  
And swallow the worm without stopping to look.





PRETTY POLLY PANSY.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

PRETTY Polly Pansy  
Came in the spring;  
The gay garden posies  
Were all blossoming.

Nobody noticed her,  
Small, shy and sweet,  
She hid in the grasses  
Close under their feet.

And so, all unnoticed,  
The long summer thro',  
She sipped of the sunshine,  
She drank of the dew,

Till the frail, snowy lilies  
Were wind-torn and tossed,  
The pink-petaled roses  
All nipped by the frost.

When the gay flowers  
Were every one dead,  
Pretty Polly Pansy  
Lifted her head.

"The garden is empty —  
Plenty of room,"  
She laughed, nodded gaily,  
"Time I should bloom.

"They'll still miss the lilies  
And mourn for the rose;  
I can't take the place of  
The least flower that grows.

"But I'll brighten my corner!"  
I think I would do,  
If I were a pansy,  
The same, wouldn't you?

GRISELLA IN POUND.—A. D. 1760.

(*A Puritan Picture.*)

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE dear little maiden was sorrowful. Word  
Had come, that Griselda — ('twas Ralph who  
had heard  
The news at the corner) Griselda was found  
So trespassing that they had put her "in pound"—  
Griselda, as patient and pretty a cow  
As ever had eaten her hay from the mow.

"To think," exclaimed Lettice, "how hurt she will be!  
For no one has tenderer feelings than she;  
She always has held up her beautiful head  
So proud-like; but now she will hang it instead.  
Come, Ralph, let us go to her; don't you suppose  
I could soothe her a little by stroking her nose?"

"Oh, nonsense! that's just like a girl, I avow.  
I thought her a very high-principled cow,  
Above all such meanness as pasturing round  
On other folks' clover, and getting in pound.  
*Her* 'feelings,' indeed! What *I'm* thinking about  
Is how we can manage to bargain her out:  
The costs are two shillings, and mother can spare  
Two shillings but illy enough. I declare,  
Griselda, who ruminates often, I'm sure,  
Forgets she's the cow of a widow too poor  
To be shelling out shillings to get her from  
pound!  
But cloak yourself, sister, and let us go round  
To the crier, and beg him to set her forth free,  
And charge all the costs of the trespass to me."

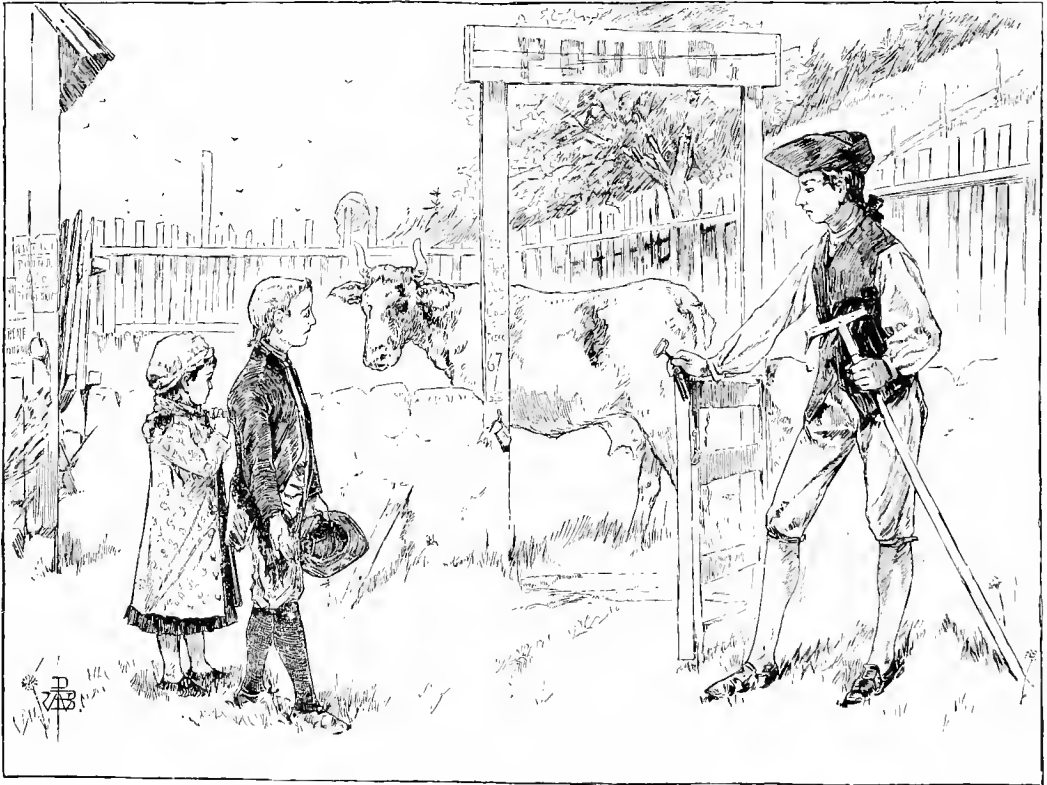
So Lettice and Ralph to the pound took their way,  
And found the town-crier there, raking his hay;  
While patient Griselda looked over the wall  
And welcomed her friends with a musical bawl.

But please let her out, sir! you will not refuse,  
If instead of the shillings I leave my new shoes."

"That shall you not, Lettice! It would not be fair!"  
And Ralph stood up straight as a proud millionaire:  
"For mother might grieve, and that never would do.

"You see, sir," said Lettice, a tear in her eye,  
"We thought that Griselda had principles high,

I've two pairs; and what does a boy want with two?"



PATIENT GRISDELLA LOOKED OVER THE WALL.

As *we* have who raised her; so, what must we feel  
To have it discovered, Griselda will steal!  
We brought her up just like a Christian — and now,  
Who'd ever suppose her a Puritan cow?

"'Twas evil companionship. Minister Strong  
Has a brindle who leads her in ways that are wrong.

The crier stopped raking his hay, while he took  
The key from his pocket; and turning to look  
At the children, said kindly, "Nay, nay, I'll be bound,  
'Tis the last time Griselda gets put in the pound;  
And since you're so good to your mother, I'll pay  
The costs, little master, with some of my hay."



## THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

**B**LESS us, and save us! What's here?  
Pop!

At a bound,

A tiny brown creature, grotesque in his grace,  
Is sitting before us, and washing his face  
With his little fat paws overlapping;  
Where does he hail from? Where?

Why, *there*,  
Underground,

From a nook just as cosey,  
And tranquil, and dozy,  
As e'er wooed to Sybarite napping  
(But none ever caught *him* a-napping).  
Don't you see his burrow so quaint and queer?

II.

Gone! like the flash of a gun!

This oddest of chaps,  
Mercurial,  
Disappears

Head and ears!

Then, sly as a fox,  
Swift as Jack in his box,  
Pops up boldly again!

What does he mean by thus frisking about,  
Now up and now down, and now in and now out,  
And all done quicker than winking?

What does it mean? Why, 'tis plain — fun!

Only Fun! or, perhaps,

The pert little rascal's been drinking? —  
There's a cider-press yonder all say on the run!

III.

Capture him! no, we won't do it,

Or, be sure in due time we would rue it!

IV.

Such a piece of perpetual motion,  
Full of bother  
And pother,  
Would make paralytic old Bridget  
A Fidget.

So you see (to *my* notion),  
Better leave our downy  
Diminutive brownie  
Alone, near his "diggings;"  
Ever free to pursue,  
Rush round, and renew

His loved vaulting  
Unhalting,  
His whirling,  
And curling,  
And twirling,  
And swirling,  
And his ways, on the whole  
So unsteady!

'Pon my soul,  
Having gazed  
Quite amazed,  
On each wonderful antic  
And summersault frantic,  
For just a-bare minute,  
My head, it feels whizzy;  
My eyesight's grown dizzy;  
And both legs, unstable  
As a ghost's tipping table,  
Seem waltzing, already!

V.

Capture him! no we won't do it,  
Or, in less than *no* time, *how* we'd rue it!

## THE WOLF AND THE GOATS.

A HUNGRY wolf, with roguish grin,  
Sat down to play his violin.  
The cunning rascal thought perchance  
Some goats would come around to dance ;

But though they liked the tune and time,  
And danced on rocks he couldn't climb,  
They didn't like the noose that lay  
For ready use, so kept away.

## A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

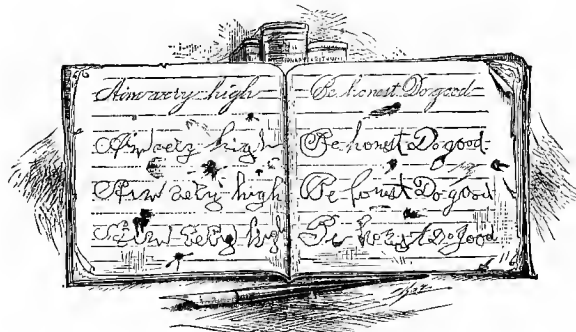
I THOUGHT when I'd learned my letters,  
That all of my troubles were done ;  
But I find myself much mistaken —  
They only have just begun.  
Learning to read was awful,  
But nothing like learning to write ;  
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
But my copy-book is a sight !

Of the d's and the k's and the h's,  
Though I've certainly tried and tried  
To make them just right ; it is dreadful,  
I really don't know what to do,  
I'm getting almost distracted —  
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
If one could get through ; instead  
Of that, there are books awaiting,  
Quite enough to craze my head.  
There's the multiplication table,  
And grammar, and — oh, dear me,  
There's no good place for stopping,  
When one has begun, I see,

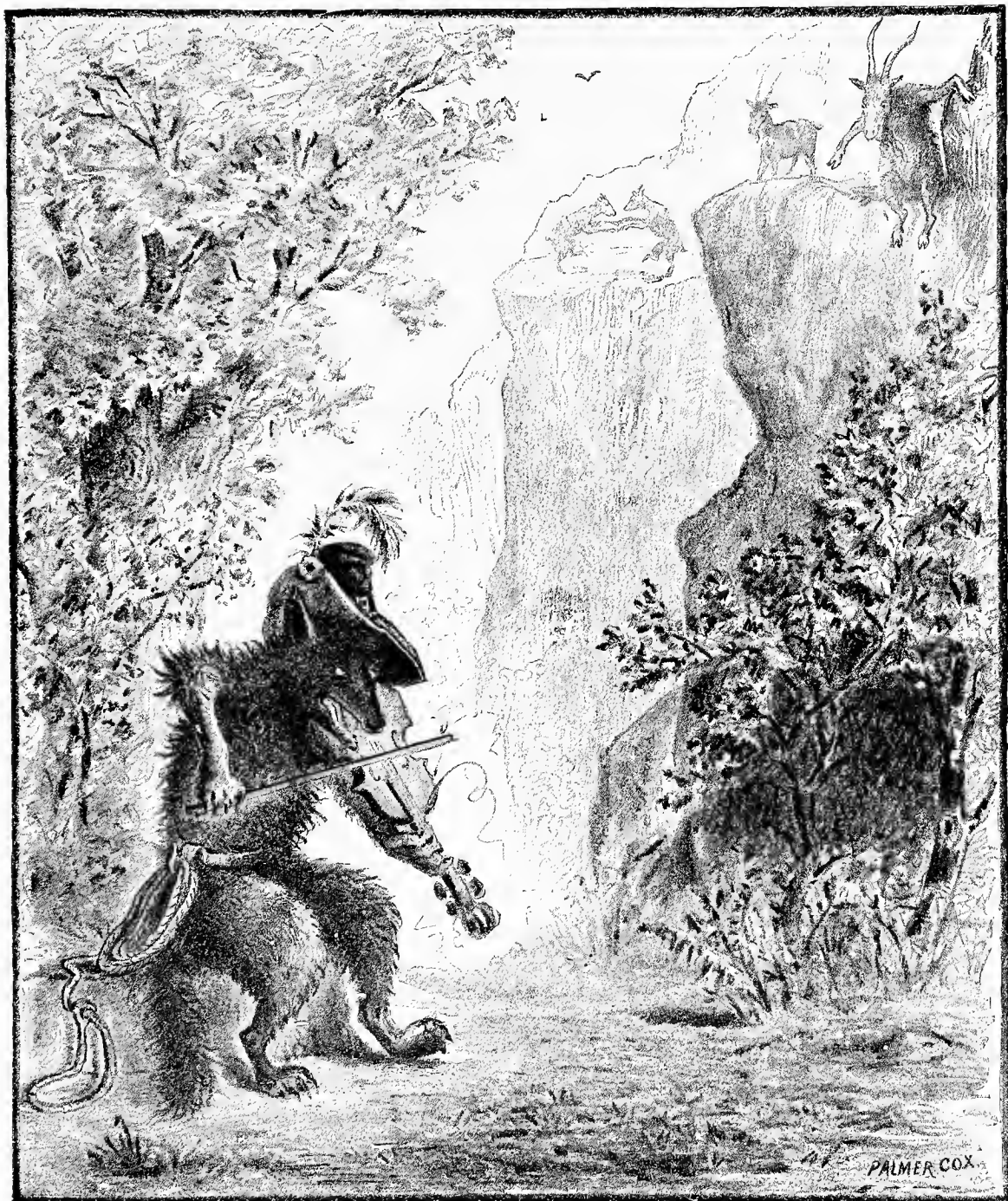
My teacher says, little by little  
To the mountain tops we climb,  
It isn't all done in a minute,  
But only a step at a time ;  
She says that all the scholars,  
All the wise and learned men,  
Had each to begin as I do ;  
If that's so, where's my pen ?

But I'd like to know if ever  
Any you learned folks,  
Had the ink get over your fingers,  
Or blots in your copy-books,  
If your letters would sort o' straggle,  
Wherever they chose to go —  
'Twould be a very great comfort,  
If some of you'd let me know.



The ink gets over my fingers ;  
The pen cuts all sorts of shines  
And won't do at all as I bid it ;  
The letters won't stay on the lines  
But go up and down and all over  
As though they were dancing a jig —  
They are there in all shapes and sizes,  
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,  
The handles get on the wrong side



"WHY DON'T THEY COME DOWN?"



## A RIDDLE.

**R**IDDLE me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!  
 Who will unravel my riddle for me?

A monster, a terrible monster it seems,  
 —Did I see it while waking, or only in dreams? —

That flies on its track

With a crash and a thwack

And a roar as of thunder and lightning, good  
 lack!

One eye in its head

Glowing brilliant and red,

'Twas a thing to look at with fear and dread!

With a mouth that feeds upon coal and coke,

And a breath that belches out flame and smoke,

With a body so long, and thick, and black,

And a bell tight fastened above its back —

It was tougher to look at than bone and gristle,

And whenever it spoke it could only whistle!

Twelve great feet, both black and strong,

Carried its terrible frame along —

Six on the left and six on the right,

Running together with all their might,

With a mighty sound as if winds were rushing

And tempests crushing,

With a monstrous rumbling

And awful grumbling

With a mighty wheezing

Of breathing and sneezing,

With a whistle and shriek,

And a snort and a shriek,

And a terrific pother

Of noise and of bother,

With a wonderful rattle, and din, and shaking

As if every bone in its body were aching,

With a jerk on heels and a bounce on toes —

This is the way that the monster goes!

But in spite of his strength and noise and size

The creature is really kind and wise;

At a single touch, or a single click,

He'll go like a rocket, or stop like a stick;

He'll carry some hundreds of boys or more

Out to a picnic, or down to the shore;

If girls just ask him, the jolly old duffer

Will drop them at grandma's in time for their supper;

Give him a drink, and just tighten his girth,

He'll bring you your friends from the ends of the  
 earth;

Give him his favorite meal of coals,

And fast and as far as the telegraph poles

He'll bring you sweet oranges up from the south,

Grapes from the east that will melt in your mouth,

Wine from the south that will fly to your head,

Corn for your muffins and wheat for your bread —

Everything beautiful, precious and sweet,

Everything wondrous to see and to eat,

Everything useful to sell and to buy,

This monster will bring in the wink of an eye!

Now Riddle me! riddle me! riddle-me-ree!

Who will unravel this riddle for me?

## THE BED-POST DOLL.

**Y**OU needn't make fun of my dollie — I tell you she's dearer to me  
 Than all the most beautiful dollies that ever came over the sea  
 From Paris, or London, or Antwerp, or anywhere under the sun;  
 There was never a doll like my darling for goodness or patience or fun.

You needn't have called her "a bedpost sawn off of grandmamma's bed" —  
 For that little round knob that it stood on makes just the loveliest head.  
 Go on, then, and call her a "woodstick" — I suppose you must if you must,  
 But I shall call you a *mountain*, because you were made out of dust ;

And you know — yes, you know, Fred Wilson, that you bored that hole there yourself  
 And stuck in that piece of broomstick that you took down off of the shelf —  
 And made her some arms—they *are* arms—a man with one eye could see that —  
 It's just like that straw—it *once* was straw, but now it's your Sunday hat.

And her hair — yes, it may *have been* cornsilk — but now it's a beautiful switch —  
 And you made her eyes and eyebrows — did you mark them with blacking or pitch ?  
 "Her dress !" Yes, it's only a gingham, but I think you might *play* it was silk —  
 Don't I play I had ices and bon-bons, when it's nothing but crackers and milk ?

I wouldn't have had a wax-dollie — what good do you think it would do ?  
 It always must lie in a drawer, must always look handsome and new —  
 Or if you do take it out, why soon there's a crack in its head,  
 Or else all the wax comes off, and then — why, the dollie is dead.

Besides, these imported dollies are always so dreadfully rude,  
 That stuck-up Merino Waters won't speak to my darling Gertrude ;  
 She's almost as bad as her mother — does nothing but giggle and prink —  
 If I had a Paris dollie, I'd teach her good manners, I think.

I know where *is* one — at Schwarz's, all frizzes, and fusses and curls,  
 And it just stares out of the window on purpose to plague little girls —  
 You needn't be calling me "jealous," — I wouldn't have had it I say,  
 Besides, father couldn't afford it — there's fifteen dollars to pay.

You think that my trip to the city has made me peevish and cross !  
 'Cause city girls don't play with such playthings as ribbon-grass, corn-silk and moss !  
 Well, they don't — they have china-dishes, and wonderful watches with keys,  
 And they say to their country cousins, "Do you have nice playthings like these ?"

It isn't polite, not a bit — come, Trudie, come down to the spring,  
 We won't think any more of Merino — the horrid dressed-up, mean old thing ;  
 Now, Trudie, I'll tell you a secret, I don't think Merino's so bad,  
 And Bess didn't mean to provoke me — but, oh, it did make me so mad !

Yet, I guess, after all, Trudie darling, it's best to be loving and kind,  
 And if we are not very rich and can't have nice toys, we won't mind.  
 "Fine clothes don't make people proud !" as Aunt May said, the day she was here,  
 And plain ones sha'n't make us naughty — and now we will play, my dear.













